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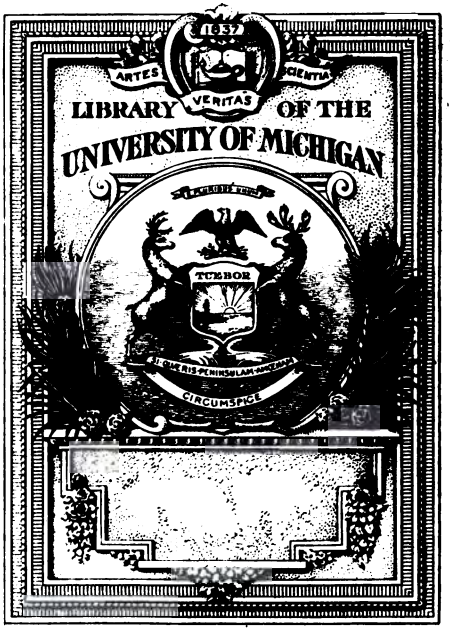
# THROUGH

# TEXAS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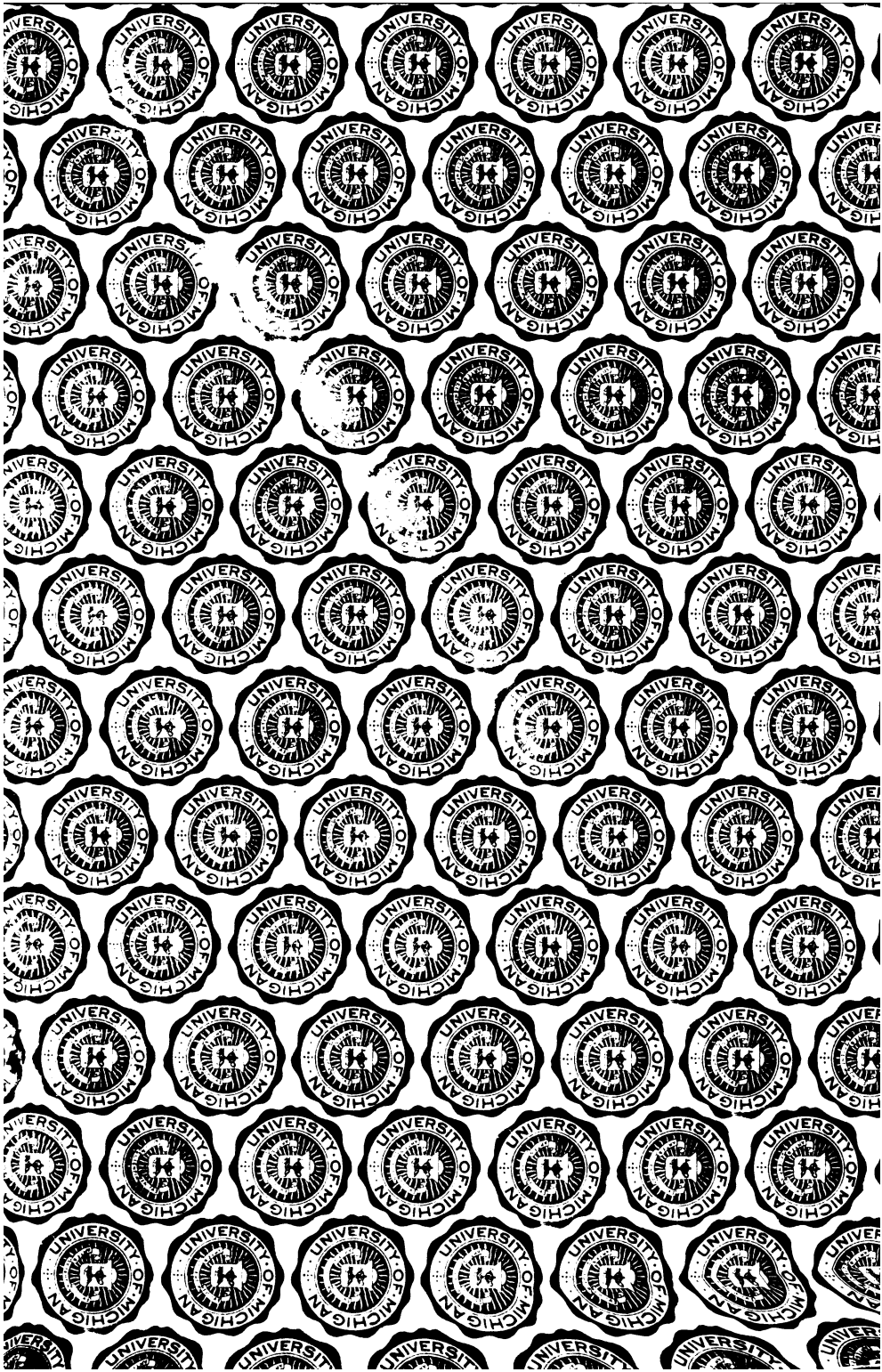
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# THROUGH TEXAS.

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A SERIES OF

# INTERESTING LETTERS

By WALTER B. STEVENS,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE

ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

*ILLUSTRATED.*

1892.

# INTRODUCTION.

The following letters appeared in the *St. Louis Globe-Democr* during the fall of 1892. Mr. Walter B. Stevens, the *Globe* special correspondent, is one of the most acute observers ar interesting writers on western life and progress, and this series of interesting letters, "Through Texas," has attracted widespread attention, and has been read with pleasure and profit by thousands. They present a graphic picture of Texas, its social and industrial life blended into charming narrative.

There is no exaggeration of the State's resources; the letters were not written to boom Texas; only for the information of a large and interested circle of readers. However, they may be made to answer a double purpose, and those contemplating a change of location, or desiring to settle in a new and growing country, will find the facts on the resources of Texas, with which they are filled, of great value.

With this object in view, the General Passenger Department o the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route has ha them compiled and printed in this convenient form for distri bution, in order to meet the wide demand for them from all pa of the country. Their reliability renders them indispensable to home-seekers, and makes them a valuable hand-book on Texas some time to come.

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# THROUGH TEXAS.

## SERIES OF INTERESTING LETTERS

FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE

## ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

### THROUGH TEXAS.

**A Story of Development from $4 an Acre to $400,000 a Ranch.**

**The Profits of Horse Breeding—A Bunch of Galloways—Coach and Percheron—Cyclone Cellar Building—The Funniest Thing in the State.**

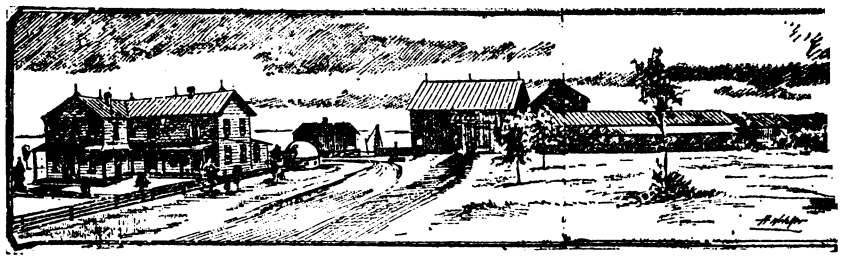
Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SANBORN RANCH, TEXAS, July 23.—Henry B. Sanborn, a New Yorker, came to Texas in 1875 to introduce a certain manufacture of barbed wire. Not long after his arrival he bought a piece of land in Grayson County. The price was $4 an acre. Later on Mr. Sanborn bought other pieces. He fenced them and put on stock. All the time he was carrying on his wire agency and attending to his regular business at Houston, hundreds of miles south. The ranch was his recreation. It grew until in one compact body there were 10,300 acres. Selecting the branches of breeding which interested him most, Mr. Sanborn gradually improved his stock until his coach and draft horses and his thoroughbred bulls were known to all Texas. This Sanborn ranch, developed from a small beginning in the way described, has just passed into the possession of a stock company. The accepted valuation put upon the property is $400,000. This is $25 an acre, or $260,000 for the land and $140,000 for the stock. The purchasers are Shannon C. Douglass, Judge Charles L. Dobson and other Missourians. Mr. Sanborn retains an interest and agrees to give the ranch his personal attention for the present.

A ranch of 10,300 acres must be traversed to be appreciated. A man on a mowing machine stopped when he came to the end of the half-mile swath to tell the way to the Sanborn place.

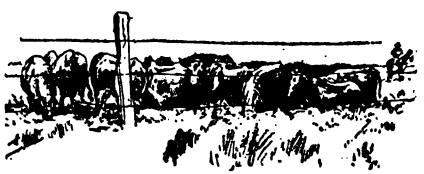
"This, said he, "is part of it where we're cutting and baling hay. You struck the ranch about a half mile back. If you want to go to

the house, keep right on down the road till you come to a lane on the left. That is about three-quarters of a mile. Turn up the lane and go till you come to a gate on the right. That's about half a mile. Turn in at the gate



A $400,000 RANCH.

and follow the road. You'll come to the house in about a mile." Half an hour afterward the team, by brisk driving and by persistent refusals to let the young driver try his Winchester on all of the turtle doves sitting on telegraph wires, pulled up beside the big white house from the broad porch of which Mr. Sanborn was monarch of all he surveyed until last week he signed the title deeds. It took nearly an hour of good driving to reach the house after the eastern boundary was passed. And the house and outlying farms and stables are about half way on an east and west line across the ranch. Mr. Sanborn can sit on his porch and see the cars cross his line so far away they look like toys. He can see them grow larger until they stop at Sanborn station on his own land. He can follow the long trail of smoke for ten or fifteen minutes before the other boundary is crossed. Then he can go to his back door and just distinguish his own cattle



THE GALLOWAYS.

looking about as large as ants three and four miles away in the direction opposite from the railroad. That is what a 10,000-acre ranch means.

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*The* books of the Sanborn ranch have just *been summarized for the* benefit of the new *company. With the figures* before him, Mr. *Sanborn frankly gave an insight into* the business. "The books," said he, "show that sales of stock for the year ending with the of this month amounted to $40,595.65. sales for the year ending July 1, 1 were $33,470.42; for the year ending July 1890, they were $23,302.96, and for the yea ending July 1, 1889, they were $34,308.26."

"What does the other side of the balan sheet show, Mr. Sanborn?"

"The expenses of operating this place ha run from $12,000 to $15,000 a year."

"How many men do you employ?"

"From eight to fifteen."

The men, Mr. Sanborn explained, were employed chiefly in taking care of the stock. A considerable quantity of hay is cut. On the whole ranch the tilled land is only about 300 acres. This land is rented to farmers on shares, one-third of the crop being taken fo rental.

"That rented ground, taking one year with another," Mr. Sanborn said, "has paid 10 per cent and over on a valuation of $25 an acre."

Last year his share of the crop on this rented land yielded him about $4 an acre. At a time when there is so much talk about "per capita," farm mortgages, corn burning and that range of themes, the figures from Mr. Sanborn's books are very interesting.

In the way of "cow stock," the pride of th Sanborn ranch is a herd of pure bred Gallo ways. Short legged, long haired, black as th waxy soil after a wetting, hornless, shagg headed, the Galloways make a striking pic on the pasture scape when the grass is tur brown. They feed close together and keep moving. Their restless energy is thing that strongly commends them The Texas cattlemen want a brute that rustle for its living when the grass is and the northers come.

"The Shorthorn," Supt. Shero said get discouraged when the season is b must be helped out with a little fee Hereford will hump up and lose fle the cold strikes him. But the Gallo keep going and hunting something After a hard season the weaker of the will get down in the mud some

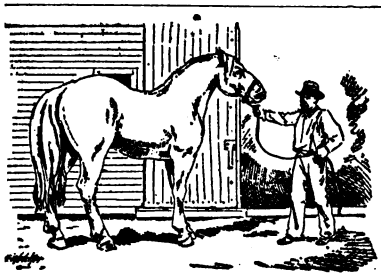
m't have ambition enough to get up again hout help. You never see a Galloway get hat fix; he is always able to take care of iself. That is one of the big points in his or for Texas."

1 the Sanborn ranch black cattle are not ...ed for beef. The strain is too fine and ensive. Thoroughbred Galloways are wn and sold to head the herds of Short- n and Herefords on other ranches. The is gives the breed which finds its way into ket. It produces an animal with finer , longer legs and greater weight than the oway, but the strength of the strain shows lf in the black hide and the hornless head. he short legs and big bodies make the loway the most deceptive looking of "cow tes." On the Sanborn place it is very to get a bet on the weight of a given oway, and it is easier to lose it. Once 1 a time Dr. Grant, of Sherman, a man a fund of information on Texas horses Texas cattle, encountered the deception. had a dispute with Mr. Sanborn about the ght of a young Galloway they had been ng at.

l bet you a hat you can't guess the ght of that brute within 300 pounds," said anborn.

Doctor smiled sarcastically, looked the oway up and down and from end to end. hundred pounds," he said.

t evening the bet came up for further ussion at the house.



THE IMPORTED PERCHERON.

ipt. Shero, when he heard of it, said to the tor: "I'd like to bet a hat that is a bad bet, tor."

. Grant tapped his thinker, and with in- sed sarcasm said: "This head might be id in a Penitentiary, but never in an um."

e boys were told to cut out the particular oway, and get him on the scales. He ghed 1130 pounds. Dr. Grant looked at indicator and then at the brute. "I idn't have believed there could have been uch meat in that much hide," he said.

en the artist caught the Galloways for ustration they were bunched together ...y that their sides rubbed. The bunch was making the double motion of the funnel-shaped cloud. The individual brutes were moving round and round in a close circle, and the bunch itself was drifting slowly along the wire fence, all grazing.

"You'll have to get 'em quick," said Mr. Shero from his horse, "or they'll be off," and

FORGERON.

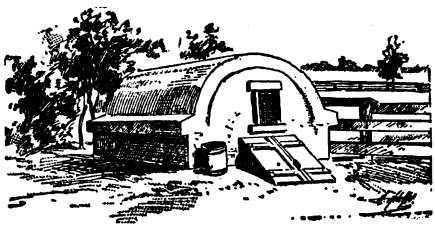
so the drifting and at the same time revolving bunch was caught on the double movement, with heads and bodies and tails all mixed up. "That is the way those brutes feed, close together, just as you see 'em," Mr. Shero explained. There is no other cow native on the broad Texas prairies quite like the Galloway. The Polled Angus are somewhat like the Galloways in appearance. They are black and hornless, but they have longer legs, finer hair and more range of body. That is where the Durham blood comes in. Mr. Sanborn says the Polled Angus is a breed made originally by crossing the Galloway and the Durham.

The raising of Galloways is only a side issue. It is as a horse ranch that the Sanborn place has made its fame. Mr. Sanborn has tried several experiments. He indulged in thoroughbreds for a short time, but discarded them. This Texas climate puts fire into a naturally sluggish strain. It makes of thoroughbreds an animal which is a holy terror in horse flesh, spirited and excitable almost beyond training. With trotting stock better results have been obtained. "It is as natural," said Mr. Sanborn, with a laugh, "for a horse raiser to drift into trotting stock as it is for a cotton dealer to get in the way of selling futures, or for a grain buyer to add option trading to his business." And so Mr. Sanborn has drifted into the breeding of trotters to the extent of having a $25,000 stallion, Prinmont, at the head of a stable and a lot of youngsters which show better than 2:40 without training. But the breeding of trotters is not the legitimate field of the ranch. Coach and draft horses are the two branches to which the most of the land, the most of the attention is devoted. The barns and stables hold the sires of the scores of colts which beside their dams make interesting pasture scenes.

"This seems to be the natural home of the horse," Mr. Sanborn said. "Horses can

stand in Texas what would kill them North. We ride and drive and work horses in this region in a way that would be impossible elsewhere. The climate develops the lung power and staying qualities.''

This remark was fairly well illustrated a few minutes later. Supt. Shero and one of his assistants rode into a big pasture and proceeded to round up a bunch of mares with their coach strain progeny for inspection. A 2-months colt in Texas is wilder than an Indian. Apparently some of the youngsters took the visit of the superintendent as the suggestion for a frolic. With heads and tails up the colts started and the dams followed with maternal devotion. The sun was blazing down from right overhead. The mercury was away up in the nineties. Across the pasture, a mile wide, up and down and round and round went mares and colts, superintendent and assistant in a mad chase. When, in about fifteen minutes, the drove was corraled where two wire fences angled, there was some puffing, a good deal of perspiration, a lost hat, but no suffering. The superintendent treated the chase as quite an every-day affair. A little later mares were grazing and colts were nipping and kicking at each other as if nothing had happened to make them tired.



A TEXAS CYCLONE CELLAR.

The head of Forgeron looks out of his stable window in the initial of the date line of this letter. He is a black French coach stallion, with a pedigree a great deal longer than those which qualify Sons of the American Revolution. Forgeron comes from the home of his ancestors—France—but he has been in Texas long enough to be naturalized. It is one of the inconsistencies of this natural horse-breeding climate of North Texas that the horses raised here can stand anything, but the horses brought here from the North have to undergo a more or less critical period of change before they become adapted to the conditions here. This lesson of acclimating is what the horse and cattle raisers of Texas paid a big price to learn. The time came when they wanted something better than ponies and long-horns. They did as they usually do in *everything. They* plunged on fine stock. *They bought from the breeders up North fine horses by the car-load, and fine bulls* by the train-load. They unloaded them in Te and turned them loose, only to add large ite to loss account at end of the year. It w one of many costly experiments which h taught Texas wisdom. After that Tex breeders adopted a different policy. Th brought few and the very choicest of anima some from the North, some from foreign cou tries. They housed and cared for these i portations carefully. On this basis they bui up their own breeding establishments. N Texan now goes North for stallions or bul except for high-priced individuals with whi to infuse new blood on his own breedi ranch. The system has undergone enti change.

The Percherons are the emphatic features the Sanborn place. They are strong in num bers, strong in weight and strong in eve way. There is, it seems, a good, profitab demand for good draft horses.

"Don't you find this general application c electricity to street cars is cutting down th demand for horses and reducing the prices?'

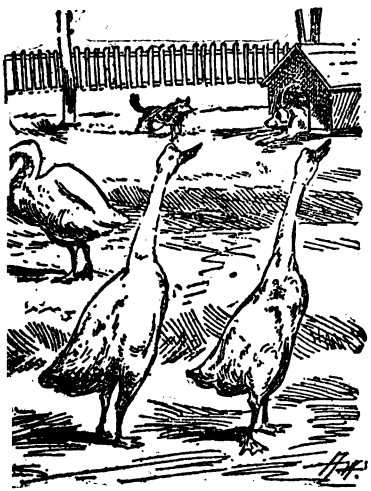
Mr. Sanborn shook his head and replied "No; we have seen no effect on the deman for horses from the use of electricity. Th horses we breed are taken for express bus ness, fire departments and heavy work. Bu speaking generally, I don't think that horse raising will be affected seriously by the us of electricity for motive power. If they use electricity for cars, they must have horses to haul the coal to the power house. Where horse power is dispensed with in one place it is called into service in others. The country needs more and more horses.''

THE JENNETS AND THEIR YOUNG.

Now and then, in Texas, there can still be seen a brand which marks the whole flank or shoulder of a horse. Some of these hieroglyphics look as if they had been made with a butcher knife while the animal was struggling for liberty. Slashes 18 inches long, with ridges of hair only partially hiding the scar, tell how things were done at one time. On the Sanborn ranch the branding is reduced to the briefest possible record. It is also made a part of the pedigree system. To find names for colts coming by the hundreds every year would be too great a tax on ingenuity. The youngsters are numbered as they come. The numbers, in as small figures as can be distinguished, are branded upon the shoulder. The

s are recorded by the same numbers in the igree book. Among so many it is impose to distinguish in the usual way, by colors marks. And so the entry is limited to lt, No. blank; dam, No. blank." This is rity. The brand on the shoulder identifies colt with the corresponding number in the ord book. The number of the dam affords means of tracing back the pedigree on t side. It is all very simple. "No. 1076, by 65, dam 107," for instance, tells the y. If anybody wants to know more, he is to No. 76 and No. 107 in the record and traces back to the beginning. Pedigreeing of late years has grown into cumbere proportions in the live stock business. combination of pedigree and brand, Mr. born has got rid of about nine-tenths of labor. He has developed a system which s all of the practical purposes of pedis. For accuracy the small brand beats escription by natural marks all to pieces.

e have about everything in our favor in Texas for horse breeding," Mr. San- said in the course of a conversation on usiness. "Our climate, water and grass all right. Our chief concern in breeding



RANCH PETS—THE CHINA GEESE.

is in regard to temper. We study that a good deal of care. Much in the way of lts depends upon that. By having regard mper in breeding we find we can greatly ce the work of breeding and training. We dd to the value of a horse by increasing mability. On this place we have been ing a study of this feature of breeding, n our crossing keep it in view as one of ost important conditions. We find that study and practice we can obtain con- *the question of temper* and make a *st about the temper* we want. I regard this as one of the chief considerations in horse breeding. Yet it is often overlooked. The horsemen will often have in view various other points and combinations in dam and sire, but he will ignore the question of temper. Here we have enough sires to choose from, and can pick to produce good temper."

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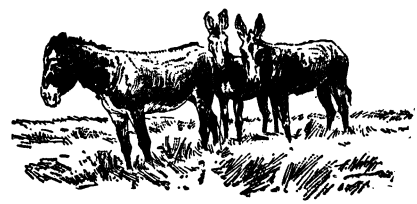
There are two curiosities on the Sanborn ranch, one living, the other inanimate. In his rambles the superintendent, Mr. Shero, once discovered a pair of China geese. He brought them to Sanborn, and they have the



WAITING TO BE LAUGHED AT.

run of the barn yards, beating watch dogs out of sight, the superintendent says. The China gander, unlike his American cousin, doesn't eat. He has an enormous nose, a double beak as it were, and a great head. He carries that head as high as a very long and a very straight neck will let him. Whenever he sees anybody who is strange or anything which is unusual, he sounds a screeching note of alarm. Geese saved Rome, or some other ancient city, according to history. The Sanborn geese look to be capable of betraying horse-thieves, if they ever have the opportunity.

John Howard, speaking of and for Texas, once proclaimed that there wasn't a cyclone cellar in the State. John Howard isn't often inaccurate, but in this instance he had overlooked the wonderful piece of architecture at Sanborn.

The United States weather service has recently determined, by an elaborate calculation, that Texas, of all of the Western States, has the smallest percentage of cyclones. In fact the percentage is so small that Gen. Greeley recently stated in an address to a scientific society in Washington that Texas might almost be said to be free from these terrible visitations. Notwithstanding this scientific fact, Texas people at one time had something of a scare about cyclones. Looking out upon the limitless prairies, people said to themselves, after reading of disasters outside of their borders: "Well, we'll catch it next. If Kansas and Missouri and Iowa and Nebraska have cyclones, we may as well expect them." Coming from the East, Mr. Sanborn had the Eastern idea of the universality of cyclone dangers in the West. When he laid out the ranch

he didn't stop until he had built a cyclone cellar that is a corker. The cellar is about half above and half under ground. It has an arched roof, and the material is of masonry braced with iron rods an inch and more in thickness. The walls and arch are of 18 inches of solid masonry. The outer surface is plastered with cement. After waiting for a reasonable time to see a cyclone wear itself out on the massive, tomb-like structure, Mr. Sanborn turned the cellar into a dairy house, and it makes a very good one.

The China geese and the cyclone cellar are curiosities. But they are not the most humorous things on the ranch. That distinction belongs to the jackasses. Texas is a wide state and she has room for many things that are comical. But there is nothing funnier than a big group of jacks or jennets and their offspring. Two or three of the big pastures of the Sanborn ranch are given up to these useful but not beautiful animals. Long ears are not an indication of stupidity. They are the badge of patience. They go with a deep and all-pervading spirit of investigation.

To stop in the vicinity of these animals is to offer an opportunity for better acquaintance. They cease grazing, big and little come forward to within easy speaking distance, assume a stare of patient interrogation, and wait to be laughed at loud and long. The offspring of jack and jennet seems to come into the world full-grown as to ears, half-grown as to legs and about one-eighth grown as to body. The result is an exaggeration of the grown up oddity. The expression on the countenance is a combination of intelligence, innocence and inquiry, with a suggestion of a considerable capacity for devilment.

W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Two Pioneering Phases of the Great Cotton Problem.

### The Sherman Experiment—Ups and Downs of Oil Making—The Largest Cotton-Seed Mill in the World—Southern Bags for Northern Grain.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SHERMAN, TEX., July 24.—There was a time when Texas did not encourage manufacturing. Two Ohio men who came down to furnish the skill for a new enterprise were hung *for their hardihood. That was* the Tellico *incident. Some of the leading citizens of Central Texas got together and agreed that* Texas should make her own lumber, grind her flour and spin her own cotton. They selec Tellico for the location of lumber, flour cotton manufacturing. They deputized Hon. Thomas W. McRae to go North and the equipment. They contracted with Ohio men to come down and set the mills ing. Mr. McRae started North with the mo to buy saws, stones and spindles. the way he met the eminent statesmar that day, Robert Tombs. Mr. Tombs suaded McRae that wild land in North Te was a better thing than cotton manufac ing. Mr. McRae invested in 200,000 a of land instead of in looms. The Ohio came down according to contract and w to Tellico to set up the mills. There w no mills to set up. Without waiting to inv tigate the stories these men told, a m meeting of Texans decided that the stran must be abolitionists and hung them. A life was extinct papers arrived from the c talists who had planned the mills showing arrangement under which the men had co Only one of the promoters of the Tellico m ufacturing scheme, Judge A. B. Norton, Dallas, is still living. There are many T ans, not old men, either, who remember v well the unfortunate mistake that was m in the reception of the skilled labor from O

Things have changed since then. The n who will come to Texas now and start a n industry will get backing and a banquet stead of a rope with a slip-knot. At Sherm the people are a little prouder to-day of a months' manufacturing experiment than any other one thing within their communi The experiment is in the manufacture seamless bags. Raw cotton at the rate of fi bales a day is taken from the farmers' wago at one end of the factory. Finished bags the rate of 3000 a day are shipped out at t other end. Sherman put $100,000 into th experiment. Supt. Jaques is an Englishma Asst. Supt. Fairbanks is a Northern ma A fine brick building, with room for doub the present capacity of looms, was erected the outskirts of the city. It is one-story, wi great windows letting in all the light and a there is. It stands in the midst of an orchar Provision is made for pumping in cold air i summer and warm air in winter. The ver latest machinery and contrivances, such a automatic feeders for the furnaces and a su perb electric light plant, are included in th equipment. Labor is saved at every turn. I the cotton room, where the raw material i received, a picking and breaking machine re duces the staple to sheets. Then comes th carding engine, with its myriads of littl teeth, straightening out the fiber. Six roll pass into one, and are mixed and long draw out. Next comes a twisting together c strands and more drawing out to get the fib

listributed that its greatest strength may obtained. Again and again the strands mingled and twisted and drawn until the string which comes from the mixing represents a portion of each of enty-two rolls. The next step is the spin-g. Three rolls of the string are strung into p yarn at the rate of 7⅛ inches of yarn for 1 inch of the rolls. And now come the ns. By a peculiar double up-and-down ement of the loom, the long seamless bag ually evolves from the mingling of the itless threads and the flying shuttle n the desired length is reached the shuttle opped for a few movements of the loom then another bag with seamless bottom seamless sides is begun. The bag comes n the loom completed, with the exception he turning down of the top edge and a n by machine to prevent raveling.

space and power to the manufacture of coarse cotton cloth. Only 10, 11 and 12 per cent of the weight of the raw cotton is lost in the process of manufacture, even counting the bale bagging and ties. Cotton costs at the factory 5c and 5¼c in these ruinous days. At present prices the thirty bales of bags a day pay a fair return on the investment. But the Sherman people have discovered that the addition of 100 wage-earners to their population of consumers is a good thing all around. They are very well satisfied with their experiment.

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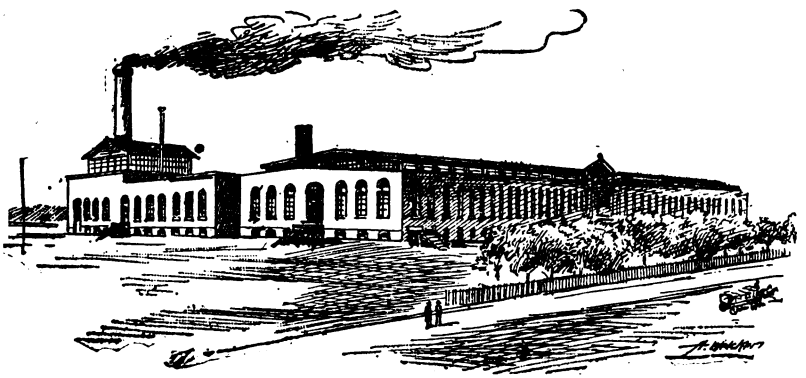
The man who shipped the first cotton-seed oil cake to Great Britain lives in Sherman. His name is Capt. Thomas Forbes. He was in the cotton business in New Orleans many years ago. At that time the use of the cotton seed for oil and cake was scarcely known. Somewhere up the country a big planter oc-



THE NEW COTTON BAG FACTORY.

superintendent of the Sherman factory, only six months running, lays down the s of Manchester, N. H., beside those from own looms, and invites comparison by oscope.

vill leave it to any unprejudiced person y if our bags do not show better cotton better workmanship," he said. Drawing ugh his fingers a fragment from a roll l the fiber slowly parted, he added: ere; you can't beat that staple anywhere. over an inch long. The finest cotton in United States grows along Red River from rman to Paris." ●

Sherman bag factory has been running onths. Its product has gone as far East Cincinnati, as far North as St. Paul. The rs of the company are satisfied. The or-ahead call *for steady running* until Octo-*The company will either* double the ma-*for bag making* or apply the surplus

casionally ground a few hundred bushels of seed in a rude way, and sent it in the form of oil cake down to New Orleans. "I had seen some of these small lots of cake," said Capt. Forbes, "and it struck me the cake might be used to fatten cattle in Great Britain. An English gentleman was visiting in New Orleans about that time. I told him of the cake and what I thought could be done with it. He said he had never seen anything of the kind, and was quite curious about it. I told him I'd send over some, but when I came to get the cake I discovered that it was harder to do than I had thought. By picking up a small lot here and a small lot there, I collected forty or fifty tons and sent it over. The business proved to be very profitable. Some of the scientific men on the other side took hold of the cake and analyzed it. They said, 'Here we can get more oil out of it than the Yankees do.' So they got up machinery, subjected

the oil cake to another process and then fed the cake to their cattle. It was in 1846 I made this first shipment of oil cake to Great Britain. The business was even at that time profitable. But it is only in the last fifteen years or so that the oil and cake from the cotton seed has come into such general use. When I first came to Texas to live there wasn't a bale of cotton shipped out of the State. Now Texas sells 2,000,000 bales."

"And the great addition Texas has made to the cotton supply is the cause of the low prices, isn't it, Captain?"

"Partly that is the cause. But people don't use as much cotton as they did. The cotton goods made now lasts longer than that manufactured formerly. That is one of the principal reasons why there is overproduction of cotton now."

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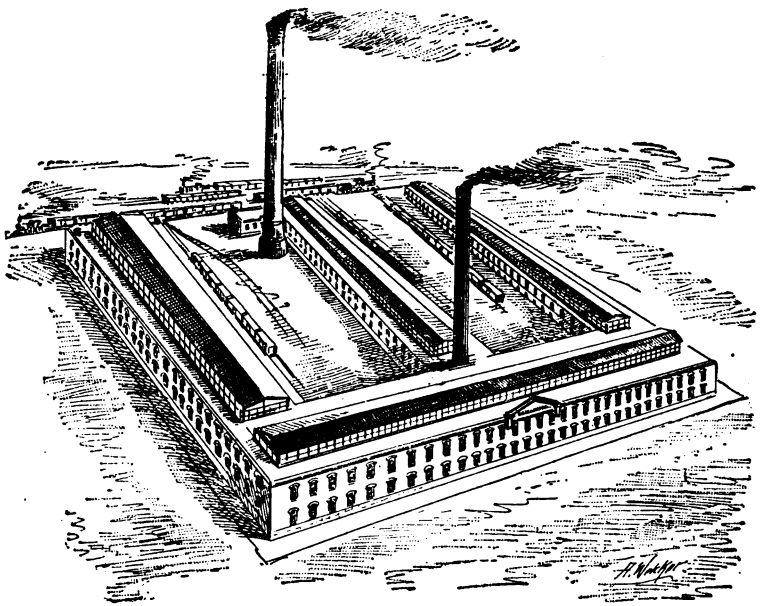
The largest cotton-seed mill in the world is rising from its foundations on the prairie east of Sherman. It will eat up 432 tons of cotton-seed in twenty-four hours. That means the seed which grows with over 800 bales of cotton. A half ton of seed to a bale of cotton is the average. Something more than a dozen years ago a young Pittsburger, who had had a good schooling in machinery and its uses, came to Sherman and started a little seed mill in the outskirts of the city.

"That," said banker Randolph, one of the *solid capitalists of* Sherman, "was almost before we, *who had been here a lifetime*, knew *there was such a thing as oil in cotton seed.* Mr. Tassey started in a very modest way. first thing we knew about him he was mak oil out there. He kept on independently creasing his plant and business. After he made an eminent success of it we forme stock company and backed him with all money he wanted. But J. C. Tassey is titled to the credit of giving Sherman the la est oil mill in the South and the largest cott gin in the world. And now we are buildi an entirely new mill, which will have a fro of 300 feet and will contain the finest machi ery that can be devised. We are building wi brick and stone and in the most substanti manner. But brick and stone and machine do not make a successful cotton-seed mill That takes brains. We rely on Mr. Tassey t furnish them."



THE LARGEST COTTON-SEED OIL MILL IN THE WORLD.

The banker's reference to brains is full o meaning. There has been a great deal o money made in the cotton-seed oil manufacture in Texas. There has been a great dea lost. A few years ago, after a very good sea son for the business, there was an epidemic o oil mill investment in the State. Every larg town in the cotton producing parts of Texa had its mill. There were no fewer than thirt of these enterprises. A bad year sent two-thirds of them to the wall. Last season was a good one for those mills which survived in Texas. And now there is another epidemic of oil mill building likely to be followed by another assortment of wrecks. In the manufacture of cotton-seed oil men play for bi stakes. Few products are so fluctuating i

as those which come out of a cotton-seed mill. The Sherman mill has sold oil at 55c oil at 20c. It has sold oil cake at $20 a and oil cake at $10 a ton.

The size of the cotton crop,'' Mr. Tassey ained, in the course of an interesting con- ation about this peculiar industry, ''has ing to do with it. The market is specu- ve. In 1882 we had a good year, one of best. In 1887 we had a fairly pros- ous season. Last year was good. The ele- ts of uncertainty in the business are men. t year, for example, we had good crops in country. In Europe the crops failed. re was a great demand for our oil cake for ing, and we sold at profitable prices. tically all of the oil cake goes abroad. year Europe has good cereal crops and a l root crop. She will not need so much ake as she did last year, and she will not so much for what she does take. There other conditions which enter into this ness. A big corn crop in this ntry means a big hog crop. That ns lots of grease and less demand otton-seed oil. The most of our oil prod- goes into the manufacture of compound . When the hog crop is large the oil man to scratch his head to think how he will through. We have to commence buying working up cotton-seed before we know t the hog crop is going to be and what the and for oil will be. Thus, before we know t our margin will be we are in the midst ur season. Then there are years when the l rots on our hands. For some climatic on the seed will not keep some seasons as es others. I have seen $150,000 worth of l lost by Texas mills in a single year, just use it would not keep until it could be ed up.''

oes cotton seed grade like cotton?''

he staple has little to do with the seed. eed on the Texas uplands is not as good at raised in the Mississippi bottoms. It t as rich in oil. But beyond these differ- es there is not much relationship between staple and the seed.''

ow much of the cotton seed raised in s goes to the oil mills, Mr. Tassey?''

ot to exceed 20 per cent. But all goes can be handled profitably. At least one- l of the seed must be saved over for the year's crop. You know the planter is ed to save not only enough for seeding , but also enough for a second seeding. on must be replanted occasionally. Then e is a good deal of seed at such a distance mills that it will not pay to haul and About 20 per cent I think is all there is cotton seed raised in Texas which can dled with profit to the raiser and to the Last year, with some of the Texas mills *by the trust*, there were still enough *in Texas* to take all of the seed that could be handled profitably in this State.''

''What will these twelve or fifteen new mills do?''

Mr. Tassey shook his head.

''If the mills don't make money, their competition will make better prices for the planter, won't it?''

''That is a mistake. It isn't for the interest of the farmer to have too many seedmen handling his crop. Taxes, interest and other expenses increase with the number of mills. That means an increased burden for the industry to carry. There is only about so much seed to be ground up. The more mills and the more investment the less there is left for the farmer. If you argue, as the men with machinery to sell are telling, that more mills will increase the amount of seed bought and manufactured into oil, you reach the same result. There is a market for about so much oil and cake, and when there is increased production the prices go down and there is less to be paid to the farmer for his seed. There are mills enough now to do the business. The increase of mills will, it seems to me, mean a decrease in the prices paid for seed. The machinery men figure out a different showing, but they are interested in equipping as many mills as they can.''

''But you are building a large mill, Mr. Tassey?''

''We are not building to increase our capacity, but to increase our facilities for handling and to reduce cost. We expect to manufacture what we do now, but we expect to do it in much less time. Quick handling of the seed is necessary to success with it. We shall cut down the chances of loss from seed spoiling on our hands, and we shall get our product into market quicker. That is the idea on which we are constructing our new mill.''

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All is not gold that glitters in the cotton-seed oil business. For instance, there is the oil-cake feeding in this country. Some Texas cattlemen builded great expectations on the results of the early experiments.

''Under present conditions there is no money either to the mill or to the cattlemen in feeding cake here,'' Mr. Tassey said. ''I believe that every cattleman who has taken it up and followed it has lost. Two years ago cattle which were fattened on oil cake yielded a profit. That was on account of the high price of beef cattle. Last year the balance was the other way. There were men who fed 3,000 head of cattle here, but they made nothing.''

''How was that, Mr. Tassey?''

''The range men got it all. The men who fed paid $16 a ton for their meal. They sold their cattle at 2¾c and 3c fattened. The trouble was they put the cattle in at $20 a head from the range. That was too high.''

leave a margin of profit at the low price for beef cattle. The year before that the feeders put in their cattle at $20 or $25 from the range, paid about the same price for meal as last year, but sold for 4½c. That gave a margin of profit."

"So far as the fattening goes, oil cake is all right?"

"Cotton-seed meal and hulls make the finest fattening food that can be given cattle. At the average prices they will fatten cattle cheaper than corn at 20c a bushel. But there must be a better balance between range and fed cattle than there has been to make this kind of feeding profitable."

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Returns from the cotton acreage of North Texas show a decrease of 25 per cent as compared with last year. For the rest of the State the decrease is not quite so much. The average for the whole State is about 20 per cent. This reduction of acreage is in a degree more apparent than real. Last year's cotton crop in Texas was extraordinary in acreage and yield. The reduction of 25 per cent this year is in reality only about 10 per cent under two years ago. Low prices and the agitation over the cotton grower's condition prompted the North Texans to cut off one-fourth of their cotton ground and put it into corn and other grain.

But Mr. Tassey doesn't believe the Texas cotton-grower's condition is as bad as it has been pictured. "Last year's cotton crop," he said, "was marketed at only about 8 per cent below the average price for ten years. I mean that in North Texas the man who picked and sold his cotton immediately came within 8 per cent of the average price for the whole ten years preceding."

Some surprise was expressed at this as being rather inconsistent with the popular impression about the hard lot of the cotton farmer.

"I am not talking about the man who held on to his cotton until it went down to 6½c and 6c," Mr. Tassey continued. And then he made another point even more surprising. He said: "We figured this out, taking all of the recent twenty years except 1881, which we left out because it was exceptional on account of a very small crop and very high prices. But our cotton raisers more than made up for the 8 per cent loss in average price by the increased yield per acre. Cotton in North Texas when sold right after picking paid more per acre the past season than the average cotton crop for ten years. The average yield was from 15 to 20 per cent better than the average for nine or ten years. Most of those who sold promptly got 8c. We bought cotton here right *along up to the time our gin* burned *in October and we did not pay under 8c. Of course, those who held* cotton and saw it go down to 6½c and 6c were bu hurt. Some farmers held on, hoping for l ter prices, and got pinched. The mercha were hurt worse than the farmers. They w left with the declining cotton on their han They were forced to ask extensions from th with whom they dealt North. They plea the low price of cotton and said the farm could not pay up, and out of all this t grew the impression that the actual cott grower was a great deal worse off than really was. You can easily figure how m the grower can afford to stand in crease of price if he gets 15 20 per cent increase of yield per ac Then there is the matter of supply. The cline in what the farmer buys has been mu more than in the cotton he sells. Clothi sugar, coffee, machinery, all have decreas in price in greater percentage than cotton h. The fact is the cotton-grower's condition Texas is better than is generally suppos The bad impression is largely due to the m chants who got caught by the decline of c ton, and who, in asking extension fr Northern creditors, made it appear that t farmer had lost money on his crop a couldn't pay. I didn't say there is money cotton at present prices, but the Texas farr who sold promptly did not lose money la season."

"Don't you think the Texas farmer will l better off with less cotton and more corn?"

"Cotton is the selling crop for Texas farme for this reason. A large corn crop down he makes a cheap corn crop. An increase of 7 per cent in the Texas corn crop will depreci the price 50 per cent. Cotton, in 1883, t year of a great crop, sold for 8½c. It has d preciated but 25 per cent since, taking t lowest price. As I said before, the Tex farmer made more money last year per ac on cotton than he has made in the average the ten previous years. When we raise a larg corn crop we can't feed it all. Corn, oats an hay have only a local market. The cotto crop has the world for a market. It will hol its price better than any of these othe products."

"What the South mostly needs," said Mr. Tassey, "is manufactures of cotton. I could talk to you all night about that, or I could tell you my opinion in a sentence. To put i the shortest way I would say, 'For a man o enterprise with sufficient experience and capital, who wants a stable, legitimate business, the manufacture of cotton goods in the South presents to-day the finest opportunity in the United States.' I don't say it is a field for an old fogy with set notions, but for a man with good business ideas and energy. Cotton manufacturing is a business that is bound to come South. We shall have to begin with coarse goods. That was what New England did. Great Britain thought years ago

coarse cotton goods couldn't be le in New England, but American mills eeded. Now they are making the finer ds, not the finest, but finer grades. The ory of cotton manufacture in New England repeat itself in the South. New England ufacturers think we haven't the labor. shall have it. We shall educate labor to work, just as was done in New England. have got to start in with the coarser goods. shall manufacture just as cheaply from labor standpoint. We shall have the adtage of saving the cost of transportation the raw material all the way to New Engl, and for our local market we shall save cost of the transportation of the manufacd goods from New England to Texas. The ufacture of cotton goods is certain to e to the South." W. B. S.

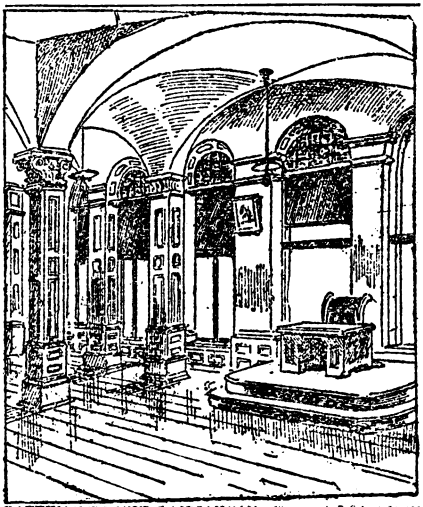
## THROUGH TEXAS.

### Progress of the "Nester" Across the Panhandle Pastures.

### ptoms of a Healthy Reaction—The Story of the Cowman's Bluff—A Prairie-Dog Problem.

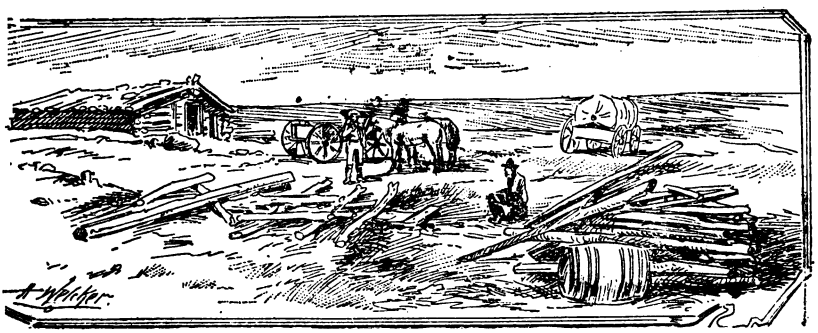
al correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

THE PANHANDLE, TEXAS, August 2.—Panhandle has raised another grain ). The figures are not all in. But the mate at the Fort Worth Board of Trade crop of 6,500,000 bushels of wheat. and barley will go 3,000,000 more. or the corn, that is beyond guessing. Clark, of the Fort Worth Board of le, said: "The corn crop of Texas this year be phenomenal. We have thousands of been threshed out 30,000 bushels of oats, and there will be 70,000 bushels of corn. The rest of the country does not know how rapidly Texas is forging ahead as a grain State. Not one out of a hundred Texans appreciate what is going on in this direction. Who ever heard of Texas barley? Last winter a Fort Worth man went around and induced some of the farmers to try barley. One of them, a Mr.



GATEWAY TO THE PANHANDLE—THE FORT WORTH BOARD OF TRADE.

Clanahan, put in 500 acres. He has harvested his crop, and it yields him $24 per acre, or $12,000 on his experiment. A malthouse is being built at Fort Worth, and 500,000 bushels of barley are wanted for the first year. The Hoxie farm will put in 500 acres of this new grain for Texas next season. The average yield of barley in



THE PANHANDLE "NESTER."

that will give seventy-five bushels to re."

*Hoxie farm, near Taylor, in William-y, Central Texas,* there have just the experimental fields this year has been fifty bushels, and the St. Louis price is being paid in Fort Worth; where the grain is wanted for home consumption.

This is not a good grain year for Texas. It is the poorest in five years. In the Panhandle the wheat crop is spoken of as a failure. That is because the Panhandle farmer considers anything less than twelve bushels a failure. The season has been erratic in Texas as it has been in other parts of the country. Some farmers have got eight bushels; some have got fifteen bushels. Here and there a report of the threshing shows twenty and twenty-five bushels. But the average is lower than it has been for the five years which have elapsed since the discovery of the grain-growing capacity of the Panhandle. And so these farmers call it a failure.

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That jog of Texas which runs up north between Indian Territory on the east and New Mexico on the west is the Panhandle proper. It is larger than most States. By common consent the name has been extended to the great body of chocolate-colored loam which constitutes the red lands. The Panhandle, as originally applied, was a day's ride from Fort Worth. The Panhandle as comprehended to-day is reached a couple of hours after leaving "The Fort." And then the traveler is in it for the rest of the day and most of the night.

The revolution in the Panhandle has been a quick one. The first thresher brought into the new wheat country was an old ten horse-power from Illinois. It is still running near Wichita Falls. The man who came on with this thresher says that the first year after his arrival he didn't find a field which yielded less than seventeen bushels an acre. He did the threshing for a whole county. That was six years ago. This season it was possible to see eight reapers marching en echelon across one wheat field in the same county. The farmer who furnished such a pageant had 1,500 acres in wheat out of 4,000 acres for which he paid $10 an acre. Up and down *the Wichita Valley,* which is part of this new *wheat country, can be seen ascending the smoke of a score of steam threshers, although this is a failure season. At Wichita Falls* there are three flouring mills and three tors. One of these mills turns out 500 ba of flour a day. A new mill of 200 ba capacity and a new elevator of 100,000 b els room are nearing completion to help care of a crop which is a failure. Last these mills at Wichita Falls ran night and from harvest to harvest. And then eno wheat to have kept three such mills runi was shipped away. In two months last; the farmers of adjoining counties rece $750,000 at Vernon for the wheat they haule

"In 1867," said Mr. L. P. Goodell, a l Worth business man, "I went into Minnes When I came to Texas I thought I had n seen two countries look so much alike as l nesota and the Panhandle, before either been developed. You know they used to s those days we couldn't raise anythin Minnesota, just as they said only five y ago no crops would grow in the Panhar

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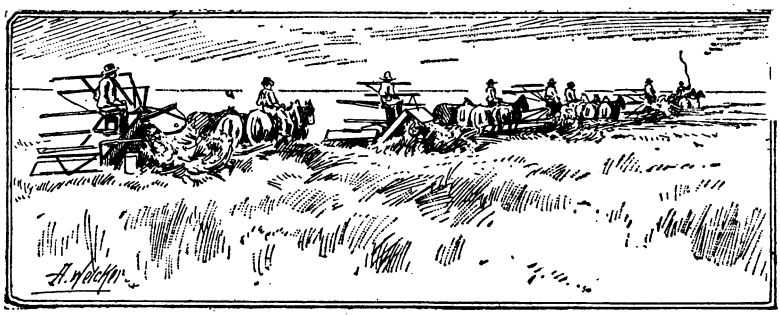
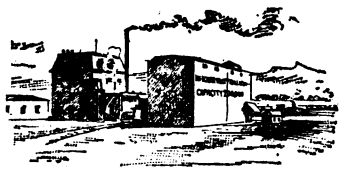
Here was a strong motive for the ass. that the Panhandle would not grow c



HARVESTING ON THE KNOTT FARM IN THE PANHANDLE.

When the Comanche moved out of this re the cowman moved in. He had great fluence in Texas at that time. He could g Austin and convince the State governm that whole counties in the Panhandle sh be classified as grazing land. The law of State limits the buyer of agricultural lan a section, a mile square. But it allows buyer of grazing land to buy in his own n seven sections upon extremely favora terms, and it doesn't raise any technicalit every member of the family also takes se sections. The cowmen took possession of Panhandle. They bought in blocks of sev at 50c and $1 an acre. The school lands wh they couldn't buy they leased from the St and fenced in with their great pastures. Th came along the man with a hoe. He looked the red lands, chocolate-colored when m and like brick dust when dry. He manifes an inclination to stir up the soil and see w it would do. The cowmen resented this as intrusion. They called the man with the "a nester." That was because he would

of the school land and settle right
a in the middle of a big pasture, making
ocessary to allow roadways and to build
s for him. As the Comanche felt
ard the cowman, so the cowman
toward the nester. But it was
ition. The cowman might frighten the
r away to-day. The next day there were
men with hoes looking over the same
fence. The two men might be induced
gument to believe that there was noth-
a it for them. On the third day four men
hoes were at the barbed-wire fence. The
oys whooped it up pretty lively for the
nal nester. The cowman argued and
discouraging laws for the two nesters.
n the four men with hoes arrived, the
man hired smooth talkers to help con-
e them that agriculture was impossible
Panhandle. Perhaps this is the only



)0-BARREL MILL AT WICHITA FALLS.

ntry where such efforts were made to
people out. Men received salaries to tell
omers that farming was impossible.
made it their business for pay to dis-
age immigration. Strangers on the trains
n the new towns were sought out. They
told that nothing would grow, and if
hing did grow the prairie dogs would
t up. This wasn't a very good article of
. Perhaps the man with the hoe thought
t any rate he wasn't altogether con-
He hung around. He said he'd give
land a whirl. As for the prairie
man with the hoe said that while
ing for his first crop he would make war on
festive little animal which sat upon its
legs and laughed a file-scraping "he-he-
im as he went by. If the tickling of
hadn't turned out better than the war
e prairie dog, the Panhandle wouldn't
assed and cris-crossed by wheat fields
. The idea of the man with the hoe was
the skins of the prairie dogs to the glove
nufacturer and the canned meat to China-
The New York glove manufacturer ac-
d one consigment of skins and quit.
Chinaman declined the meat with a "no
hee." The prairie dog industry sudden-
verely languished.

But the experiment with the soil—that was altogether different. The Wichita Valley is a part of the Panhandle. From the Wichita River stretches a bottom several miles wide and as level as the famous Red River Valley of the North. In this valley was made the notable experiment which knocked out the cowmen's double-barreled argument. John Howard put in 400 acres of oats, corn and millet. The result was a crop which startled the whole Panhandle. The prairie dogs didn't eat half an acre of the 400. In fact they showed their disgust at the turned-over sod and moved on, thereby setting the cowmen

THE MAN WITH A HOE.

a lesson. Not one prairie dog is seen now where there were a thousand before. The season following the object lesson everybody went to planting. The 400 acres bought for $5 an acre was sold for $13. It was divided into smaller farms and sold again for $20. A couple of years after the experimental crop came the discovery that the red lands with a world of gypsum underneath was a natural wheat country. That settled the issue between the cowman and the man with a hoe. In the picturesque language of a pioneer, "it decided that the Panhandle was to be no longer the land of the longhorns and h—ll."

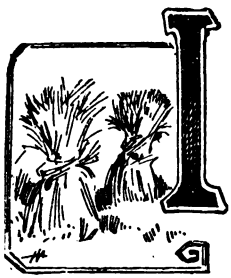
W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Twenty-Bushel Wheat in Place of Twenty-Acre Cow Brute.

### A Cattle King's Testimony—Panhandle Surprises—The Romance of Grain Farming.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.



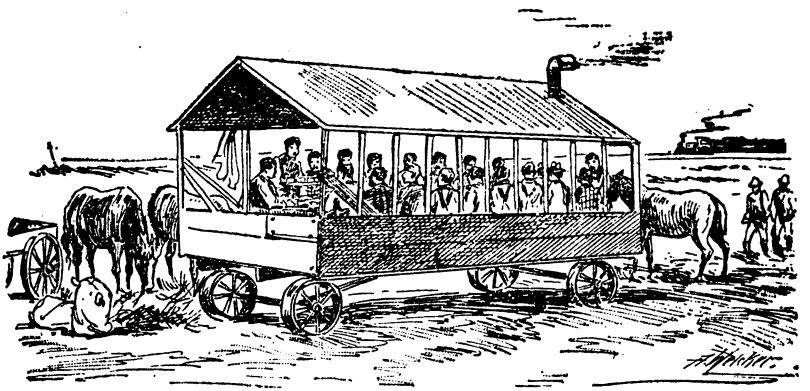
IN THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS, August 3.—Charles Goodnight is the greatest of the Panhandle cattle kings. His ranch is far beyond the red lands where wheat grows. It is up in the Panhandle proper, upon the Staked Plains. But the tide of farming immigration has flowed almost to the Goodnight pastures.

"Can a farmer make a living as far West as this?" Mr. Goodnight was asked.

The cattle king was here even before the Comanches went out. He has seen some thirty summers come and go in the Panhandle. He deliberated a little before answering the question, and then he said:

acre. He has seen the free grass di and the wire fences extend like a great all over the plains. He has had to drive herds hundreds of miles to the nearest s ping point. He now has a railroad stati his front door yard. When he gets on cars at Fort Worth he rides through a suc sion of towns and cities which five years had no existence, or at best were only tr posts.

Twenty bushels of wheat to the acre is the Panhandle farmers claim this land produce in good seasons. John W. Car one of the leading men of Clarendon, sat u the vine-covered porch of the Goodnight p and said: "The poorest yield of wheat arc Clarendon last year was 12 bushels to acre. I remember one field of 160 acres w gave 3000 bushels. The average crop is al 20 bushels. But I think the best results be obtained out here on the edge of the Sta Plains by combining some stock-raising farming. There is a belt of country extend fifty miles east from the eastern verge of plains. It has a southeastern exposure. T are vast numbers of springs. One cou Donley, has at least 1000 of them. This presents the finest conditions for doing fa ing that I know of anywhere. I am from dairy region of Wisconsin, and I know what that development has been. I can that I believe in this spring belt al



"CHUCK IN"

"Yes, a farmer can make a living out here. But he can't make money. He may, by hard work, do a little better some seasons than a living, but he can't get rich. The only way a farmer can do well here is to combine stock-raising with his farming."

"Mr. Goodnight, how much pasture land do you allow for each animal?"

"Twenty acres."

*Mr. Goodnight has seen* land in the Pan*handle go from nothing to 50c an* acre. He *has seen the 50c land advance to $3* and $5 an

the Staked Plains, which, ten years ago, were taught to believe was a desert. Th are finer conditions for dairying than W consin possesses. This short dry grass giv a butter that is better flavored than any y ever tasted. People from the blue grass a clover dairying country say so. And the c ditions are such that butter can be ma easier here in this clear dry atmosphe The creeks of the springs region are set w grapes and plums. Ten thousand gallons wine goes to waste. In the season wh

)es are ripe the ground along the creeks is . Plums are hauled into Clarendon by wagon load. I don't know of a season ie I have been here that this natural fruit failed."

ie Panhandle is full of surprises, and Mr. iart's testimony to the existence of this ural dairy country on the edge of the ked Plains is one of them.

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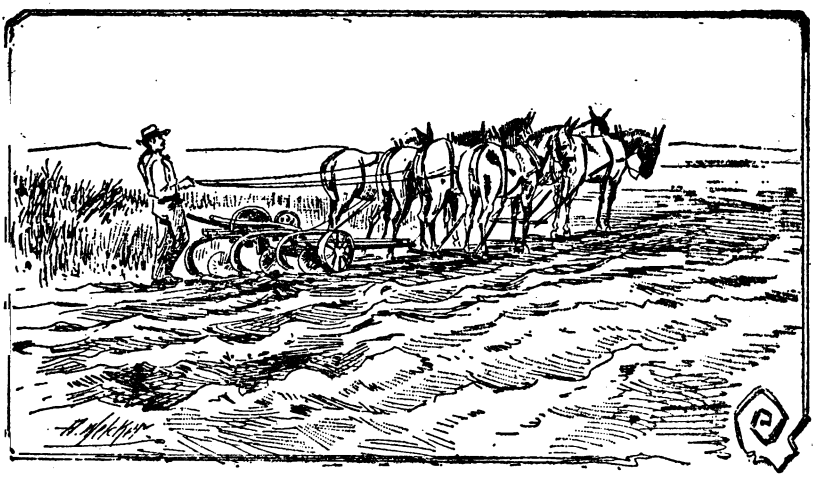
s transformation of the Panhandle is an .ultural revolution. The wonder is that little has been said about it. When the iat producing quality of North Dakota is was discovered the whole world was . Dalrymple's farm was talked about, cribed in print and painted on canvas. ) Red River Valley of the North became a ce for pilgrimages. Well, there is a Red er Valley of the South, and how many ple know of it, except as a region where slaves of King Cotton toil sixteen hours a with the hoe, the cultivator and the 'ent mule? But that is not the Red River ley of the South, of which the Panhandle supply. So it appears that the four successive good crops of wheat in the Panhandle were not accidents.

Wheat-raising is as easy as improved methods can make it in the Panhandle. At Vernon, one of the smartest of these brand new cities, there were sold last season 547 self-binders. The steam threshing outfits are now sweeping through the fields. It takes a force of twenty-five men and ten teams to run one of these outfits, while steam-power does the actual threshing. The wheat-raiser has nothing to do but to open the gate when the outfit arrives and to take care of the grain as it comes from the spout in a golden stream. It matters not to the threshing boss whether the grain is in shock or in stack. Not one in twenty of the Panhandle grain-growers puts the sheaves in stack. Perhaps it would be better for the grain if it was done. But the threshing outfit includes the men and teams to gather in the grain from the shock. The extra charge for threshing in that way is only 2c a bushel on wheat and 1c on oats. So the Panhandle farmer relieves



THE ROMANCE OF GRAIN-GROWING.

iart. A geological map of Texas has as ny colors as Joseph's coat. Just below the ıtern half of the Indian Territory this map ws a great patch of the color of brick dust. s "the red lands" in scientific lingo. The lands is a natural wheat country, as much is the Red River Valley of the North, and dead levels of the eastern half of North kota. There is more of the red lands in are miles than there is of the North Dakota eat region. Chemistry explains the prac- l results of wheat-growing in the red ls. *The gypsum and the other properties wheat wants are here* in extraordinary himself of one of the most tedious features of grain raising. The threshing boss, like Miles Standish, knows every man in his army and divides up the work with system. Eight of the ten teams haul the sheaves from the field to thresher. To one team is assigned the duty of keeping water in the boiler, and to another is given the work of hauling fuel. A most important part of the outfit is the boarding house on wheels. It is an airy-looking structure. The sides are open and the roof is of canvas. A cook stove occupies a corner, and the table accommodations seat the whole party. Most of the threshers are farmers

lads from the surrounding country. They make quick and merry work of what used to be the most anxious event of the year on the grain farm. The new way is a great change from the old. There is no more rallying of neighbors to exchange threshing work. Housewives do not work a week preparing for the threshers and another week clearing up after them. The farmer counts his bushels and pays at the rate of 8c for wheat and 4c for oats. The threshing outfit does the rest.

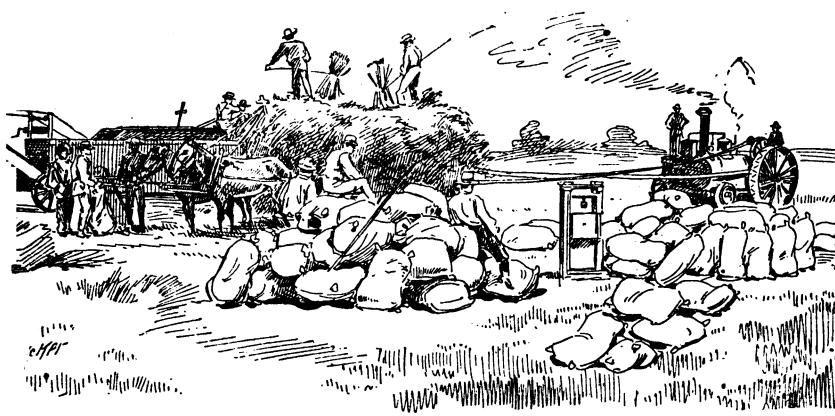
PANHANDLE PRODUCTS AND THE MEN WHO GROW THEM.

When the sun is nearly overhead a shout goes up from some part of the busy scene. It is a genuine Texas whoop, high-keyed and piercing. Then another answers. From away down in the field where a wagon is loading comes a third yell. And after a few *moments a whole chorus arises.* All of this *is by way of intimation to the boss that noon-time approaches. He is a wise boss who heeds* such manifestations of popular sentimen faint echo of the whoop reaches "the c wagon" on the other side of the field hand the water. The cook and his assista quicken their movements between the st and the table. The boss looks at his wa and at the sun. He takes a hasty sur of the field. He gives no signal. Every i sticks to his post and the work goes on. quarter of an hour passes. The warn whoop is heard again. Once more the b looks at his watch. Then he walks over to the engine and the whistle answers the whoop with a toot. Work stops instanter. Steam is turned off. The belt is dropped. Teams are unhitched. There is a race across the field for the chuck wagon. Some men are at the table as soon as they can climb into the wagon Others move with more deliberation, stopping to feed a team or to wash themselves

is a good deal of human nature in a shing outfit. Meantime the first comers bout the loaded, smoking table, but not uch as a crust of bread is broken. The s along the board fill in. Still nobody ts. Now and then a warning cry of uck in" is heard, but nobody ucks in." All are seated but one engaged on a more elaborate toilet the others have made. "Chuck in!" uck in!" comes the warning again. "Go id!" responds the dude as he raises a e of looking-glass and moves his head to side and then the other. The threshers him at his word and bread is broken all g the table. A good commissary is as im- ant as the water in the boiler for a thresh- outfit. When darkness comes the thresh- ie down upon little heaps of straw in the ble, with the Milky Way for a coverlet. of-door sleeping is no hardship in the

land on shares. From that we made enough to buy two sections of land at $5 an acre. On that land we made $6,000 worth of crops. We have sold our land for $20 an acre and are going into the next county to get cheaper land and start again. We are worth $15,000 apiece, and every dollar of it except the $9 that was in the party when we came here has been made in the Panhandle. Noboby could get me to leave the Panhandle."

It is four parts romance and luck with one part work, this grain growing in the Panhandle. With six mules and a gang plow the farmer turns a wide strip of the red lands every trip across the field. There were sold 108 of these big gang plows in a single Panhandle town this season. And with these went 260 drills. The Panhandle farmer quadruples the work of the old single furrow; he rides his drill and his work is done until the ripening grain calls for the binder, which



A PANHANDLE CIVILIZER.

andle country. Thousands do it as a ter of comfort and preference. No dew h mentioning falls. A steady dry breeze s from the South. Such a thing as a cold ht in this way is almost unknown. The est cattle king in the Panhandle an upper room in his house with three s left open, and there he spends the most is summer nights. All through the Pan- lle cots and shake-downs may be seen de of the houses. Camping is a luxury in limate.

ile his men ate a threshing boss told his "My name is Heagle," he said, "and from Algiers. One day ten of us came to bita Falls. We couldn't speak a word of sh. We had just $9 among us. Our in- was to go to Wilbarger County, but hita River was up, and while we waited o down we arranged to take some

drops the sheaves by half dozens. Shocking is the only hand work. Then comes the threshing outfit, leaving to the farmer nothing more to do but to haul his product to the nearest town. With such methods explained the stories told on the Panhandle are not so incredible. For instance, it is related that one man and a boy 16 years old produced 10,000 bushels of grain in a single season. Such methods and such a country where the gang plow can run every month in the year, tell the reason why there is no more "dollar wheat." It isn't option trading that is knocking the bottom out of prices. The Panhandle has only just begun. It hasn't struck its gait as a grain-producing region. Five years hence, look out for the Panhandle.

The people of Wichita Falls preserve three pictures illustrating their three eras. In the first picture there are two log houses on

prairie. That was the first era. On the second picture is a single street, a row of saloons and a group of cowboys. That is the second era. The third picture is a bird's-eye view of a well-built city of 4,000 people, with a big court house and a bigger school house, church spires, mills and elevators, $7,000 residences, a wholesale grocery doing a business of $50,000 a month, and other things to match. The three eras are embraced in a decade. In 1887 Wichita Falls had 400 voters. In 1889 she had 800 voters. In 1892 she has 1,600 voters. Five years ago a good month's business for the railroad station was $5,000. Now it is from $50,000 to $60,000. The idea of making the school house larger than the court house is purely Panhandle. The court house hobby may not be of Texas origin, but it finds strong development here. A Texas county seat which hasn't a big court house isn't satisfied until it gets one. And the more brick and mortar and cupola that can be heaped up the happier is the community. There probably isn't another State in the Union which has so many court houses and so much money invested in court house architecture in proportion to wealth and population. But the Panhandle is New Texas. When Wichita Falls got ready to build something to astonish the natives, she put up a $25,000 school house on a fine square in the very center of the city. She provided for nine months of free school. After that she built a substantial Court House, but it isn't as large as the school house. The Panhandle theory is that if the school house is large the community will not need such a fine court house. There are parts of Texas where not so very long ago it took nerve to advocate free schools for more than three months. It takes nerve now in the Panhandle not to advocate free schools for nine months.

The Panhandle abounds in ambitious towns. Just beyond Wichita Falls is Iowa Park. Less than five years ago two Iowa men came down here prospecting. One of them, Mr. Kolp, had been Speaker of the Iowa House of Representatives. The other, Mr. Kennedy, had been a member of the same body. They found a body of school lands, 17,000 acres, which belonged to Tarrant County. This tract they acquired at from $4 to $6 an acre. In 1888 they laid out a town. Four years ago there wasn't a house on the site, and now there are 1,200 people, with a mill, a couple of elevators and brick business blocks. The grain elevator is as much a feature of these Panhandle towns as it is of the North Dakota community. Vernon, Quanah, Childress, Memphis, Clarendon, Washburn, Amarillo, and even the smaller towns between have prepared to handle grain. Many of these towns are even *younger than Iowa Park. Several are healthy infants of two years' and eighteen months' growth.*

W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## How the Newest City of the Panhandle Got a Move on Itself.

### A Lone Court House—Tarrant County Campaign of Education—Old Texas—Greer County to the Front.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democr

IN THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS, August

Amarillo is the newest of the Panhandle cities. The waiter at the Hotel asks yo you will have your eggs "standing u You pay the gentlemanly "barkeep" for a glass of pop if the imposing analysi the water scares you. The water co from a depth of over 200 feet, and is ra by windmills, which on the plains ca guaranteed to run twenty-three hours ou the twenty-four, and about 364 days in year. The water looks and tastes all ri Nobody ever experienced any ill results fi it. But in an evil hour somebody had analyzed and paraded the analysis in type as a thing to be proud of. When newcomer reads all about the potassium the sodium and the sulphur he steers fo with for one of the six saloons in a sin block of the main street, and invests in a quarter-of-a-cent's worth of pop. T saloon business is a great industry Amarillo and will continue to be so long the saloon trust continues.

Young as she is, Amarillo has had sites. The original town company loca on a slope two miles west of where the tc now stands. About 1200 people establis themselves there. As is usual in Texas some other countries, the first thing the r community did when it felt its strength v to vote about $25,000 for a court hou This was expected to anchor the county s and the town for all time to come. T Court House was built, and a good one i for the money.

But a man who owns a pasture of 250,( acres decided that the town had been put the wrong place. It was in "a draw." T right location was two miles further east on eligible elevation. To the proposition to mo the town said "no." The pasture man we ahead and laid out a new site. He built hotel that was bigger and cost 50 per ce more than the Court House. For a few wee there was an interesting game of tug betwe Court House and hotel two miles apart. A cording to Texas tradition the Court Hou should have won. A county seat is located b vote on a specified section of land for fiv years, and there it must stay till the last da of the fifth year. The pasture man was fre the North. He said he was willing to spend

,000 to put Amarillo where it belonged, he did it. After he had built his big hotel g for this region—he bought the hotel in riginal Amarillo, put it on wheels, moved ver to the new site, located it across a e park, and called it the annex. The ure man's father-in-law is an Illinois o-wire millionaire. He came down looked on. He said he didn't w much about town-site wars, he would back the new location. The ure man dug wells and built houses. ry week or two he drove over to old Ama- , bought a store, put it on wheels and ed it over to new Amarillo. There was shouting or hurrahing. But month by th the old town melted away and the new a grew. To-day the Court House is all marks the original site. It stands alone on rairie. It can't be moved under the law.

eral miles of mains. Amarillo, to begin with, was essentially a stockmen's town, but the inevitable man with the hoe has arrived and is disposed to see what he can do. The Campbellite minister, who moved to the Panhandle from near Sedalia, Mo., a garden spot if there is one on the footstool, came into town one day this week with beards of wheat all over him.

"What have you been doing, brother?" a church member asked.

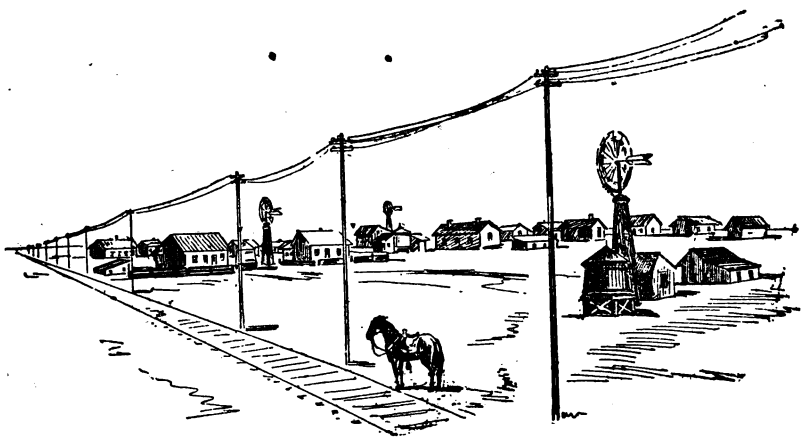
"Threshing my wheat," replied the minister triumphantly.

"How much did it go?" asked the member.

"Sixty bushels," said the minister.

"Wha-at?" ejaculated the brother.

"I mean sixty bushels on the eight acres," explained the minister, with a laugh. "But I lost at least two bushels an acre by letting it get too ripe. I'm not discouraged. I raised



AMARILLO—SKETCHED FROM DEPOT.

ould be, the father of the new town would moved it long ago. The county officers two miles to the Court House and back n every day. As they go over in the morn- hey often see a beautiful mirage—houses, s, lakes and the shadows of a city. When get to the Court House the vision fades there is nothing but bare prairie and the where the houses stood.

end of the fifth year approaches, and the of the lone Court House is already deter- ed. A square in the center of new Ama- has been set apart for a new and larger nty seat anchor. The old Court House, k, mortar and all, will be put on wheels hauled to the new town. When wings have been added it will become a ge.

pasture man is self-willed, but he is thing of a *philanthropist*. He has given *town a water works* system with sev-

this in a bad season on ground which had the sod turned only last year. I'm going to sow again this fall. We'll raise wheat in Potter County yet. I'm told there are 50,000 bushels of wheat that would be marketed right here in Amarillo if we only had a mill."

The Frying Pan ranch comes right up to the edge of Amarillo. In it are 250,000 acres. The owner has recently said to his agent: "I won't stand in the way of settlers. They can have the land if they want it. When Texas land was selling at $2 an acre and money could be borrowed at 6 and 8 per cent, I was a buyer. Now that land is worth $4, I am a seller. I have made more money, perhaps, than I am entitled to." During the summer this man has sold over twenty sections of 640 acres each in various counties of the Panhandle for $4 an acre. There came an order this week from Denver for a section at $2.50 an acre, to be within ten miles of Amarillo. The real

estate agents couldn't fill it. Amarillo is Spanish. It should be pronounced Am-a-re-o. The inhabitants are Americans, and they adhere to the American pronunciation.

Up and down the Panhandle the Texans are praying that the title of Greer County may be vested in the United States. This may sound strange to those who know how proud Texans are of their State's bigness. Greer County is either the southwestern corner of Indian Territory, or else it is the elbow of the Panhandle. The United States claims Greer

COWBOYS AT LUNCH.

county. So does Texas. She has recognized the county organization which the squatters have set up. In conventions and in other formal ways Greer County is conceded representation. But this is pending a decison as to the ownership. All Texas maps show the State line running around to the north of Greer. All United States maps trace the Texas boundary south of Greer. The sole question is which is Red River? Red River divides Indian Territory from Texas. There is no dispute as to where the river runs until the forks are reached. Texas insists that one fork is the main river. The United States considers the other fork the main river. And it makes just the difference of Greer County which is right. Greer lies between the forks. Forty-six years ago the independent Republic of Texas was annexed to the United States. Nobody at that time had ever heard of Greer County. The issue of the *forks of Red River* had not been raised. Some *time in the remote past a boundary* commission *went up Red River. The work* was done *in such an ill-defined way that it left* the opportunity for a question about whic was treated as the main river. So long a body wanted Greer County land neithe United States nor Texas manifested muc terest in settling the fork problem. But the Comanches were corraled on a reserva and the cowmen divided up, the Panha squatters began to drift in between the of the Red.

The American creates government wh he goes. No matter how new or isolated settlement, the next thing after the sta out of the claims is the erection of som of organization which will give sembl stability to title and which will insure and order. Foreign anarchists and Socia run up against this strong American trait surprise themselves. The squatters in G County did not stop to ask "under wl king." They set up an organization and ch a county seat. Many of them being f Texas, and Texas being willing, they atta themselves for the time being to Texas

This Greer County is an exceedingly favored country. It has as good soil as Panhandle wheat belt, and it is better wate than some parts of the Panhandle. It raised this year 2,000,000 bushels of wh and the three new mills and the three new evators which form an impressive grou Quanah, in the Panhandle, are a tribute Greer County's growing importance. Qua is named for the Comanche chief, and V Vernon, shares the most of the Greer Cou trade. If the United States gets Greer squatters will accommodate themselves to homestead law and get 160 acres apiece. Texas sustains her claim, the farmers

this crop of 2,000,000 bushels of at will be entitled to buy on the easy terms he Texas land law 640 acres apiece. That e reason the Panhandle towns hope the ed States will win. They want a country 0-acre farms right beside them to show much better is the policy of small farms. the most of the Panhandle lawyers say e is no doubt the United States will prove South Fork is the main river and that r County is outside of Texas. To-day, re the Denver road crosses Red River, just d the corner of Greer, there is not a of water in sight—only an expanse of red silt and sand half a mile wide be- n low banks. But a storm on the plains the mountains may send 7 feet of boil- red mud rolling down the channel in a few rs. So it depends on temporary circum- ces which is Red River and which is the at doesn't count. A settlement of the meadows give place to pastures bounded only by the horizon. At Calef, fourteen miles north of Forth Worth, there are just five houses in sight on perhaps 10,000 acres of land. This is not the red lands or the Panhandle country. It is Tarrant County, of which Fort Worth is the seat. Tarrant County is where the idea of smaller farms and more people is being agitated with a great deal of vigor. Somebody asked Mr. Peter Smith, the ex-Mayor of Fort Worth, how much land a certain resident of the county had. "He hasn't much," Mr. Smith replied; "only about 1,000 acres." That illustrates the Texas idea of a small farm. Upon the public domain the United States considers 160 acres enough for a homestead. Texas kept all of her land when she became one of the States in 1846, and she gave it away or sold it in great blocks for many years. Having grown somewhat economical, Texas now sells only a

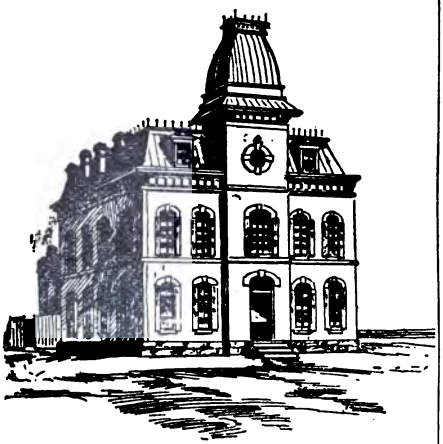
A GROUP OF COWBOYS.

ry dispute will come before the end of year it is thought. People who con- te 2,000,000 bushels of wheat to the le supply must be given a political status. r may count in Oklahoma's early claim ehood.

veler leaving Fort Worth for the Pan- e country rides almost due north for a le of hours. He sees wheat fields stretch- away in the distance. Great straw piles up like pyramids. The steam threshers a cheerful salute as the train rushes by. of these threshers turned out 1611 bush- of wheat on Wednesday, and then broke wn record on Saturday with 1624 bushels. kind of work was made possible by wheat twenty-five bushels to the acre. After heat fields come natural meadows, on he baled hay is piled up as high as a d left almost wholly unprotected, faith in favoring weather. The section of agricultural land, or 640 acres, to one person—four times what the General Government allows. There is one man in Tarrant County who has 9,000 acres. He has fenced his farm, but he cultivates only 200 acres. There are others who haven't quite so much, but they have enough to make Tarrant County look like a grazing country, whereas "the fact is," said Gen. Clark, of Fort Worth, "we have as fine farming land as can be found anywhere."

The man with the 9,000 acres has declared his willingness to cut this farm up and sell it in alternate blocks. The Fort Worth Board of Trade is carrying on a campaign of education to make this change from pastures to farms general. According to the census figures Tarrant County has added only fifty-eight to her agricultural population in ten years. Fort Worth grew 16,413 in the decade, but the county outside of the city practically stood still. The people in the city have reached a

logical conclusion that their future growth depends upon a change in the agricultural, or rather non-agricultural, conditions of the county. Hence the campaign. Like most other campaigns of education, this is not altogether encouraging. Texans let go of land, even when they are land-poor, with reluctance. A man who has 5,000 acres worth $12 now, and that is about the Tarrant County estimate of the big pastures; can hardly bring himself to sell 2,500 acres at $12, though it is made clear to him it will bring in people and make the remaining 2,500 worth $24.



THE LONE COURT HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE.

The Panhandle, in spite of the progress of the man with the hoe, has the pasture problem to deal with. There isn't much doubt what the final result will be. Until he got the Comanche out the cowman did not rest, and with the same aggressive, not to say exterminating spirit, the farmer is now camping on the trail of the cowman. The famous red lands stretch from the Red River southwest. A tongue reaches the Concho. The main body extends on the northwest to Clarendon. But still farther into the Panhandle the man with the hoe has pushed his way. He may not find natural wheat country all over Northwestern Texas, but he has the faith of a pioneer that he can raise something.

The land which the cowman got at $1 is now worth from $6 to $10 an acre distance of five to seven miles from t Within three and four miles of town worth $10 and $15 an acre. The State, at instance of the cowman, classed it as gra land. The man with a hoe, after five y cropping says that 75 per cent of it is far land and only 25 per cent pasture.

"This is land," said John Howar Wichita Falls, "which, with average seas will pay for itself, for the labor and for seed in two years. That is something I d believe can be done in any other State in Union. What I've done others will do. given an Iowa man a three years' leas some land of mine. He fences, improves has all he can raise for three years. At end of that time the fencing is mine. I puts up a house I pay him that. With the kind of crops have had for five years that man make enough to pay him for his labor to buy him some land at the end of the t years. This plan gives a man from the N a chance to try the country and see if he l it. Texans won't take the land on such te but Northern men will. The latter don't to go in debt and are timid about settling l permanently without a trial. By giving entire use of the land for that term of y we interest a tenant in cultivatin well."

It isn't much wonder that Northern hesitate to take the Panhandle on faith. few years ago the banner wheat county this region was known far and wide "Wicked Wilbarger." Civilization goes w wheat. Judge Orr and some associates w down to Austin and persuaded the S authorities that Wilbarger should be clas as agricultural lands. Two or three ot counties in the Panhandle were equally s cessful. The result was the selling of t lands in single sections, thicker settlem more wheat and less wickedness. It 'Wicked Wilbarger" showed 55.28 per c increase of population by the new cen Adjoining counties of the same kind of l were not so fortunate. At Austin the cow were too quick for the man with the hoe; land was classed as grazing and sold in blo of seven sections. There the fight against pastures is still on.

W. B.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## First Round-Up for Law and Order in the Panhandle.

### ıundred Killings—Tascosa's Grand ury—Memories of Boot Hill—The Great X. I. T.—Pasture Disintegration.

ıl correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

IN THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS, August 7.—There hasn't been an interment on Boot Hill for more than two years. Things have changed since Henry King died. Tascosa, once "the toughest town" of the Panhandle, has a big new Court House. If the ghost of Billy the Kid could come back it ıd find but one familiar Landmark—Boot . The Denver train steams into and out Tascosa about the hour that graveyards n. Not a single pistol shot disturbs the ıbers of the passengers.

came to Tascosa a hundred miles and more to get supplies. And they didn't leave without having had what they called "a wide time." Tascosa was the meeting point where troubles were settled long before a stone court house with a cupola was thought of. The feuds of the ranches, the disputes between cowboys and gamblers, the rivalries over favors of frail creatures, all came to an issue at Tascosa. And when the arbitrament of navy sixes had been pronounced there was an addition to be made to the population of Boot Hill. The pessimists say that epitaphs lie. The records on the head boards of Boot Hill faithfully record history. Boot Hill is a sightly knoll a little way out of Tascosa. Only those who died with their boots on were entitled to a place on the hill. Life was too practical in the Panhandle to encourage the erection of elaborate monuments. A board was deemed sufficiently permanent. On it was inscribed enough to remind the friends and to warn the enemies of the deceased. Many of the boards have fallen down or have disappeared. Perhaps they lasted long enough to serve their double purpose.

Perhaps it was grand juries and courts. More likely it was wheat-raising and the man with the hoe which wrought the revolution in the value of human life. But to-day no man need carry a gun on his hip in the Panhandle. There is a detachment of rangers

A WICHITA FALLS MELON FIELD.

ɔosa, Mexican by name and American by ıon, is one of the oldest settlements in anhandle. For years it was the outfitt of a great cow country. Ranchers up here. The officer in command is Lieut. Britton.

"We haven't much to do now," the Lieutenant said, as he leaned on the gate of the

corral, "beyond helping the Sheriff to overtake fugitives from justice. We make scouts cover the country to see what is going on and occasionally we are called on to run down a murder. But the work is nothing like what it was a few years ago. There is no train robbing. We haven't had a case of shooting out the lights in a long time. Now and then a cowboy comes to town and gets full. Perhaps he will begin to make a noise. We go to him and take him by the arm and tell him it won't do. He usually quiets down and that is all there is of it."

There is still some big ranching in the Panhandle. From the northern boundary of the State one fence extends 210 miles due south. This isn't as great as the distance from St. Louis to Chicago, but it is a good part of it. This single fence belongs to one company. It bounds the east line of the possessions of the X. I. T. There is another fence on the west side, and there are cross fences dividing this, the largest fenced pasture in the world, into divisions. On each division is a big house, a superintendent and a force of men. It requires 125 men to run this ranch. The smallest of the pasture divisions contains 470,000 acres. Last year 50,000 calves were branded on this ranch. Yet the chief owner in this magnificent property "wishes he had never seen a cow brute." His name is Farwell, and he is a merchant prince in Chicago. Years ago, when Texas had more land than anything else, she proclaimed through the newspapers that she would give so many million acres of land for a State Capitol so big. It was a novel proposition. Takers were found in the Farwells, of Chicago; Abner Taylor the present Congressman, and his father-in-law, Mr. Babcock, an Illinois banker. These gentlemen built a Capitol of the length, breadth and height specified in the bond, and they got their pay in this Panhandle pasture, 210 miles long. Texas lands went up and down and up again while the Capitol was building. The then unfenced and unstocked pasture was worth at one time twice what the Capitol cost. It was worth at another time, when the bottom fell out of the cattle business, less than the Capitol cost. It would sell now for enough to build half a dozen capitols.

The "nester" has not yet tackled the Capitol syndicate land, but there is hardly a Texas pasture east of the 210 miles fence in which farmers have not found foothold. Cowmen can acquire great blocks of land, but they often have to inclose with their purchases the school sections, for the use of which they pay rental. The nester comes along and begins farming on one of the school sections. Whenever *the school section* is wanted for agricultural *purposes the cowman's lease expires. For the nester's accommodation the pasture* owner must put in gates and allow roads. This is one way in which the disintegration of large pastures begins. Texas has had a policy full of inconsistencies. Some of the results may be seen in a ride through the handle. For example, between Vernon and Wichita Falls the wheat fields extend on either side of the Denver road as far as vision reaches. East of Wichita Falls the right of way is bounded by wire fences, beyond is the virgin prairie, with here and there a fresh breaking or a new house. The difference is that in one case the farmer is in his work at Austin, and in the other cowman had the ear of the Administration. In one case the county was classed as agricultural. In the other, although the land was of precisely the same character, the decision was "grazing." One man can buy a single section only of agricultural land. He could obtain seven sections of grazing. And so one county was turned into wheat fields and another into pasture. East of Wichita Falls the railroad runs through a pasture of 17,000 acres good for two or four bushels of wheat in the average season. This pasture might, for all of the purposes of town growth and railroad traffic, have been a desert. But it has passed into the hands of a Nebraska man and an Iowa man, and they are turning it into farms at $8 and $10 an acre. North of Wichita Falls and Iowa Park lies a barrier in the form of a pasture of 300,000 acres. This pasture comes down to within three miles of the Falls. It belongs to the Waggoner and Burke Burnett, the cattle kings. Burnett's home is in Fort Worth. Waggoner has a fine stone mansion prettily located on an elevation above the railroad at Decatur. The people of Wichita Falls and Iowa Park are grumbling mightily. "What use is it," they say, "to ship four carloads of melons a day or to grind near 1,000 barrels of flour every twenty-four hours if progress is to be barred by such a barrier?" Beyond the pasture lies that part of the Indian Territory known as the Fort Sill country, the home of the Comanches. Covetous eyes are upon the Waggoner pasture and upon the Fort Sill country, "Take the farmers out of this region," say the Iowa Park people, "and property wouldn't be worth 10c on the dollar. Double the number of farmers and property will be worth 90c on the dollar of the present valuation. The way to boom the town is to say nothing and do it but to settle the farms."

There is room in the Waggoner pasture for 500 farmers. People would pay $10 to $15 an acre for the land if they could get it. Before the country, in other directions from Wichita Falls, was developed, the Waggoner pasture wasn't worth over $3 or $4 an acre. The settlement of the Waggoner pasture would double the population of Iowa Park

. Thus the issue of anti-pas-
grows in the Panhandle. The Waggoner
are is mentioned only as an illustration.
hrough the Panhandle this issue exists.
greater than any other question. County
tions turn upon it. Until three years ago
owmen controlled the Panhandle politics.
r elected County Commissioners and dic-
. assessment and taxation. They let the
ers' improvements bear the burden,
e the big pastures which were increased
alue by such improvements beside them
e taxed only as wild land. The opening
oads was retarded. The contest was and
lively one. Self-interest of the cowmen
rrayed against self-interest of the farm-
Neither is blame-worthy. A few years
twenty men named the officers and shaped
policies of four of these wheat-growing
ities. But big pastures don't go with big
ns. And this is the era of farm-making
n-building in the Panhandle.

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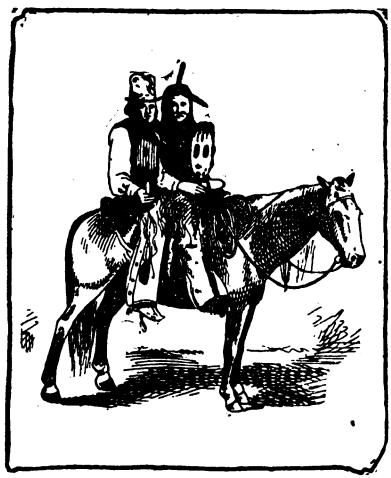
. rould have dreamed that the cowman
omanche would ever lie down together?
owman dispossessed the Comanche. He
e him from the Panhandle into a res-
tion. And now the Comanche is in
pay of the cowman to help stay
progress of the farmer. The Fort
intry is so near that the
es trot their ponies down to Wichita
in a day. It is the cream of the Indian
itory in the opinion of the Panhandle
er. But while other reservations in the
itory are being broken up and thrown
to white settlement, the Fort Sill coun-
emains closed. The big man among the
anches is Quanah Porter. Quanah has a
and plenty of horses. He has taken sides
the cowman, his old enemy. When it is
ssary to send a squad of Comanche chiefs
'ashington to tell the Great Father the Co-
ches want to lease their lands to Dan Wag-
er and the other cattle kings for 6c a year
acre, Quanah is the shrewd Comanche who
ds up the squad and has charge of them.
nah is a politician. He is not much of a
f by inheritance or by war-path record.
he is a very smart Indian politician.
Mackenzie killed 3600 Indian
s down at the mouth of
Tule and hustled the Comanches
on their reservation after their last
away he picked out Quanah and put him
e head of the whole outfit. By virtue of
commission from the great "long gun,"
by the exercise of a good deal of practical
ns, Quanah has remained boss of the
anches to this day. Something happened
ng ago which nearly ended Quanah's
s with his people. The boss gath-
ered together a lot of big men of the tribe and took them down to Fort Worth on a junket. The cowmen wanted a job put through, it matters little what. The Comanches were corraled in the best hotel in the fort. The next morning one of them was dead. He had blown out the gas. The chief's body was taken back to the Fort Sill country. There was great lamentation. Many ponies were killed for use in the happy hunting grounds. Braves gashed their breasts and squaws howled. Suspicion of foul play fell upon Quanah, and in the excitement of grief there was strong sentiment in favor of sending Quanah to join the departed. But his white friends stood by the boss. Time effaced the memory of the affliction. To-day Quanah is more a boss than ever, and he stands in with the cowmen to their great satisfaction and his own material



FORMER OWNERS OF THE PANHANDLE.

benefit. The Panhandle farmers say there is room for 50,000 people, without crowding, in the Fort Sill country. They say that if the title to Greer is vested in the United States, that new country bordering the Comanches reservation on the west will have 100,000 people in ninety days. And they also say that the United States land policy of 160 acres, enough for a homestead, would put 10,000,000 in Texas by the time the population of the whole country reaches 100,000-000. Perhaps they are right. Oklahoma was settled in a day. The Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands were filed on in another day. South of them lie the Fort Sill country, Greer County and the Panhandle. Southwestward the star of empire takes its way. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Strange Sights and Stranger Tales of the Transpecos Country.

### A Monument Not Made with Hands—The Mystery of Diablo Canyon—Mountain Kangaroo—The Ancient Irrigators

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

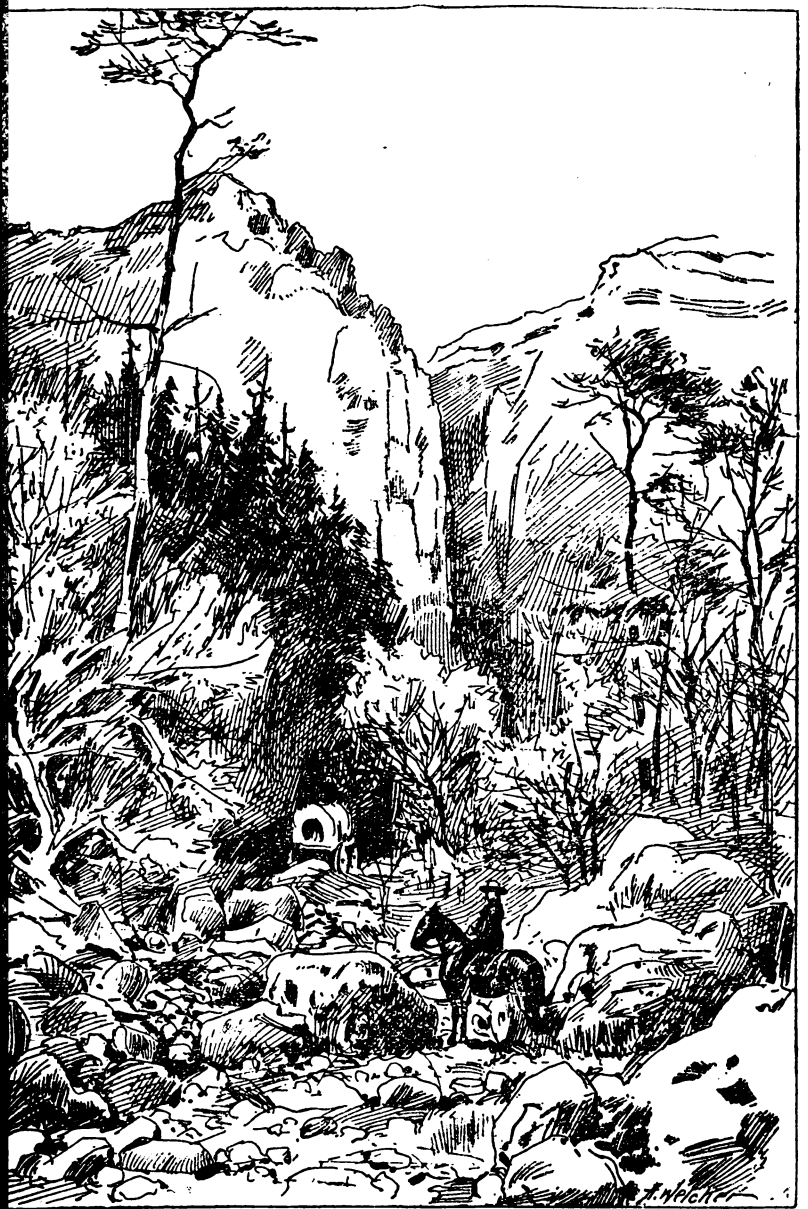
SIERRA BLANCA, TEX., August 13.—After the tireless American tourist has exhausted the rest of the continent, he can come to the transpecos country and find brand new wonders. Beyond the Pecos River lies a part of Texas as large as all New England, leaving off Maine. It has more mountains than people, and it is full of strange things. Five or six miles north of the little station of Van Horn is something worth coming miles to see. A ledge of blood-red sandstone overhangs the ravine. It projects outward from 50 to 150 feet and is from 100 to 200 feet above the bottom. Under this massive roof one can walk for five or six miles. An army could be sheltered there. At the upper end of this almost enclosed ravine rises a natural monument. It is of rock, built up strata upon strata to the enormous height of 300 feet. That is more than half of the height of the Washington Monument. This strange freak looks like an old tower. The stratification gives it all of the appearance of rock laid course upon course by human hands. The base is 100 feet square and the top tapers to about 50 feet. *Some day there will be pictures of this monument in the guide books, and people will travel the 740 miles from East Texas to Texas to see it and other works of nature in the transpecos country.*

At a somewhat greater distance from the railroad is the Diablo Canyon. The Pueblo shrugs his shoulders when he talks of the Diablo Canyon. It is in the wildest and ruggedest parts of the mountains. More antelope can be seen in the canyon than anywhere else in the country. There are literally thousands of them. This is because all in the Diablo Canyon is sacred to the Indians, and white men also never penetrate the mysterious precincts. These antelope have not been disturbed. Anywhere outside of the canyon the antelope is the Indian's meat. Within the canyon sanctity permits no killing. As a rule the Indians do not visit the place. But in the tribe are several who seem to have been initiated into an order or mystic body. They have the right of entering the canyon. They exercise a kind of guardianship over it. White men do not visit the Diablo Canyon because they can find no water in or near it. Yet there is water. Springs abound, and the location of them is a secret the Indian holds. The water from these springs runs a short distance and then sinks into the ground. That is a great trick with the water courses through this region. White men and all but the initiated, may pass within a few feet of one of these springs and never suspect its presence. The water is covered entirely over from source to its place of disappearance in the earth with dry hides. Upon the hides dirt has been scattered and grass sown. This work was done long ago by the initiated to preserve the sacredness of the canyon, and it

THE CACTUS GARDEN AT SIERRA BLANCA.

effective. The initiated members of e can go to these springs. None oth- find one of them. The Diablo Canyon

There are nuts and grains in the transpecos mountains. White men have never found them. The Indians can go to them at any



IN THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS.

n or eight miles long, surrounded by es and reached only by difficult trails. y miles from the railroad.

time and can obtain subsistence where white men would starve. Cactus growth takes on its most fantastic forms in this region. There

are cactus trees and cactus shrubs and cactus plants. At a little distance some of these collections look like well-kept gardens. The cactus seems to have been set out by human design in regular rows and squares. But a nearer view shows that nature's orderly inspiration has done it all. At the station of Sierra Blanca specimens of the different varieties of cactus growth have been brought from the mountain sides and grouped. They are not only of all forms and sizes, but of many colors, and alike only in the possession of the sharp needles.

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There is something besides mountain and cactus in the transpecos country. Coming out of the Davis mountains is Toyah Creek. It is a sparkling mountain stream, 15 to 20 feet in width in places, making a succession

on rheumatism and gout, and have wro cures. The elevation is high. The climat dry. It tones up weak lungs and enables asthmatic to whoop and enjoy life. Here salt-water bathing and mountain air c bined. Yet the man who wishes to enjoy combination must sleep out of doors or t a tent along. There are no accommodati Nature has created an extraordinary var of conditions for a great sanitarium and pl ure resort, but no one has had the enterp to build a hotel. This Toyah Creek and lake are only a dozen miles south of Pe City. They are to-day just as nature m them, save for the partial use of the cr water for irrigating.

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The transpecos country has its livin well as its inanimate freaks. Upon the la

THE CARRIZO MOUNTAINS, NORTH OF VAN HORN.

of deep pools and dashing over falls until it reaches the more level country. There it forms a beautiful lake two miles wide and four miles in length. On the creek are half a dozen irrigating canals taking out water to irrigate from 5,000 to 10,000 acres of land. This creek is full of fish, including what is called trout in this country, but what is not like any trout in Northern mountain streams. In season the creek and lake are covered with game ducks and other water fowl of every description. The lake is salt, in spite of the mountain feeder. It has a smooth beach and a hard bottom. It is free from holes and is a most perfect bathing place. *There are springs all about which possess a whole apothecary shop of medical qualities. Some of these springs have* been tested

table in the room, at Dallas, where the Te and Pacific World's Fair exhibit is being pared, two curious animals have their t porary home. They are "most amoosin tle cusses." In the transpecos coun from which these animals were sent a days ago to Mr. Roessler, they are knowr mountain kangaroos. There are others wh these came from, but the man who catc them will have to be quicker than the Iri man was with the flea. The name is v bestowed. They are kangaroos, but of lili tian mold. Their bodies are about 4 inc long, with reddish brown fur on the back the most delicate white fur on the be They have hind legs 7 inches long, ne twice the length of the body. The front l are about one inch long. The tail is 7 inc

, and has quite a bushy covering at the . On the tail and the hind legs these e kangaroos sit, and use the legs for hands. Their movement y jumps, and they go like lightning. All one sees is a red streak. Strange to tell, little fellows take to tameness and civili- on very kindly. They are rarely caught, ng to their ability to get away. But once ed they become domesticated in a few rs. All that they want to make them per- ly happy is something to do. And therein y set a fine example for Texas politicians. Roessler puts a pint of grain at one end of large table and a large paper funnel at the r. In half an hour the two kangaroos will e the heap of seed across the table and e it in the paper funnel. As they squat ide the grain they seem to be eating it, but ead of pouring it into their mouths with r paws they tuck it away in two pouches, on either side of the head, and when led they jump across the table at a pace ch would have turned Mark Twain's frog en with envy, and unload it in the hiding e. As often as the grain heap is replen- d these indefatigable workers will remove the improvised store house.

ese mountain kangaroos of West Texas in the dryest places and altitudes of from to 5000 feet. They make their nests or es on the ground, usually about the roots tree. They use sticks and put them to- her so nicely as to make a solid little cture. Mr. Roessler has searched the ks and found no description of his new s. That in natural history which most re- bles the little kangaroo of the transpecos he jerboa of Africa.

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e Pecos valley is being bored full of arte- wells and gridironed with irrigation sys- s. Half a dozen years ago this was th's Valley of the cattle drive. The cow- s knew it to their sorrow. Coming up from th Texas with their yearlings and 2-year- s bound for the ranges of Colorado, Wy- ng and Montana, the cattlemen were ed to follow the Pecos River. There was ther route. The only water was in the r and the grass for a long way on either was trampled out or gnawed to the roots. he herds zigzagged up the valley, drifting s far as they dared to go without water eed, and then angling back to the river, almost parched condition.

remember it well," said one of these cattlemen, who is now selling town lots improved farms at Eddy. "In 1886 our it tried to drive out of Texas by this e to Montana. We never had such a time ur lives. We lost between 500 and 600 . It was leave the river and drive to the *for feed; then* leave the hills and drive to *r for water.* Other outfits fared worse than we did, getting through with losses of 5000 and 6000. The valley was strewn with dead stock."

Behold the transformation. All of the way up the valley from Pecos City in Texas to Roswell in New Mexico not 100 people were living. And now the Pecos Valley is well on the way to achieve a population of 200,000 or 300,000 inhabitants. Irrigation is doing it. Perhaps, after all, this isn't so wonderful. When the pioneer surveying party went over that part of the valley near Delaware Creek, running the lines for a big canal, they found the ground plan of an ancient city. The streets were laid with cobble stones, and are there to-day. They are extensive enough to show that a large community must have been served by them. The adobe houses which

EXTINCT GEYSER IN PECOS VALLEY.

lined these streets have melted away under the storms of perhaps half a dozen centuries, but no one who walks the streets can doubt that the populous city once existed. This ancient site is some miles north of Pecos City. Forty miles south of Pecos City another party of surveyers came upon an ancient canal. That canal is now in use as part of a system. Mr. O. W. Williams says the lines of the ancient canal are as accurate as any engineer could make them to-day. The ancient city and the ancient canal tell the story. Hundreds of years ago, before Columbus came, this Pecos Valley was settled and irrigated by people who lived in cities and knew how to run levels. History is only repeating itself on a grander and a modern scale along the Pecos.

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Up and down the Pecos Valley are mounds. If the few inches of soil is scraped off there is uncovered a mass of broken rock and black ashes. The rock is reduced to about the size of macadam. It looks as if it had gone through a mighty crusher. Some of this broken rock is granite. There is no other granite found on the surface for hundreds of miles around. Some of the fragments are lava. The ashes are like the scoriæ of volcanic action. The centers of the mounds are hollow. At the rising town of Eddy the enterprising people have made streets of the contents of these

mounds, and though they have dug down considerable distances they have found the same curious mixture of broken rock and ashes as far as they have gone. The local theory is that each of these mounds is an extinct geyser. Mr. G. O. Shields, of Eddy, has made something of a study of the mounds. He says "the country is full of them." They are found along the Pecos and up its tributaries. Mr. Shields says that they bear every appearance of having been active within a comparatively recent period, perhaps not longer than a century. It may be there are geysers still spouting in the mountains and that may explain the mystery of the Diablo Canyon, which all Indians venerate as the abode of spirits. W. B. S.

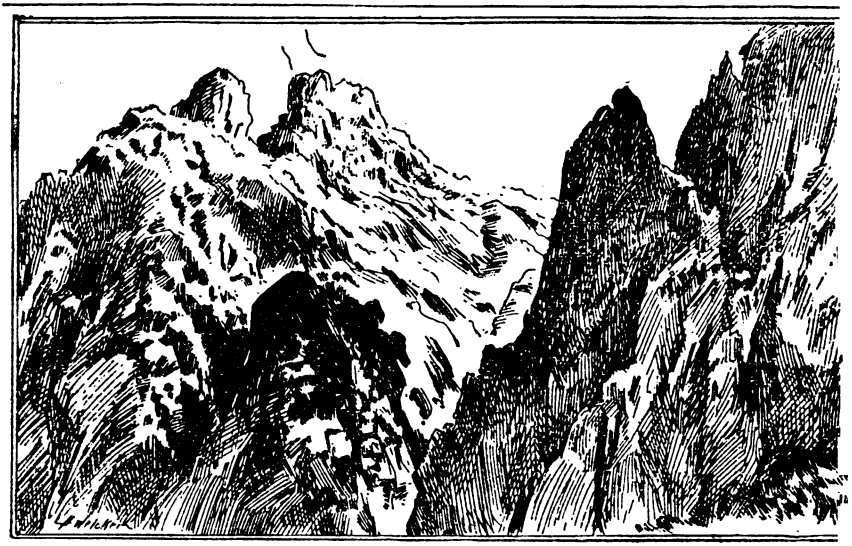
## THROUGH TEXAS.

### An Ancient People Whose City Was Built When Columbus Came.

### The Story of the Tihuas—Their Glorious Deeds in War—A Sacred Tradition Which Was Not A Secret—Mining in West Texas.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

YSLETA, TEX., August 14.—This nation is about to celebrate "The Discovery of America." Yet it has voters to whom the coming of Columbus was only an incident. Before the Spanish conquest Ysleta was a city. The Ysleta people had their politics, their history, their government, their statesmen and their generals. It is much n than 400 years next October since "t took up their residence on the bo of the Rio Grande in Texas. The "c munity has its leading citizens and t talk freely and interestingly. They that originally they came from the Color River of the West. Two branches of q a nation moved eastward at the same t to find new homes. One settled at Ysleta what is now Texas; the other at Ysleta, in present New Mexico. They had governm and they built cities. The Texas Ys prospered best. Apaches and Comanc viewed the new-comers as intruders tried to drive them back. They besieged upper colony, and Ysleta in Texas obliged to send a military force to help the brethren. That force remained, and descendants are still living in the Ysleta New Mexico. These people are now cal Pueblos. Their distinctive name as a tribe nation was Tihua. Ysleta was originally C hua. For 100 years war was waged aga the Indians who sought to drive back Tihuas. Then the Spaniards came in overran the country. The Tihuas accep the conquest. But submission was not cause of superior military prowess. was for a religious reason. For a time relations ran smoothly. The Spaniards n took the nature of this people. They thou they were too tame to fight, and they beca oppressive. The Tihuas arose in revolut and drove the Spaniards out of New Mex



THE CHISAS MOUNTAINS, TEXAS.

and Texas. After that for a hundred years th was war between the Tihuas and the Spa iards. The latter, with better armament a with increased forces, gradually worsted

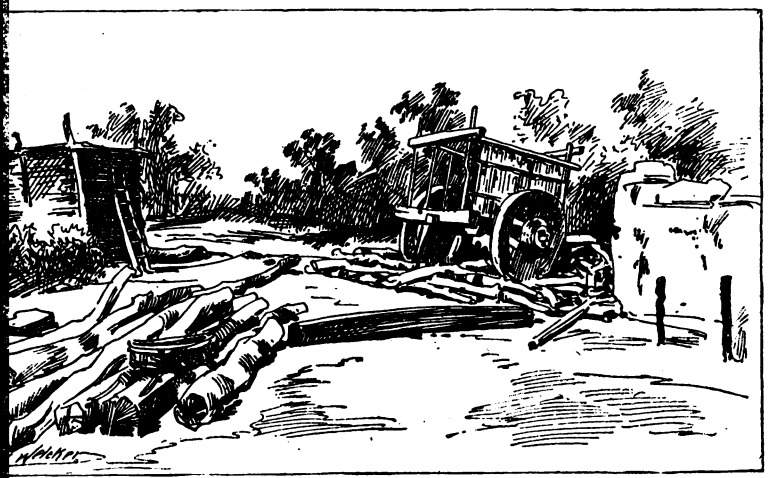
t this time there was no submis-
Tihuas fighting stubbornly with-
heir ancient city of Chihua, gave
ds and vineyards and their elabo-
on system and moved eastward,

HOME OF THE TIHUAS.

the Pecos River. They built new
made a stronghold in the Hueco
Hueco has been Americanized
n Hueco Mountains the last battle
paniards was fought. And when
"conquerors" tired of trying to
Tihuas the latter, many of them,

have given the United States soldiers by their wily ways and desperate tactics this victory of the Tihuas appears the more remarkable. According to the story told at Ysleta by the local chroniclers of the Tihuas, the Apaches surprised and murdered two of the Pueblos at what is now Carrizo Station, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. The Tihuas mustered their fighting strength and their best officers took the field. By a series of forced marches and by brilliant maneuvers they drove the Apaches, between 300 and 400 strong, into the Hueco Mountains, and finally into a great cavern. There they penned them in. Sixty of the Apaches died of starvation. In a series of desperate sorties 75 per cent were killed. Enough got away to carry the news to the tribe. In the language again of the interpreter, "The Apaches never monkeyed with the Tihuas after that."

These Pueblos have been given the reputation of being patient and peace-loving by the historians and ethnologists. They have been credited with being submissive almost to the degree of accepting tyranny in preference to strife. It would appear that this trait has



A VEHICLE AND GRANARY IN ANCIENT YSLETA.

to their beloved Ysleta, repaired
and remade the city. This is
as will be found in the books,
told to-day by the best men of
whom the United States has no
nilated citizens. Until twenty
he Tihuas fought the Apaches,
tary enemies. Peace was estab-
result of a brilliant campaign.
age of the interpreter, the Tihuas
*in great shape.*" When it is re-
*ow much trouble* the Apaches

been overdrawn. Army officers say that the Tihuas will fight. They have tried them as trailers and scouts in the Indian campaigns and have found them full of strategy and grit. Next to the Apaches the Comanches ranked in savage valor. Yet the Tihuas forced an understanding with the Comanches and established a boundary which neither crossed. After the Hueco tragedy the same kind of a treaty was made with the Apaches.

The cave in which the Apaches perished is treated to this day as a place to be

avoided? No Indian will enter it. They say the spirits of the starved and slaughtered Apaches still linger there. The visitor can hear in one corner three distinct raps. They seem to come from another part of the cave. When the sound is followed to what seems to be the source it is heard again, but coming from somewhere else. These three raps can be heard at intervals. Sometimes they seem to come from above and sometimes from below. They are such raps as might be made by striking the rock sharply with a hammer. After the raps comes a whistling or hissing sound. Nobody has ever been able to account for the rappings. All Indians of whatever tribe give the cave a wide berth. The location of this mystery is northeast of El Paso about twenty-five miles.

AN ANCIENT PEAR TREE AT YSLETA.

And now for the explanation of the submission of these people to the Spaniards, an act on which is based misapprehension of their character. Not long ago a gentleman familiar with Aztec lore visited Ysleta in Texas. He brought together the chief men of the Tihuas and made them a speech. In the course of the remarks, which were interpreted sentence by sentence, the visitor told the legend of Cuetzalcoatl. The purpose was to judge of the effect of the narrative upon the Tihuas and to determine their possible relationship to the Aztecs. *Cuetzalcoatl was the Aztec god of air. His functions were those of a priest.* Many of *his teachings, as described by the Aztecs,* closely resemble the doctrines of t... religion. Cuetzalcoatl taught the art of r ing silver. He educated the Aztecs in culture, trained them in the weavi cloth, gave them forms of worship, and i cated the idea of making sacrifices on flowers. And when the god had thus f... his work he sailed eastward on a snakes, promising to return some When the Spaniards landed, their cross blazoned banners, their religious custom their manners brought back the memo the god of air. The natives were sure Cuetzalcoatl had come again. They r haste to welcome. They submitted to i ish domination until it grew tyrannical. tez got in his cruel work before the ... was discovered.

Thus the story of Cuetzalcoatl was na to the Tihuas of Western Texas for the time by a white man. In the audience w men of great age. Their excitement incre as the narrative progressed. As soon a end was reached there was a commo The listeners looked at each other and at the speaker. They conversed togeth an excited manner. They turned to the in preter and wanted to know where the w man had learned what he had told. Then said that the story of Cuetzalcoatl was on their most sacred memories, and they di dream it was known to any but themse Finding that he knew so much, the w...

...ny things going to show their common
n with the Aztecs of Mexico and Yucatan.
y told of the sacred fires which had been
ing centuries for the return of the god.
y confirmed the theory that it was the be-
in the return of Cuetzalcoatl which had
pted their submission to the Spanish

se Tihuas pay taxes and vote; they fulfil
the duties and exercise all of the privi-
s of American citizens. At the same time
preserve the old forms and offices of
c self-government. But the latter is now
al rather than political. The Aztec gov-
nent is a reminiscence. The real govern-
is American.

haps the Tihuas are the original long-
. "X" is interchangeable with "hu"
e ancient spelling and pronunciation.
this borne in mind it is not difficult to
close relationship between Tihuas, pro-
nced Te-waus, and Texas. The deriva-
of Texas has given the scholars of the
hwest a great deal of trouble. The his-
of the Tihuas may have a bearing on the
versy.

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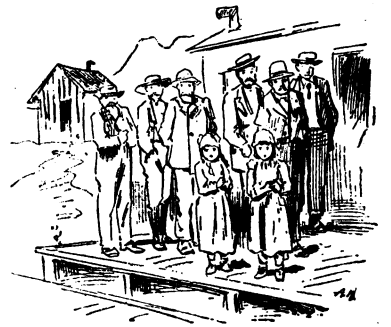
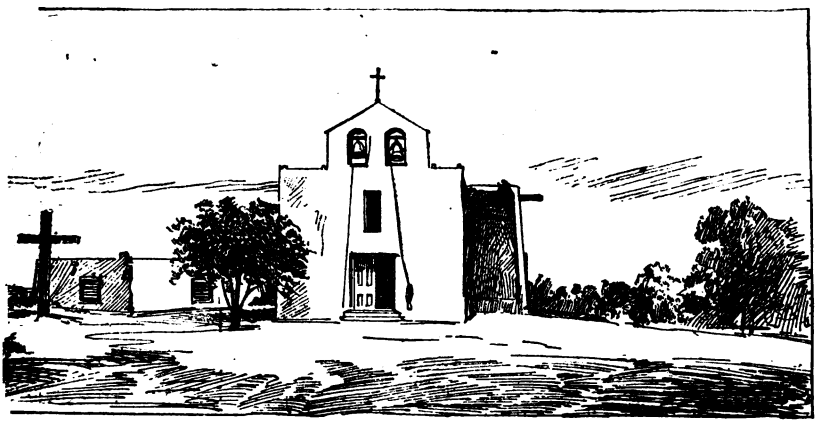
e mountains of Texas look as if they
t to contain rich ores. In their continu-
to the northward are prosperous min-

trict. The Carrizo mines are six miles from Allamore Station. There is a district called the Diabolo north of Van Horn. Precious minerals are also found in the mountains 150 to 200 miles south of Pecos City. The Frank-



ON THE PLATFORM AT WILD HORSE, TEX.

lin district has been prospected in a small way. Very little has been done in development. In the Carrizo district the ores which have been found are usually green copper, with silver varying from $30 to $150 a ton.



THE CHURCH AT YSLETA, THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

camps. To the south are located some of famous mines of Mexico. Yet up to date, as a mining country for the precious ls, is almost a terra incognita. There been some prospecting, and there is some ng going on in Western Texas. There be a great deal more. North of El Paso *Franklin district. Fifteen* miles south- *Sierra Blanca, where* the cactus gar- *the mountain side,* is a second dis-

In this district there are numerous prospect holes, but no mines in operation. The Diabolo Mountains are the palisades of Texas. Seen from the car window the palisades appear to be about 150 feet high. But at a distance from the railroad these palisades tower magnificently to the height of 1,000 and 1,500 feet above the surrounding country. In the Diabolo Mountains the Hazel mines are situated. They are worked by 200 men, and

quite a little town has come into existence eight miles from Allamore Station. The ore is what is known as tetrahedrite, or gray copper. It carries from 100 to 1,600 ounces of silver to the ton. Much of the silver found is wire. The percentage of copper is about 20. There are any number of prospect holes in the district around the Hazel mines. Southwest of Sierra Blanca the trail winds its way through the natural cactus gardens to the Bonanza mines. The product is a combination of silver and lead. It is 35 to 40 per cent lead, and furnishes from 40 to 150 ounces of silver to the ton. This district is within six miles of Etholen Station. It is worked only in a small way.

In Presidio County, a long distance south of the districts just mentioned, are located the Presidio and Cibolo mines at Shafter. They have been worked for several years. The ores are galena, sulphurets and chlorides of silver mixed more or less with iron. They give 200 to 500 ounces of silver to the ton and are accounted very valuable mines.

Ores have been found in many places in the mountains of Western Texas, but the mining industry is in its infancy. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## The Story of Three Men and Their Three Millions Investment.

### Where Jay Gould Found Health and a Railroad—Holy River—Irrigation Made Easy for Beginners—A Woman's Expensive Desert Land Entry.

Special Correspondence of the Globe Democrat.

IN THE PECOS VALLEY, August 15.—Two years ago there was a piece of land 400 miles square without a rod of railroad. From the center it was possible to journey 200 miles in any direction and not read "Look out for the locomotive." Nowhere else in the United States was this true. One man had a ranch house here. His cattle roamed over several thousand hills and yielded little profit. Another man came. He had made a snug fortune as superintendent of iron works at Milwaukee, had swelled it by fortunate investment in iron lands in the Lake Superior region; still further increased it by the building of a Colorado railroad, and was receiving $1000 a month from his interest in a single *Colorado mine. The third man was a newspaper editor and publisher. He had lived fifteen years on hope in this region.* His sole *capital was experience. These* three men pooled their brains, their capital an experience. They acquired the land. made a whole river their servant, ta every drop of water out of the channel. built a railroad a hundred miles Around a $50,000 hotel and a $30,000 house they laid out a city. "The timidit capital" is talked about. The propos which these three men laid before the w has absorbed $3,000,000. And the ditc and planting and building go on w preme faith in the ultimate result.

This Pecos Valley enterprise is a "Through Texas," although the lands the headquarters of the grand scheme the southeastern corner of New Mexico. F in the mountains of New Mexico the Rio P has its rise. It crosses the line into T near the corner of the Territory and tinues on its course through Western Te its junction with the Rio Grande. At crossing of the Texas and Pacific road and the Rio Pecos, the new railro the Pecos Valley has its connection wit world. It comes down the Pecos Valley Eddy, in New Mexico, a distance of miles.

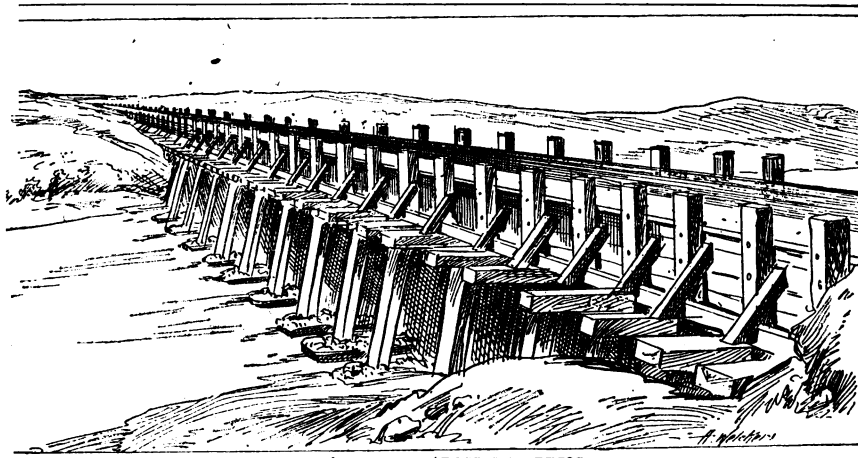
The soil of the Pecos Valley is dark some gravel here, some gypsum there occasional alkali beds. It is the same which in the Rio Grande and other arid va looks hopeless until water is turned upo and then, behold! It becomes Parad When the three men began the grand of transformation in the Pecos Valley land was rated by the Government at an acre, and there were no takers. A was built over the river from side to side catch the entire flow. It is 50 feet high 1150 feet long. Just above the shre chosen location the river comes down strikes with its full force a high limes bluff. It turns sharply and meets the with the current almost destroyed the bluff. Around the end the dam, hewn out of this s limestone bluff, 30 feet wide and 25 feet d is the channel through which the water is off into the great irrigating canal. H gates set into the rock bottom and sides trol the water as perfectly as if this was lock of a canal. The lake made by the da seven miles long and two miles wide, hol in reserve 1,000,000,000 gallons of w There is the inspiration of the 100 mile railroad, the large hotel, the town, the which nobody would take at $1.25 now w all of the way from $5 to $50 an acre—in of the whole $3,000,000 investment.

But the $3,000,000 doesn't represent end. The plans of the founders of this a tious city and irrigation scheme contemp the expenditure of $2,000,000 before they anywhere near complete. After that it pected the enterprise will carry itself.

he water in the canal flows gently with a of 18 inches to the mile. In the river nnel the fall is 18 to 20 feet to the mile. loesn't take very far to carry the water ck from the river so that the whole valley's lth, a dozen miles or more, is under the ter level. The water coming down the adway hewn in the solid rock rushes rough a dozen narrow gates into the canal. e engineers say that in each gate can be ced a turbine wheel which will develop 0 horse-power. The power can be carried wire down the valley and will supply a of 50,000 people with all they need for ht manufacturing. In this water to supplied for irrigation is car- d a red rich silt which will fertilize erever the water moistens. This silt is ual to the best manure, and in twenty-five thirty years will give the whole valley an- er top soil. Another dam twenty miles ther up the river is included in the plan of ther improvement. This will give a reser- have a total length of over 100 miles, and the branches have as much more. The digging still goes on.

Mr. Gould came up the Pecos Valley awhile ago. He saw the dam, the town, the canals and the brand new farms. As he went about he asked so many questions that the representative of the company was almost floored. Before he left the valley Mr. Gould made Mr. Hagerman, one of "the big three" an offer for the railroad. Mr. Hagerman replied, "It is not for sale at any price, Mr. Gould." Before he moved on his special car in search of health and more railroads the magnate put on a piece of paper his opinion to this effect:

"I am impressed with the wonderful richness of the soil, with its peculiar adaptation to irrigation. With an ample supply of water it will not be long before it becomes one of the richest valleys in the United States. What I was particularly interested in is the effect of the pure, dry air on bronchial troubles. Speaking from personal experience,



THE BIG FLUME ACROSS THE PECOS.

oir eight times as large as the present one. he Pecos is a queer river. Every drop in the annel is cut off by the dam. Yet half a mile low there is a running stream, and six les below the dam the river is booming ong merrily. It is replenished by enor- ous springs which boil up from the bed and ides. One of these streams pours out a volme of water greater than the City of Denver ises in twenty-four hours.

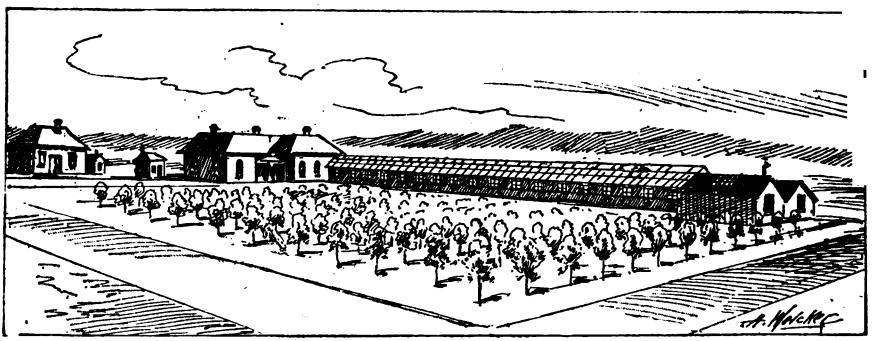
The canal is 45 feet wide at the bottom, and arries 7 feet of water. It is as large as the anals used for transportation purposes in the stern part of the United States. Four miles low the dam the canal divides, the larger anch crosses the river it has just robbed on *monster flume 40 feet above the river bed, d continues down the valley sixty miles or re. The larger canals in the system now* there is no better region than this for persons thus suffering. The effect is immediate and improvement rapid."

The streets of Eddy are full of people who have come to the Pecos to prolong life. This is a climate so dry that to die means to dry up, not to decay. Delicate lunged men whose days were numbered in the North are down here selling goods, practicing the professions and making farms. With one lung, with even a piece of a lung, if it is not too small, one may enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the Pecos Valley. It is a novel community. Some men have come to save themselves. Other men have come to save their wives. Parents whose little flocks have begun to dwindle in the ruthless North have brought what they have left in the hope that the dreaded disease may not claim all.

In and about Eddy are a former railroad builder from Chicago, a retired army officer, two doctors from Fort Wayne, Ind., a retired merchant from La Crosse, Wis., another doctor from Van Wert, O., an Oakland (Ill.) merchant, a nephew of the late William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, an Englishman and a Scotchman of means, a New Yorker, a civil engineer from St. Louis and a real estate man from the same place.

As evidence of the remarkable dryness of the climate, it is told a quarter of beef may be hung up out of doors. The surface will crust and the meat will be fresh until eaten.

But it isn't true that everybody in the Pecos Valley has come for health. Occasionally there is a man who has found this a place to make money. One such drew $25,000 in a lottery. He invested in a stock of lumber. Last year he cleared up $25,000, and this year he says he will make $50,000.



PROPAGATING HOUSES AT THE GREENE PARK.

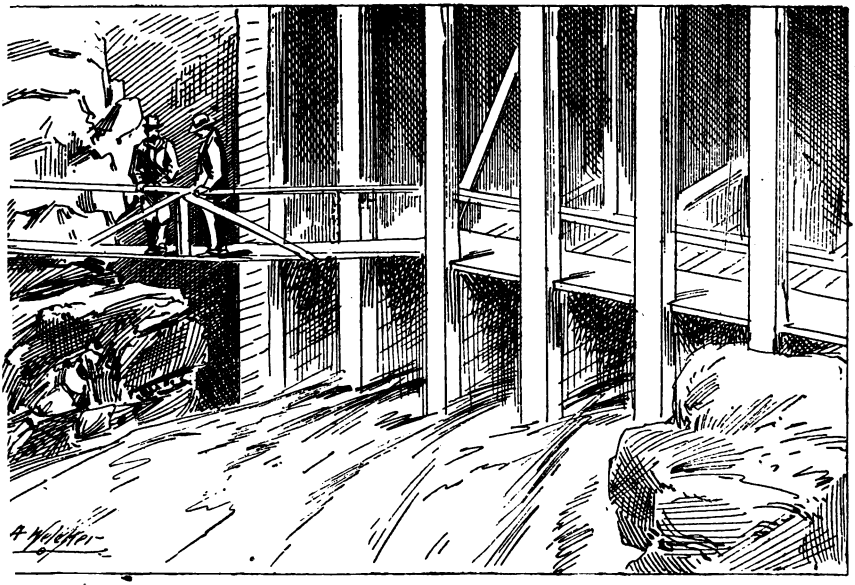
Irrigation is an art. It is something more than turning water upon land. The Pecos Valley presents at least one striking proof of this. A year ago a colony of Swiss was brought over and settled some miles south of Eddy. They had means. Some of them were sons of well-to-do families; they were given this start in life in a new country in the hope that they would do better than they had done in the old. When they came these Swiss were very fresh. They unbuckled every strap from bit to crupper when they unharnessed their horses. They managed to stir the soil, sowed their grain, let the water loose, and then sat down on the shady side of the houses to drink bottled beer and wait for the harvest. Today the station of Vaud, named after a province of Switzerland, stands in the midst of a waste of drowned-out crops. The newcomer, entering the Pecos Eden by way of *Vaud, wonders if this is what* he came to see. *Faith is only restored by a visit to* the Greene *vineyards, where 95 per cent of* the nearly *90,000 grapevines planted on 520* acres of new land last February and Mar alive and doing well. Three car loads of t rooted cuttings Mr. Greene bought at $ thousand and set out. To be exact, the t number of settings was 212,500. Too m water is the danger in irrigation. The g vineyard has been irrigated only twice season, but the stirring cultivators are g continuously. Many of these little vi scarcely more than a finger's length when out in March, have bunches of grapes year.

Mr. Greene is one of the big three foun of the Eddy enterprise. He was a newspa man at El Paso when he became interes here. His little paper was struggling. editor was making a study of irrigation. more he studied irrigation the greater g his faith in it and the less he cared for advertising columns. He visited the P Valley in his pursuit of irrigation experie and linked his fortunes with Mr. Eddy, ranchman, and Mr. Hagerman, the raili builder. Of the three Mr. Greene was the who could talk. It fell to him to fill the p tion of promoter. He went to Chicago not much more than the clothes on his b took a bare room and put a little furniture it to reduce the cost of living. Before the bonds were placed Mr. Greene was in straits for food. But his persuasive tongue and his thorough acquaintance with the possibilities of irrigation won. He now lives at the highest-priced hotel in New York when he is in the East looking after financial matters. H travels in a private car when he comes Wes A single bond deal recently netted him $9 000.

But large profits are necessary to carry such irrigation ideas as Mr. Greene fosters. In the suburbs of Eddy this man has a nursery, propagating houses and an outfit for creating a park. As the beginning he is laying out 240 acres with winding drives, shade and fruit trees and lawn. This he will keep under control until well established. Then

will divide it into residence sites and sell ıose who do not know so much about irri- on as he does. When trees and grass are e well started the rest is easy. When the acres are in a forward state Mr. Greene add to it another addition similarly im- ·ved by irrigation. This collection of resi- ıce sites is called Greene Park. But the ·k and the 520 acres of grapes are only two

he has any payments to make. The alfalfa will be paying handsomely by that time. Mr. Greene further proposes to loan the buyer money to make improvements. That is if the buyer has $500 or $1000 and wants as much more to put into improvements Mr. Greene will loan it and take a lien on the property. Some of these forty-acre tracts already have their twenty-acre patches of alfalfa. Raw land,



THE GATEWAY TO THE CANAL.

.he projects of Mr. Greene. In the valley ɔompany, of which he is the head, has 1920 ɛs at one place and 3,000 acres at another. s is some of the land nobody would take ɯ the Government. It is now reached by laterals of the great canal. The whole 5,000 ɛs is being divided into forty-acre tracts.

Greene clears the land of the mesquite ts, plows and ditches it. Twenty acres of the y goes into alfalfa. Ten acres, half of the ıainder, is set out to fruit, a choice assort- ıt. When the alfalfa is well rooted and fruit trees begin to bear Mr. Greene will these forty acre tracts. He knows by ob- vation that the beginner with irrigation ɛs many blunders. He proposes to put ı forty acres beyond the critical period to assure the purchaser a good start be- ɔ he sells. The price of the forty acres started will be $60 an acre, one-fourth ı, the balance in two, three and four rs.

The point is," said Mr. Russell, who looks *Mr. Greene's interests,* "the purchaser *two years' cutting of* the alfalfa before

without anything upon it, is worth $25 to $40 an acre."

This is what water for irrigation does. The company which has dammed the river and dug the canals owns the water and sells it at $1.25 an acre for the season. An owner of forty acres of land, therefore, has $60 a year water rent, but on the payment of it he is assured perfect control of his crops if he knows how to irrigate.

Mr. Greene has spent over $150,000 in improving and preparing his lands since the 1st of December. His pay-roll ran up in one month to $12,750. One of Mr. Greene's minor enterprises is an addition of town lots, on each one of which he starts by irrigation twenty fruit trees before he sells. Scattered through the addition are eight little parks, each of which is being supplied with shrubbery.

Near where the Eddy ranch house still stands is the suburb of La Huerta, covering 1500 acres. It is divided into five-acre tracts, each one leveled, divided into alfalfa, garden and fruit, and improved to suit the

taste of the owner. Each five-acre tract means the site of a fine home. Land in La Huerta is worth $100 an acre. In the gardens of La Huerta are shown some of the examples of what irrigation can do. In an orchard of last year's planting the tape line shows the growth this season on apple trees to be from 20 inches to 37 inches. On apricot trees this season's growth is 5 feet and 6 inches. A plum tree shows 23 inches growth, and a peach 38 inches. Such were the measurements when this was written. When it reaches the reader a few days hence there will be considerable more growth. There was nothing fabulous about Jack's bean stalk if it had been planted in the Pecos Valley and irrigated.

MEASURING GROWTH BY IRRIGATION.

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The founders of Eddy and the Pecos canal system have evidently come to stay. They are not boomers who expect to sell out and move on. The lavish manner in which Mr. Greene has spread out his profits in park and vineyards and forty-acre farms has been mentioned. All he has is here. Mr. Eddy, the original ranch-owner, who first dreamed of the possibilities which have come to pass, has built a home in interesting contrast with the old ranch headquarters. Upon an elevation overlooking the city and the valley Mr. Hagerman is constructing the finest stone mansion ever built upon a desert-land entry. The site is far above the level of the canal—so far that nobody thought of taking possession of it, even though a city was growing in the valley below. *Mrs. Hagerman entered the 640 acres, a mile square, under the desert-land law. Water is taken up the height by hydraulic rams and stored in a reservoir.* And there the white walls of the Hagerman mansion are rising.

Hagerman is a fine type of the self-made Western man. Greene is fond of irrigation per se, and has studied out all the details of it. Eddy's mind runs to broad acres and a number of them. Hagerman's inclination is toward construction. His chief interest is in the dam, the canals and the railroad. The three founders of the enterprise move wholly abreast. They all take pride that isn't measured by dollars in the work. They let nothing come in the way of success. Awhile ago some people up the valley held water rights which the company wanted.

"How much will it take to buy them out?" Hagerman asked.

After some figuring the reply was, "At least $250,000."

"Buy them out," was the order.

Hagerman has a bull-dog tenacity for holding on. He is reticent. An expression of sentiment from his lips is a rarity. The other day he rode out with the manager of the company, viewing certain improvements and authorizing in his matter-of-fact way expenditures here and there. Toward the end of the drive the magnate and the manager ascended an elevation. The whole scene was spread before them—the city, the farms, the railroad, the canals. The manager stopped the team, and in silence a long look was taken. At length the manager asked:

"How does it strike you Mr. Hagerman?"

"Mr. Clark, it touches me right here," responded the man of few words, and he put his hand on his heart.

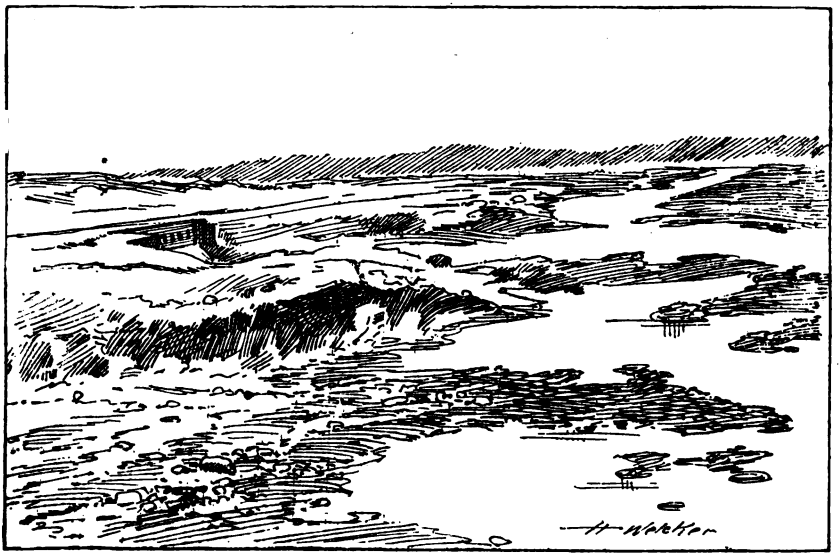
It cost Mr. Hagerman $11,000 to get the water up to Mrs. Hagerman's desert-land en-

. He is spending $50,000 on the stone nsion. That is pretty good evidence of an ntion to stay.

lfalfa! alfalfa! It is the open sesame of the cos Valley. You see it everywhere, and ar about it after dark when you can't see it. e landholder who hasn't a patch of alfalfa unhappy. Alfalfa is aggressive; it chokes t all weeds; when it is once well rooted it is ere to stay, with an occasional wetting from ditch. The alfalfa growers have never yet erstocked their market. They get $12 a —sometimes more, sometimes a little less, t always a handsome profit. They cut it ee and four times a year, and get from one two, and sometimes two and a half tons to acre each time. Alfalfa is clover, and its ossom furnishes the flavor for a honey that nectar. One man in the Pecos Valley has asped the situation. He has surrounded his use with colonies of bees which improve e shining hours upon the alfalfa fields of his ighbors. The days on the Rio Pecos—"Holy ver," so named by a priest in the Cortez llowing who came here and found the na- ves keeping alive beside it the holy fire for the return of a dimly remembered Messiah—are long and cloudless. Bees do not need the aid of lightning bugs to lengthen their hours of labor. In a few years half of this Pecos Valley will be in alfalfa, and then what train loads of honey will leave it for the Eastern markets!

*Before they stop digging* ditches the men at *the head of the enterprise* say they will bring *the water to 400,000* acres of land. And when that is done there will be 200,000 acres of alfalfa growing along the Pecos. What in the world will be done with it? The busy thinkers have already figured on that proposition. They say that alfalfa will not go below $8 or $10 a ton. Last year the cattlemen near the valley drove their steers into pens, fed them alfalfa from November to February, and put them into market rolling fat, thereby competing with the corn-fed steers of Kansas. These steers were worth from $14 to $17 taken from the range. Fattened on alfalfa they sold at $35 to $50 a head. They ate two tons of alfalfa. There is the basis on which it is figured that alfalfa will always be worth at least $8 a ton along the Pecos, for 300,000 cattle and 100,000 sheep range within fifty miles of the valley. At $8 a ton for alfalfa the farmer can pay for labor and water rental and net $40 per acre. Such are the alluring figures presented with great confidence by those who have talk in the future of the holy river. W. B. F

THE EDDY RANCH.



THE PECOS VALLEY AT THE DAM.

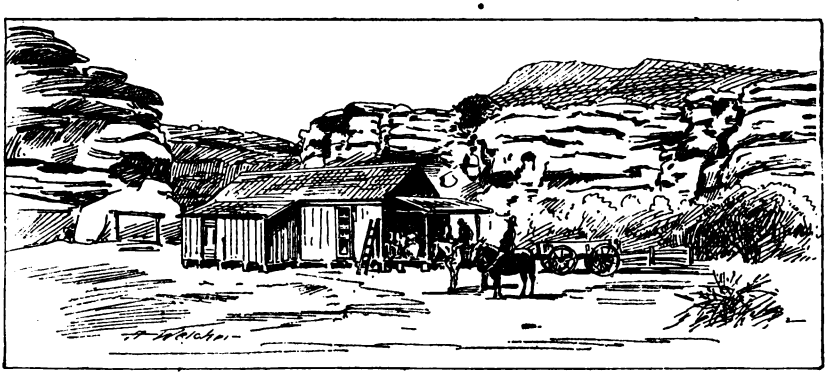
# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Queer Industries in the Heart of the Late Great American Desert.

### A Canaigre Farm—Nature's Salt Works —Cactus Rope—How One man Kept Tab on Irrigation—A Great Show.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

IN THE PECOS VALLEY OF TEXAS, August 18.—The traveler in this region will occasionally come upon a group of tents, a portable engine, a little mill, a great heap of tangled roots and a curious looking product spread out on sheets to dry. This is the canaigre industry. Indians have known, perhaps for centuries, the uses of canaigre. Americans have within a year or so discovered that it can be made an article of commerce. And now canaigre root, ground and dried and put up in sacks, is shipped out of the Pecos Valley by the carload. It goes abroad. From the rapid development of the industry it appears that there must be a good margin of profit.

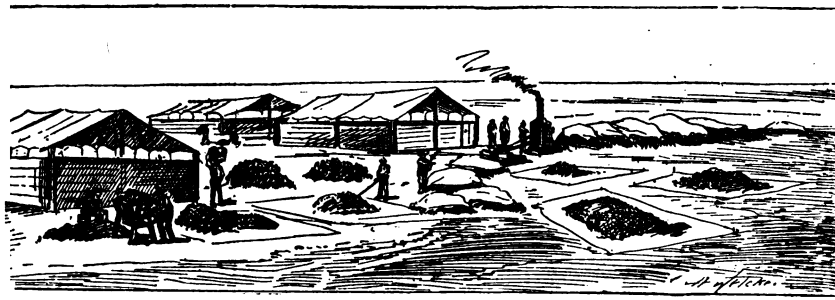


THE DIABLO MOUNTAINS AT VAN HORN.

Canaigre is a close relative of the sour dock which is found in the fields of the North. Above ground the canaigre makes only a moderate show of stalk and leaves. Below ground it spreads itself and grows until it develops roots as large as a man's arm. It has been growing wild in this Pecos Valley ever since white men knew anything about the country. But it is recently that those who deal in such things have learned that it contains four times as much tannin as anything *else that vegetates. Mr. Donald Allen, the Superintendent of the Pecos Valley Railroad, called the attention of exporters to this product, and now there is a profitable market for* every pound that can be turned out. Canaigre root as it flourishes in the valley is gathered at a cost of $4 to $6 per ton. An acre of canaigre in the wild state will yield six to eight tons. The curing is simple. When the crop has exhausts one locality it can strike tents, pick up the engine and mill and move to a new field. The cured product is worth $80 per ton in Europe. The demand seems to be permanent and the margin of profit is good. One man in the Pecos Valley has gone into the business on a permanent basis. He has a canaigre farm of 640 acres—a mile square. From such experiments as have been made this canaigre farmer believes he will obtain ten to twenty tons of roots from an acre under cultivation. Beets give a tremendous yield on this irrigated land. As much as twenty-six tons of beets to the acre was produced last year. There is reason to believe that canaigre roots will do almost as well. Heaped up the canaigre roots look not unlike a crop of beets. They grind easily and dry quickly spread out on sheets under the blazing sun. After that all that remains to be done is the sacking. The product is ready for market. The canaigre industry is using up the wild root faster than it reproduces itself. Unless there is cultivation the industry can not but be short-lived.

This Western Texas is a great country for new industries. It is even proposed to utilize the cactus, which grows in great variety and luxuriance on the mountain sides. One kind called the Spanish bayonet, is 3 feet high. It is a broad-leaf plant. Another and shorter variety is the mescal plant. From this the Mexican makes his mescal, a fiery liquid, which will nerve the drinker to rob the dead or run for Congress if he takes enough of it. The leaves of these varieties of cactus have been worked up into fiber which makes good rope. Some of the products of the cactus fiber from Western Texas have been prepared for exhibition at the World's Fair next year.

rt of the leaf is left as it grows and the
er end is shown in the condition of fiber.
contrast is striking. The trunk of the
nish bayonet contains good paper stock.
se varieties of cactus grow wild, and the
rprising people of the transpecos coun-
are beginning to wonder if cultivation
not add to their value. A cactus farm
uld be a novelty, but it is not



THE CANAIGRE INDUSTRY.

impossibility. The cactus fiber in the
nufactured state looks very strong and dur-
e. The only question is about the cost of
ting the fiber out of the thick pulpy look-
leaves. Machinery, it is claimed, can be
rised to do the work. Industrial uses for
cactus are novelties. When drouth comes
grass dies the lives of herds are often pro-
ged in Southwest Texas by the use of cac-
for forage. A starving longhorn cow,
an expression of desperate determina-
, will gingerly mouth and at length mas-
te a piece of cactus, thorns and all. But
humane cowman cuts the cactus and gives
ist enough roasting with a quick fire to
n the thorns before feeding. There is bet-
forage than cactus, but the latter will, on
ch, keep life in the hide. The Panhandle
man says a cactus patch is considered a
desirable thing on a Southwest Texas
ch.

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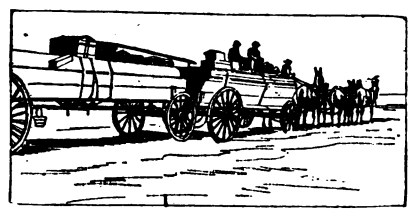
xas cattle are licking Texas salt by the car
l. Five or six years ago the people
Colorado City, away out on the
ged bluffs of the Colorado River,
that they had reached a degree of
ncement which justified municipal airs.
y thought they ought to have a City Coun-
When they got that, they discovered that
r water supply wasn't what it ought to be.
re came in a class of high-toned settlers
weren't satisfied with whisky and water,
wanted all water, and good water, too.
City Council in due deliberation moved in
matter. *A considerable* fund was raised,
*deep hole was* bored. The drill went
*feet. It* didn't find good drink-

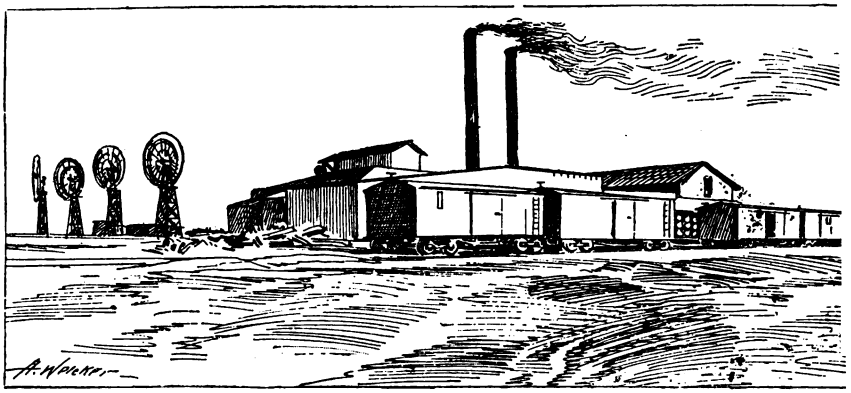
ing water, but it struck petroleum, 80 feet of rock salt and other things. The boring stopped for awhile. Colorado City offered its hole for sale, but found no takers. After awhile somebody thought of making use of the salt. The hole was bored deeper. It struck fresh water which arose to within 200 or 300 feet of the surface and dissolved the rock salt. A pump was put down. A windmill was hoisted above the pump. The wind raised the salt water which was run into a reservoir. This West Texas sun which shines about 340 days in the year did the rest. Colorado City had salt. Other wells have been bored. Windmills have been hoisted in rows until Don Quixote might think he saw, by the moonlight, a whole army defying him. The process commends itself to an economical, not to say a



MOVING UP THE PECOS VALLEY.

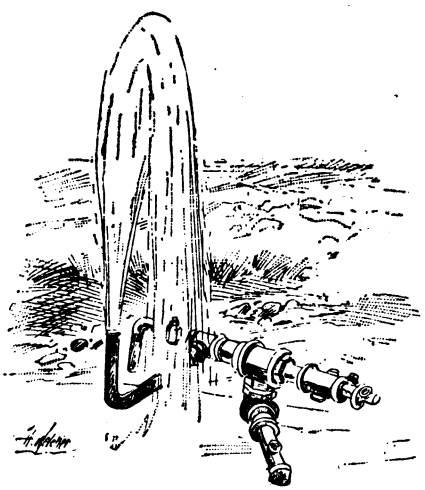
lazy man. The water dissolves the rock salt. The wind raises the water. The sun evaporates the water and leaves the salt on the ground. Could anything be easier? Manual labor is necessary to scrape up the salt and barrel it, and that is all. A 30-foot windmill raises from 5,000 to 8,000 gallons of salt water in an hour. Of the salt thus manufactured by nature's forces Colorado City ships out several hundred car loads a month. A chemical analysis shows this salt to be 98 per cent pure. In a country where there was less sunshine and wind salt-making could not be carried on so successfully.

The talk of the promoter is interesting, but not always satisfying as to detail. The average farmer is inclined to tell of his big crops and not of the small ones, unless he is in the



NATURE'S SALT WORKS AT COLORADO CITY.

third party. A farm on which books are kept with the same thoroughness that the successful merchant exercises is a great rarity. There is one such farm near Pecos City. It is only forty acres, and of this only thirty-three have been cultivated. The owner has put down the cents and pounds. As might be supposed,



AN ARTESIAN SPOUTER AT PECOS CITY.

he is not a practical farmer. He has other *business. His commercial habits prompted him to keep a strict account. All of the farm work was done by hired men.* The balance *sheet takes into consideration interest on the* investment and wear and tear of tools. might search long, especially in this free easy Western country, without finding other such analysis of work with irrigat

Here is the showing for a single season on t forty acres, with thirty-three in crops:

| | |
|---|---|
| To 8 per cent interest on $2,394.65, cost of lands, water rights, orchard, canals, borders, tools, houses, fencing, etc | $191 |
| Twenty-five per cent wear on $297.50 worth of implements | 71 |
| Harvesting and baling alfalfa | 178 |
| Harvesting oats | 80 |
| Seeding and harvesting garden | 350 |
| Seeding five acres in grain | 30 |
| Irrigating farm one year | 30 |
| Seeding and harvesting oats, millet and sorghum | 80 |
| Total outlay | $961 |
| Cabbage, 1033 pounds at 6c | 61 |
| Turnips, 549 pounds at 4c | 21 |
| Beets, 593 pounds at 3c | 17 |
| Sweet potatoes, 1856 pounds at 4c | 54 |
| Squashes, 285 pounds at 4c | 11 |
| Sorghum hay, 12¼ tons at $15 | 188 |
| Muskmelons, 305 at 5c | 15 |
| Prairie hay, 12 tons at $15 | 225 |
| Millet hay, 6125 pounds at $15 per ton | 45 |
| Watermelons, 421 at 15c | 63 |
| Oats in sheaf, 34,330 pounds at $15 per ton | 257 |
| Alfalfa, 178,672 pounds at $15 per ton | 1,340 |
| Onions, 7837 pounds at 4c | 313 |
| Irish potatoes, 541 pounds at 4c | 21 6 |
| Peanuts, 440 pounds at 7½c | 33 0 |
| | $2,666 0 |
| Deduct total outlay | 961 6 |
| Cash balance to profit | $1,704 4 |

This, it can readily be figured, is a return o about 75 per cent on the investment. It is net profit of $51.65 cash per acre. The fu which this amateur farmer enjoyed is not taken into account. He says that if he had lived on the place he could have added at least

'rom poultry, pigs and the usual small ıs. Being a man of details he probably ³ have done it.

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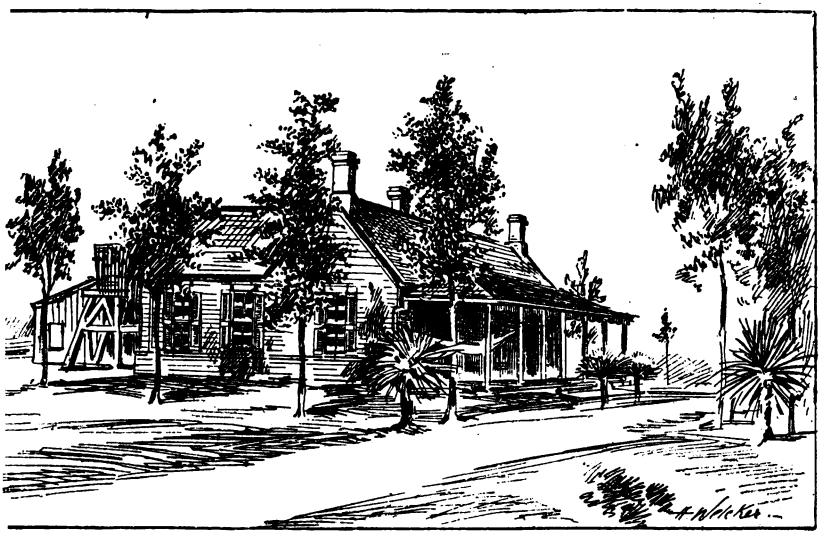
of the Pecos, between that river and the ›rado, lies the country of deceptions. It e great Staked Plain which stretches away ıe Panhandle. The air is dry and clear. ›untain forty miles away seems to be not -fourth that distance. A good pair of eyes see twice as far and about ten times as h in this region as under ordinary condi- s. If the vision doesn't embrace a good y unrealities as well as realities it will be ·nusual day for the Staked Plain. The at-

see a fine little city in the midst of a glistening lake. The silvery water moves in ripples as if before a gentle breeze. About 300 windmills are apparently in motion above the city, and it does not seem that the space they stand upon can exceed a mile square. Around the city and the lake is a fringe of dark green timber. Beyond the timber is a boundless expanse of green grass. On the prairie cattle may be seen grazing. The traveler, reflecting upon the lake and the excess of windmills, may wonder if the Midlanders are web-footed that they have so many windmills and raise water until their houses are swamped. But as the train comes nearer what strangeness! The



A PECOS VALLEY HOME.

phere plays freaks as well as makes reve- ›ns. When the sun is just right it is possi- to see a belt of timber where none exists. ınch may be lifted out of a valley and set ı hill. A sheep herder grows into gigantic ›ortions and his lambs become elephan- . A railroad train in the distance looms ı hundred feet high, and appears to be ıt five miles long. These are e of the common deceptions the fied atmosphere of the Staked Plain ɾs upon the tenderfoot. Three or four ıs to the eastward of Midland, if it be ıt noon of a sunny day, the stranger will

cows in the foreground grow to mastodons. The jack rabbit is as large as a jack without the rabbit. The sheep seem to be woolly horses. The buildings shoot up into the heavens like Chicago's sky-scrapers. The windmills become so many Eiffel towers standing on nothing. The people walking across the street tread on air. There is no law of gravity. The lake has suddenly disappeared. The traveler steps from the car upon a real platform and out upon the dusty, sandy thoroughfare of an every-day Texas town. It was the mirage. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## A Visit to the Only Survivor of the Bold Buccaneers.

## The Veteran Cronea's Recollections of Service with the Pirates.

## Lafitte and His Favorite Lieutenant—The Freebooter's Camp on Snake Island.

### The Mutiny on the Privateer—A Graphic Version of San Jacinto—Four Generations on One Porch—Bolivar Peninsula Phenomena—The High Islands—The Oil Ponds.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

ROLL OVER, BOLIVAR PENINSULA, TEX., August 25.—At the age of 87, Charles Cronea remembers the name of the street and the number of the house in which he was born in a town of the South of France. He is the last living link with the days of Lafitte and the bold buccaneers of the Gulf. Seventy-one years ago he was a cabin boy on a pirate ship. He sailed these waters with Campbell, who had been Lafitte's lieutenant. He saw many a chase at sea. He was there when the "Long Tom," mounted on a pivot, sent the huge 18-pound ball across the bow of the doomed merchantman. He saw the torch applied to the prize, and the choicest part of the cargo brought aboard the privateer. After a mutiny he waited for the cutlass to fall across his neck, and then lived to see ninety-two children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The scenes of those days come back to the old man with wonderful freshness. He talks freely, stopping now and then to explain that it was "an ugly scrape," and that when he got out of it he had "had enough of that kind of thing to last him all his life."

A strip of land runs down the Texas coast from near the Louisiana line. That is Bolivar Peninsula. It terminates in Bolivar Point. Five miles across a channel from "the point" Galveston Island begins and the City of Galveston has its site. About midway of its length Bolivar Peninsula narrows until upon the map it is only a black line. That is Roll Over. Upon Roll Over is the home of Charles Cronea. When the Gulf is angry its spray is dashed against the old man's front door. From his back door stretches the great Galveston Bay. The veteran is as near to the salt water as he can get without being afloat.

To Roll Over was a journey not soon to be *forgotten. It began an hour before* daylight. *When the sun came up out of the bosom of* the Gulf the White Wings, best of the veston yacht fleet, was speeding with filled sails straight for the tall white black ringed light-house on Bolivar p Bolivar once had a boom. "The point" staked off and town lots were put upo market. With that the boom ended. T are not enough people living at the point to occupy the houses which the Governm built when it was constructing jetties or mattress plan. A small boat yard, where craft which ply the bay can be hauled c

MR. CRONEA AT 87.

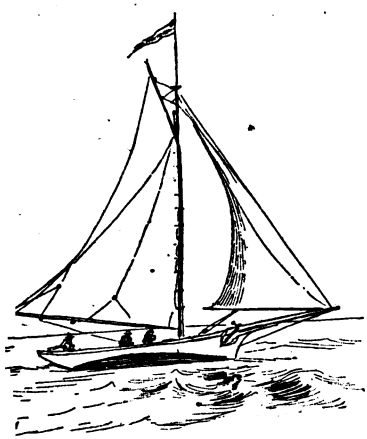
repaired, is the point's only industry. Bro way and the town lots are unsettled save mosquitoes, remarkable for numbers, size aggressiveness.

When Mr. Pettit, of Galveston, a friend the old veteran, learned of the intended vi he said: "I'd advise you to wait a week. mosquitoes are awful bad on Bolivar now. There has been rain and the wind blown from the north. That always me mosquitoes."

Mr. Pettit's warning could not be heed It was well remembered. The early morn sail was magnificent. The ride across the from the point to the light house was mise Mr. Crockett, the light-house keeper, came with a serious face.

t night,'' said he, "Was the worst of ason. We had to keep smudge fires go- ll night long to save the horses. If you the beach I expect you can get along. I wouldn't advise you to try the ridge ''

light-house keeper cut a mosquito-bar , and, like a good Samaritan, saw that s and faces were well covered. He ght out gloves and stockings to be drawn the hands. He furnished a bottle of coal Then the battle with the mosquitoes of var began. It lasted until the beach was hed. Before, behind and on both sides of wagon went the mosquitoes. They made oise. These Bolivar mosquitoes are not rs. They are too full of business to time on music. There was one honor- way out of the contest. The son of the ouse man, who accompanied us as guide,



WHITE WINGS.

sopher and friend, knew that way. By shortest cut he made for the beach and e down to the water's edge, where the t surf coming in washed the wheels. And he followed the water line hour after r. The mosquitoes were outwitted. Be- the damp salt breeze they fell back. It a great relief, the full measure of which appreciated every time a little excursion made inland. Ten thousand cattle were ng along the surf line, hugging it closely scape the mosquitoes. They, too, had vered the only possible relief.

light-house man's boy is an authority squitoes. He pointed out a section of *peninsula where he confidently asserted* *live the year round.* Bolivar is *its climate.* Lying between the waters of gulf and bay, it is a region of almost perpetual vegetation. Frost is of the rarest occurrence. Oranges and pomegranates thrive, and the "early vegetables" antedate Florida's crop. There may be beaches equal to that along Bolivar peninsula. There can be none better. As the tide goes out it leaves a stretch of white sand, pounded by the surf as hard as asphalt. The wheels make a mark, but cut no impression. So slight is the dip toward the sea that the beach seems a dead level. And this roadway of nature can be followed straight as the crow flies hour after hour.

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The origin of the name of Roll Over is interesting. Some people will tell you that by reason of the narrowness of the peninsula at this point the high waves of the Gulf have been known to roll over the neck and into the bay. But the old inhabitants have an entirely different explanation. They say that the smugglers and pirates used to bring their plunder from the Gulf to this place. The smugglers could quickly roll over the casks of brandy and the bales of goods from the Gulf side to the bay, and thus reach inland waters and their market without detection. Old Mr. Cronea, with a laugh, said he reckoned the theory of the smuggling use of Roll Over was about right. "That is the way I think it got the name,'' he said.

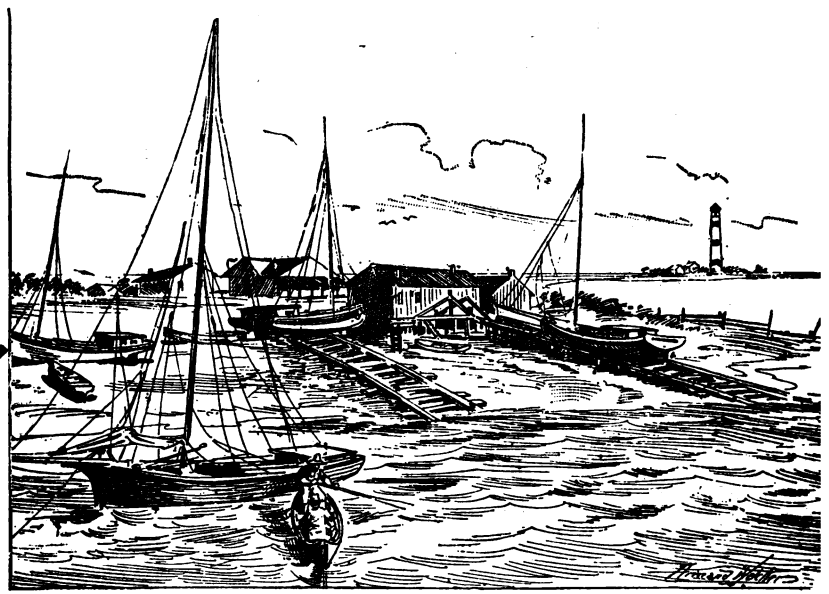
The veteran was born in 1805, on the 14th of January. He was only a boy when he found himself in the pirate service, but his recollections are clear. Some of the places he mentions have faded almost out of memory, or have new names. To some of his words the old man gives a pronunciation which has a distinctly piratical flavor. Cutlasses he always calls "cut-lash-es.'' The bayonet is always "the bagnet.'' And occasionally he "swears like a pirate,'' in the gentlest of voices.

Hanging on the wall of the Roll Over home is a picture of the old man taken at 70. It shows that he comes well by his remarkable preservation. He shakes his head half mournfully and says "you should have seen my legs and arms a few years ago. My arms were so big and as hard as iron. Now feel them '' The eyes are hazel. They were as black as the sloe-like windows of the soul through which the great grandson looks wonderingly to-day. The veteran's hair is long, wavy, thin and silvery. It was thick, bushy and jet black. But the mind has outlived the body. The old man speaks quickly and decidedly. He is at no loss for words or ideas. He talked for two hours without any apparent feeling of fatigue and then he said: "There, that's all I can tell you.'' But a question started a fresh train of reminiscences. The stock was almost inexhaustible.

Before he was 12 years old Charles Cronea was on a French frigate. He served awhile on the coast of Africa, and then left without waiting for the formalities. He reached New York and shipped as cabin boy on a vessel going to Charleston. His captain took on a load of cotton. To his consternation the boy learned that the destination was Havre de Grace. This meant capture and the penalty for the French leave he had taken of the frigate.

came to us. His ship was there at an... talked to us awhile and we went on boa ship and served with him. I was too yo be one of the crew. He made m boy."

That was young Cronea's introd... the buccaneers. During his service h many ships taken, plundered and bu "Capt. Campbell," said Mr. Cronea, "w good man. He would not kill any o crews. He always made them prisoner



BOLIVAR POINT.

"I left the ship," continued the old man, "and went on board one going to Liverpool. That was what Capt. Lambert said, but when we got outside of Charleston harbor a man who called himself Jones came aboard and said he wanted some of us to go with him. Our captain seemed perfectly willing. I suppose it was well understood between him and our captain. Fifteen of us agreed to go with Jones. There was one Catalonian in the party. The rest of us were French. We went with Jones and he sailed away for the Gulf of Mexico. When he arrived off Corpus Christi he landed us on an island and left some food with us. After awhile Capt. Campbell them to some point near the coast an... them in small boats so that they could ashore. Most of the vessels we captured w in the trade between Tampico and the Is of Cuba."

"Didn't you have some fighting to mak... captures?"

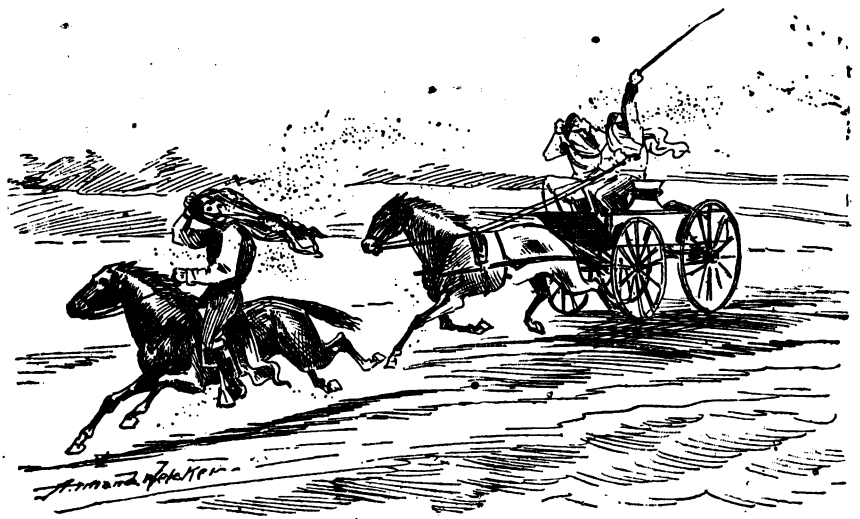
"Oh, no. They always gave up. It wa any use to resist."

"You were prepared to fight if it was n... sary?"

"Yes, we had pistols, the old-fashioned barreled kind, with flints. We also had lash-es. They were big things, as keen razor. They weighed about five p...

hen one of those knives came down it was
od-bye Coly.''
''What sort of a crew did you have, pretty
ough?''
"We had the same discipline as on board
man-of-war. We couldn't have done
hat we did if it hadn't been so. Any man
ho misbehaved was punished.''
"Did you sail under the black flag.''
"Oh, no! We hoisted the flag of Cartha-
nia.''
Both Lafitte and Campbell were particular
observe the forms of legitimate warfare.
hey hoisted on their vessels the flag of a
ruggling republic, and the letters of marque
ıder which they plundered right and left,
and the fore mast had the square sails of the brig. This gave speed and it also permitted of the peculiar armament. The big gun was mounted in front of the mast and it could be wheeled to point in almost any direction except in the rear.

The old man's eyes twinkled as he told of some of the feats of the clipper from Baltimore. "Campbell's ship," said he, "could sail fourteen miles an hour on a close haul. There wasn't anything that could get away from her. Once we took after the mail boat between Tampico and New Orleans. We overtook her in about two hours and spoke her. As soon as Capt. Campbell learned that she was an American vessel he let her go.''



A MOSQUITO CHASE.

ere more or less regular. Lafitte was a black-
ith to begin with in New Orleans. He
opted smuggling, which was very popular
the Louisiana coast, and when afterwards
set up his establishment on Galveston
land, he had a fleet and a thousand fol-
wers.

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John Quincy Adams in his diary tells of a
sit he made to Baltimore. Upon investiga-
on he discovered that the merchants of that
ty were engaged quite generally in fitting
t vessels to engage in privateering on the
lf of Mexico. He says it inspired a peculiar
ling to find that his entertainers were in
is strange business. Mr. Cronea says that
the vessel on which he served under Capt.
*Campbell was from Baltimore.* The craft was
*known as an hermaphrodite brig. She had*
*masts. The rear mast was sloop-rigged*

Campbell, like his chief, Lafitte, would never interfere with an American ship. That was the unwritten law of the pirates of the gulf. Lafitte always considered himself an American. In the State Capitol at Baton Rouge hangs a large oil painting commemorative of the battle of New Orleans. In the very thickest of the fight, directing the work of a battery, is a gigantic figure which is pointed out to the visitor as that of Lafitte, the pirate. It is history that Lafitte fought most bravely under Gen. Jackson in that decisive battle of the War of 1812, and that a pardon was issued to him for it. Before that a price had been set upon Lafitte's head, and his brother had been thrown into prison by the American Governor of Louisiana. The commander of the British forces approaching the mouth of the Mississipp sent to the chief of the smugglers, then he

ing his headquarters at Barataria, an offer of $30,000 to join him. He added this message:

"I call upon you, with your brave followers, to enter the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the rank of captain. Lands will be given you all, in proportion to your respective ranks, on peace taking place, and I invite you upon these terms. Your ships to be placed under the commanding officer of this station, but I guarantee their full value at all events."

Lafitte, keeping up the form of negotiations, wrote a member of the Louisiana Legislature: "Though proscribed by my adopted country I will never let slip any occasion of serving her. Of this you will see convincing proof."

To the Governor who had put a price on his head the pirate sent this message:

"I am a stray sheep, wishing to return to the sheep fold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offenses, I should appear to you much less guilty and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have never sailed under any flag but the Republic of Carthagena, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my prizes into the ports of this State I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline saying more on the subject until I have the honor of your Excellency's answer. Should you not answer favorably to my ardent desires I declare that I will instantly leave the country to avoid the imputation of having cooperated toward an invasion which can not fail to take place, and rest secure in the acquittal of my conscience."

That is good language for a pirate. A committee of safety ignored the proceedings of the Governor against Lafitte, and assured him immunity for his past. Gen. Jackson gave the Baratarian leader a post of great danger. To the work which the pirate band did with their guns history attributes much of the credit *for that victory on the 8th of January. The promise of immunity was kept. Lafitte's past and that of his followers was condoned. But not long afterwards the United States Govern-*ment sent a message to the pirate that he move from Barataria or behave. On warning Lafitte with his followers brok the old headquarters, sailed down the T coast, and settled on the island which is the site of Galveston. There the leader r a colony of buccaneers and there Camp joined him.

Lafitte lived in a red house which he l near what is now the foot of Fifteenth st in Galveston. He threw up breastwo around the house and mounted some can The colony grew until a thousand men m their homes on the island and acknowled allegiance to no living person save Laf The ships of these buccaneers preyed on Spanish commerce of the whole Gulf of M ico. Mr. Adams need have had no s squeamishness over the fact that his B more hosts were the silent partners of Laf The goods which the buccaneers captured smuggled into the United States were hand by many Boston merchants who were above being "fences" for pirates. Laf had his agents in New Orleans; they went 'Change daily, and orders were given th openly for the goods which they had to pose of. Boston, Baltimore and other c mercial centers were ready "partakers."

THE YOUNG IDEA IN BOLIVAR.

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When the freebooters' camp on Galve Island was at the height of its glory Laf was a man of about 40. He was over 6 fee height, strongly built, handsome of featu hazel eyes and black hair. In manner he w very polite. It was a motley gathering outlaws, but Lafitte ruled them in the sa free and easy way that Robin Hood did merry men. There was always a square vide of the prize money, and contentm reigned on the island. Several miles dow the island, below the suburbs of Galveston, a grove of live oaks visible a long way out the water. This is known as Lafitte's Gro Tradition has it that the pirates often a sembled under the shade to divide th booty.

e freebooters were not without a form of rnment on the island. They called themes subjects of the republic under the flag hich they sailed. They elected one freeter "Judge of the Admiralty," another dministrator of the Revenue," a third cretary of the Public Treasury," a fourth arine Commandant," and so on. But La- was king pirate, and his word was law. man who held the high-sounding office of dge of the Admiralty," had occasion, rs afterward to make a statement about colony. It was to the effect that "the view and object of the persons compristhe colony was to capture Spanish vessels property, without any idea of aiding the olution in Mexico or that of any other of

LAFITTE.

evolted Spanish colonies." The freeers called their town Campeachy. The id went by the name of Snake Island beof the number of serpents.

n the light-house rig stopped in front Cronea homestead a brilliantly colored esnake lay coiled up in the sand beside heel.

show how perfect was Lafitte's power his followers the story of Capt. Brown ld. Brown came to the island and sought nission to cruise under Lafitte's auspices. te suspected Brown, and when he gave his orders told him that if he molested commerce of the United States he would hang him. With many promises Brown set sail. Several days afterward Brown and his crew, half starved, appeared at Bolivar Point and signaled for help. They were conveyed to the freebooters' camp and Lafitte examined the men. He learned from them that Brown had robbed an American vessel near Sabine Pass. A revenue schooner had pursued. Brown had beached his boat, and had walked down the peninsula. Without any delay Lafitte had Brown hung in chains. He left the body suspended for the buzzards to feed upon. The revenue schooner sailed to the freebooters' camp. The commander went ashore and demanded the fugitives. Lafitte at once surrendered the crew, and pointing toward the swinging figure in iron said: "You will find the captain over there."

Occasionally Lafitte's vessel captured slavers. Some who paid allegiance to the pirate king were in the slave trade. Upon the arrival of a cargo of human chattels at Snake Island a curious scene was witnessed. Louisiana planters were notified and came to the market. The negroes were sold by weight. The ruling rate in the freebooters' camp was $1 a pound. The planters drove the negroes they purchased to the frontier of the United States. There they delivered them into the hands of a customs officer, becoming informers. Under the law the informer was entitled to half of the amount realized on the seized property. The negroes were sold at auction by the United States Marshal. They were bid in by the original purchasers and informers, who thus obtained a clear legal title and the right to take their property where they pleased as the reward for their observance of the technicalities. One Louisiana slave dealer boasted of making $65,000 in a short time by thus smuggling slaves from Lafitte's camp into the United States.

The time came when the United States determined that the freebooters' camp must go. An American vessel was plundered and scuttled in Matagorda Bay. In spite of the pirate king's orders his followers did not always stop to inquire as to the nationality of a victim. Representatives of foreign powers complained at Washington about the ravages of Lafitte's fleet. A United States brig was sent to break up the camp. Lafitte went out to meet the commanding officer and escorted him over the bar. He entertained him handsomely at "the red house." The naval officer communicated his orders. Lafitte said he would obey. In the presence of the representative of the United States there was a grand distribution of prize money. The organization was disbanded. The torch was applied to the buildings and the fire burned until the camp was in ruins. Then the fleet of pirate ships was brought

together. Lafitte's favorite ship—The Bride—was put in readiness. Those freebooters who wished went with Lafitte. The others scattered. The king pirate in his flagship, with the fleet following, sailed away. He never returned to Texas. He settled on the coast of Yucatan, where he was given a concession of land for his "services on behalf of Mexican independence," and "where he lived in peace till he died." In his old age he reformed. So did many of his followers. Years afterward, when Galveston was settled by Americans who came there to lead honest lives, there was a character about the wharves who went by the name of Ben Dolliver. Ben had a brother named Jim.

MR. CRONEA AT 70.

It was the common understanding of the Galveston people that Ben and Jim Dolliver were sons of a New England minister, and that they had been pirates under Lafitte. Ben was a little bit of a dried-up fellow with a cock eye. On a certain occasion there sailed into Galveston harbor a war vessel from some Central American nation. The captain's name was Cox. He wore a splendid uniform, had an elegant sword and looked like a grandee. Commander Cox was received with distinction. One day he was on Tremont street conversing with some of the first citizens of Galveston. Ben Dolliver came rolling by. He lurched up in front of the big commander in gold lace and sword, and after close scrutiny called out in his squeaky voice:

"I know you. You're a d——d pirate."

With a terrible oath the commander drew his sword and ran at Ben. The little fellow jumped out in the middle of the street, shoved his hand into one of his wide-topped boots he wore and pulled a murderous looking knife. It was the big commander's turn to run, and he made good time until a saloon door sheltered him. Ben had recognized an old comrade of the freebooting days.

One of old man Cronea's most thrilling stories is of the mutiny which occurred on Campbell's privateer. Next in comma Capt. Campbell was Lieut. Duvall. trouble occurred shortly before the brea up of the crew.

"Duvall's idea," said Mr. Cronea, "w put to death the captain and the old crew, take possession of the vessel with the fift who joined the force when I did. I d know what he meant to do after that. I k there was going to be a mutiny, but I di know it was going to take place that ni The men that Duvall got to go into the mu were French, except one; he was the C lonian. The old crew were all Americ Duvall hauled up a cask of brandy and g it to the men. If it hadn't been for tha might have succeeded, but the brandy spo it all. The men Duvall had were on w when the attack was made. The ot and the captain were below. Du and his men could have called the captain and killed him or m him a prisoner. Then they could h got the arms which the captain always k in the cabin and could have killed the oth as fast as they came on deck. They made attack just about night. I was looking ou the cabin and saw it all. Campbell went deck and the mutineers surrounded him. they were drunk and didn't have any p Some wanted to kill the captain right th Others were for letting him go or making a prisoner. While they were quarreling ab what they would do with him he put out arms, just so, brushed them to both side him, made one jump and landed in the ca By that time the Americans, who were no the plot, came up on deck. The capt handed out the arms and the mutineers did last any time. The whole fourteen of th were killed. The Catalonian was the one who made a good fight. He had a knif each hand. He jumped in between two of

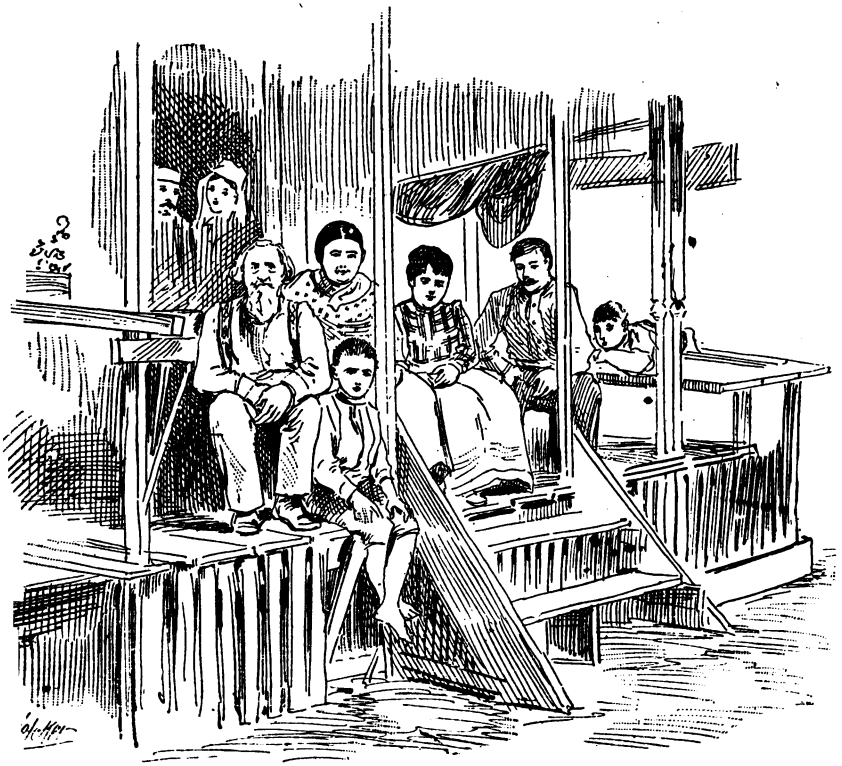
MOTIVE POWER ON BOLIVAR PENINSULA.

Americans and struck at both them at the same time, kill them. Those were the only Americ who were killed. The Catalonian did get a chance to do any more. His head taken off with a cutlash. Duvall was the c one of the mutineers who wasn't killed. T had a trial on board and condemned him be shot, but Campbell interfered and sav his life. When the ship was off Galvest Island the captain put Duvall into a boat an sent two men with instructions to land hi

ome back. There was a ship at Galves-
and we couldn't tell what she was. The
ain was afraid to go in. While the two
were gone with Duvall we saw a large
l coming out toward us. The captain got
crew together and asked them what they
ght had better be done. They agreed
it was dangerous to take any chances,
we were very short-handed. Half of the
r had been killed in the mutiny. So the
ain ordered the ship under way and we left
out waiting for the two men who had
with the small boat to land Duvall. We
r heard of them again."

was in that desperate business," Mr. Cronea said. "The morning after the mutiny the Americans wanted to kill me. They said I was one of the party of Frenchmen and must have known of the plotting. They got around me and raised the cutlashes over me and were going to cut my head off, when Capt. Campbell interfered. He told them I was in the cabin and didn't know anything about it. Then they let me off."

Campbell was Lafitte's right-hand man. He came from Maryland. His parents lived on Chesapeake Bay, near Baltimore, and he was brought up as a sailmaker. In 1812 the young



FOUR GENERATIONS ON ONE PORCH.

don't think Campbell made a great deal
f the business," said Mr. Cronea, in re-
o a question. "I remember once that he
ed up a vessel with goods that had been
n, put some of the men aboard and
ed it off somewhere. They didn't tell me
re it was to go. But no word ever came
from it that I heard. After he quit he
very quietly."

. Cronea describes Campbell as a man of
t, well built, with dark mustache and a
e face. "He was a very brave man, and
n't like to see life taken, although he

sailmaker joined the United States navy. In the battle of Lake Erie Campbell was on the Lawrence with Perry. When the Commodore was forced to leave the Lawrence and take his flag to the Niagara, Campbell was one of the crew that rowed the boat in which Perry stood holding the flag half a mile under heavy fire. After the war Campbell went back to Baltimore, but only to start out on a roving expedition which took him to New Orleans. There, with his knowledge of sea life, he soon got into the smuggling business. There was nothing strange about that. Half of the mer-

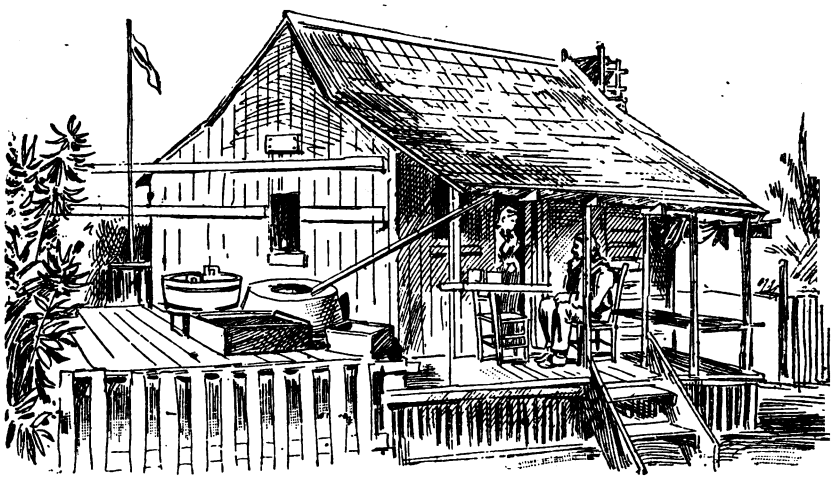
chants in New Orleans were taking goods from smugglers regularly. When Gov. Claiborne, of Louisiana, attempted to create public sentiment against this kind of vocation, he had a queer experience. Writing of it on one occasion to the Attorney General of the United States, the Governor said: "In conversation with ladies I have denounced smuggling as dishonest, and the reply was: 'That is impossible, for my grandfather, or my father, or my husband was under the Spanish Government a smuggler, and I am sure he was an honest man.'"

After Mexican independence was acknowledged, Campbell determined to give up privateering, Mr. Cronea says. There was, in fact, nothing else for him to do. The letters of marque which gave his commerce destroying a show of legitimacy were revoked. He sailed to a point near the coast of Louisiana where there was a famous hackberry tree. There he burned the ship and disbanded the crew.

"A good ship like that couldn't be bought for $10,000," said Mr. Cronea. "It was h— to burn her. What else could he do? He couldn't go anywhere else. Peace had been declared."

"On the ship," continued Mr. Cronea, "the captain always went by the name of Carroll—Charles Carroll. He never used the name of Campbell. But after he burned the ship and settled on shore he took his right name. From the day we separated at the hackberry tree I have never seen any of the crew. Capt. Campbell I met once, years afterward. Campbell *moved from place to place. I never saw him until he settled at Morse's Bluff. I heard he was living there, and went over to see him. He treated me mighty nicely, but* he wouldn't admit he had ever seen me be wouldn't talk about what he had don wouldn't admit he had been on a priva

His service as cabin boy on the pira was not the only exciting chapter in th man's history. Charles Cronea was in war of Texan independence from begin to end. He is the only survivor of the buccaneers of the Gulf, and he is one o few still living who "remembered Fan men and the Alamo" at San Jacinto. S Anna had wiped out the defenders of Alamo at San Antonio to a man. He crowding Sam Houston and the remna the Texan army eastward, determined n



THE VETERAN AT HOME.

stop until he had driven them across th bine, entirely off Texas soil, and had pied Galveston.

"There were only 800 of us left," Cronea said. "I was in Capt. David Garn company. After the fall of the Alamo w treated. Santa Anna was moving eastw We must have fallen back more than miles. The Mexicans had over 2000 They were two to one of us, and they had c non. I don't believe Houston would fought, only some of the boys got tired o treating and went to him. They said if t wasn't going to be any fightin' they quit and go home.

"'Boys,' said Houston, 'if fightin' is you want, you shall have plenty of it. your dinners.'

"That was the way the battle of San Ja came about. We had two companies that muskets and bagnets. The balance of had old Kentucky flint rifles. It took ab ten minutes to load 'em. But we made shot count. We waited till 2:30 o'

l—d Mexicans always sleep after dinner, know. And by——we were on them re they knew it. They never got a chance re their cannon but once. We dropped n we saw the smoke of their guns and jumped up and went on. They were on hill and we were on another. From the we broke camp we never stopped 'e were right among them. I bet you we a lot of them drop the first time we fired. n we got into close quarters every man r his bowie-knife. Just before we started ston gave us the word. 'Remember Fan- s men and the Alamo,' he said. Then n he saw the slaughter he rode in among nd cried out, 'Have mercy, men! For 's sake have mercy!' But he couldn't us. Nothing could stop us. Mexicans threw away their guns stopped fighting. One would drop on his s and hold up his hands and say, 'Me no lo! Me no Alamo!' Off went his d—d l! They thought we were killing them use they had killed our men at the Alamo ey wanted to say they were not there."

re the Mexicans well armed?"

fighting done in the War of Texas Independence was almost without parallel in losses. At the battle of the Mission, south of San Antonio, the Mexicans had forty killed and sixty wounded, while the Texas loss was one killed and one wounded. A few days later, in the Battle of the Grass, the Mexican loss was fifty and the Texan loss was one. A little later, at the Alamo, of 170 Texans not one escaped Mexican vengeance. And then came San Jacinto, wiping out an army. Santa Anna, by all the rules of Texan warfare, should have perished at San Jacinto, Mr. Cronea thinks.

"One of the men in my company, Solomon Cole, captured Santa Anna," said the old veteran. "He found him hiding in the grass, took him back to San Jacinto and delivered him to Houston. If it hadn't been that Santa Anna was a Mason his hide wouldn't have held shucks. He ought to have been shot. But Santa Anna and Sam Houston were both high Masons, and Houston and the other Masons got him off in disguise. Seven of our men followed him as far as Calcasieu, in Louisiana. If they had overtaken him he wouldn't have got back to Mexico."

ROLL OVER.

eir guns were 'scopets,' big-mouthed , of no account. But they had bagnets swords, and they ought to have cut us n when we got close, but they didn't. By " the old man exclaimed, "they just broke turkeys, and we cut 'em down right and with our knives. We were right among , and every one of us was killing."

ow many Mexicans were killed, Mr. Cro- '

etween 1600 and 1700. We took only risoners, and there was nothing left of Anna's army."

w many Texans were killed?"

lost just twelve men. There is a monu- to them on the San Jacinto battle-field miles above Houston."

*skeptical may think* the old man draws *bow a little on his* figures of losses. *well authenticated*, shows that the

"We had two scouts," the old man continued, "who kept right along close to the Mexicans all of the time during that retreat, and we always knew just where Santa Anna's army was and what it was doing. They were mighty brave men. One of 'em was Bob Dunham. I'll tell you what Bob done. Right this side of Buffalo Bayou he was all alone when he came on fifteen Mexican soldiers. He made a motion with his gun and looked back as if he was giving some order. By——the whole fifteen threw down their muskets with the bagnets sticking in the ground and surrendered. He formed 'em in line and marched 'em into camp. Bob was one of the old cowboys. The devil couldn't scare him."

During the battle of San Jacinto one body of fugitives took to the river. They mired in the muddy bottom. The Texans, coming to the bank in pursuit, stood there picking off

the Mexicans in the mud and water. It was butchery. The commander of the Texans gave the order again and again to stop shooting, but the men kept on. The thirst for blood could not be satisfied, it seemed. That cry, "Remember the Alamo!" kept ringing out. At last the commander of the Texans seized a gun from one of his men and leveled it. He swore he would shoot the next man who fired upon the pleading prisoners, and then the slaughter ceased.

The battle of San Jacinto didn't last an hour, Mr. Cronea says. As one of the incidents he mentions that thirty-two Mexicans were killed at the breech of a cannon they attempted to defend. So rapid was the advance the cannon was fired only once. San Jacinto established Texan independence. Mexico did not formally acknowledge this condition, but after the loss of Santa Anna's army she let this great State go as if by default, and the United States annexed it.

"We could never have succeeded in the end," said Mr. Cronea, "if the United States had not come forward and taken up our fight. There were only 800 of us under Houston. We wiped out Santa Anna's army, it is true, but do you suppose a country as large as Mexico would have allowed 800 men to take away such a piece of territory as Texas? It isn't reasonable. We would have been crushed sooner or later if Texas had not been taken into the United States."

There was trouble from the earliest times between the Americans who had settled in Texas and the Mexican local authorities. But the open hostilities which led to the series of battles ending with San Jacinto, Mr. Cronea says, started in 1832 with the release of three Americans. These Americans were Monroe Edwards, Patrick Jack and Travers. They had been locked up by the Mexicans at the old fort of Anahuac. A company of Americans, of whom Mr. Cronea was one, was formed to release the three men and did it. After that came the battles. One of the last incidents of the Texan war took place at the home of those three men. Following San Jacinto a party stopped for the night with Monroe Edward's family. There was a young lady in the family. Her name was Susannah. Now, Susannah had a well-trained parrot. This bird had the freedom of the house during the day, but at night was retired to a cage by his young mistress. On the evening of the arrival of the visitors there was a good deal of confusion. Everybody was talking of the great battle. Miss Susannah forgot her charge, and the parrot remained out long after the usual retiring hour. At length his green-feathered Majesty's patience became exhausted. He suddenly called out "S'sannah." One of the guests sprang to his feet and looked in the direction of the sound. Then, seeing the parrot, he sat down and tried to lau— The action created some curiosity a time. But it was not till long afterward the Edwards family learned that they ha tertained Santa Anna in his disguise an his way out of Texas under friendly esco the Masons, in whose care Houston placed the prisoner. Santa Anna had taken the parrot's call for his own nam

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"Mr. Cronea, how do you account f long life and good health?" the old man asked as he concluded his story of the b

"Oh, I don't know," he replied — hearty laugh.

"I'll tell you, sir," said a jolly, woman with a rich olive complexion, r wrinkle in it, and with snapping black She came forward from the domestic reg where she had overheard the question. tell you," she said. "It's living in the cou on good healthy food—corn bread, beef potatoes. That has given father long lif good health."

"I expect that's it," the old man a with a nod. "That is what I raised my fa on. Many of my children never saw — flour until after they were grown."

"I think the rich food city peop —the preserves and such things— a good deal to do with the s ness and short lives," said the jolly l "I am 56 years old. Yes, sir; I own up I was born the next year after the wa Texan independence. That makes m and I can tell you I was 26 years old befo ever had a headache. Perhaps I wouldn' so free to tell my age if I hadn't so — grandchildren.

The lady laughed until she shook, whi old gentleman, taking up the theme, "I was married to her mother after I qu Texas army. I have now ninety living dren, grandchildren and great-grandchild I did have ninety-two, but two have d Seven of them are my children. The oth are grandchildren and great-grandchild I can't begin to tell you how many are gr children and how many are great-gr children. That would be too much tro but there are ninety of them altogether.

The old man chuckled, while the dau remarked: "That's all father does. He sits on the porch and laughs."

"I'm as contented as if I was worth a ion," the old man added. And then he "but I wish my pension was a little la The State allows me a pension for my pa the war of Texan independence. The am is $12.50 a month. I have been told I entitled to a land warrant, but I neve it."

"You must have begun voting pretty Mr. Cronea?"

"I cast my first vote for Andrew Ja the second time he ran. It was in

; it. Seems as if that was the year. I living in Plaquemine at the time. They a law that allowed only tax-payers to . When I went up, the judge of the elec- asked me if I was a tax-payer. I threw n a piece of money and said, 'Here is bits. Now I'm a tax-payer.' The judge ›d some question. I knew him and knew all of his property was in his wife's name. said to him, 'Judge, do you pay any s?' With that he said, 'Oh, come on; us your vote.' ''

› conversation turned again upon the y descendants. Mr. Cronea affirmed, considerable pride, that all of them were ı in three counties in Texas, and also that ? them are now living within the State for h he fought so valiantly. At a sugges- four generations of the Cronea family › assembled upon the porch. The old gen- an, aged 87, sat at the head of the line. t to him was his daughter, Mrs. Matilda gh, aged 56. Mrs. Stough's daughter, Artemis Wilrycx, aged 34, sat beside her ıer. Mrs. Wilrycx was a widow until a k ago. She came over from a neighboring ›e leaning upon the arm of a new husband, the pleasantries of her relatives prompted to assume a rather abashed demeanor. The of Mrs. Wilrycx, Emile Andres, aged 10, ›n the edge of the porch near his great ıdfather. As Mr. Cronea viewed the as- bling of his clan, he remarked with a e that it wasn't his fault there were not generations instead of four lined up on ›orch. He said he had three or four great- ıddaughters who were old enough to be ›s and mothers. While the four genera- s faced the artist, other members of the lly stood about and offered more or less rious suggestions. Good humor is one of strong traits of the Cronea descendants. r are all healthy, happy and handsome. ıs has no better people than the cabin-boy te and his ninety descendants.

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ar Peninsula is a queer place. This low-lying strip of land between Gulf Bay possesses two physical phenomena h have puzzled scientific gentlemen. One ıese is known as "the High Islands." The nsula is quite level, being in the center a little higher than along the beaches. toward the upper end of the peninsula raveler comes to a collection of knolls, ›h rise sharply from the general level. ›e knolls can be seen from a great dis- e. In comparison with the almost dead l of sand and water on all sides of them loom up like mountains. In reality the ›tion is only 85 feet. Nothing like the soil hich the High Islands are composed can ›und for many miles. This soil is a clay. *top of the knolls is a table-land miles in extent.* People have farms and live on the High Islands. Springs gush from the summits. Some of the springs are fresh water and some are salt. In one place a fresh spring and a salt spring come from the ground less than 2 feet apart. By digging down into the clay well water can be had. There are various theories as to how these High Islands came to be located away out on the flats of the Texas coast. From all of the conditions it would appear that a great section of a bluff country must have been cut off somewhere and carried down hundreds of miles and deposited on the Gulf front. A great glacier may be responsible for the strange freak.

Off Bolivar lie "the Oil Ponds." They are places in the Gulf where the breakers cease and the surf is at rest. In the very roughest weather there is some movement, but ordinarily the ponds are still, while all around them the ocean rolls. The natives of Bolivar say "the Oil Ponds" are what the name implies—collections of oil upon the surface of the water. But they do not call it oil. They call it sea wax. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of the peninsula the oil ponds have doubled in size. They seem to be growing. They cover many acres of water. Altogether they are fifteen miles long and two miles wide. The source of this collection of oil on the surface of the Gulf of Mexico, off Bolivar, is as mysterious as the origin of the High Islands. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## The Story of What One Potato Did for Colorado City.

### A Tomato and a Town Site—Midland's Inspiration—Rise and Fall of the Bar-ons—Every Man His Own Irrigator—Abilene's Versatile Decade.

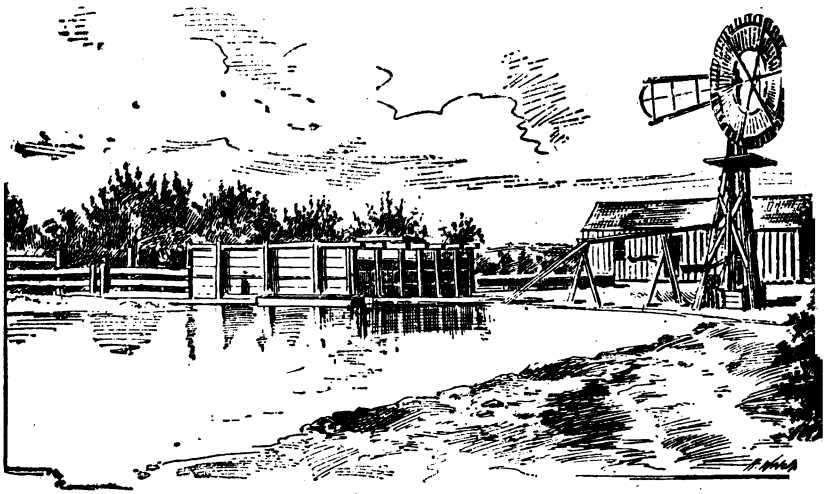
Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

ABILENE, TEX., August 29.—"Abilene!" Not a Winchester pops. Not a cowboy whoops. Queer ups and downs and ups again this Western Texas country has seen since 1882, just ten years ago. There are men in St. Louis and forty-nine other cities outside of Texas, who can shiver a little in August over investment memories of Abilene, of Sweetwater, of Colorado City, of Midland. What booms those were! The Texas and Pacific Railway had just gone through. The Comanche had just made room for the cowman. The man with a branding iron was bigger than the man

with a bank. From the Brazos to the Colorado River was the prettiest country the tenderfoot ever saw.

Baird had been the town. When the railroad reached Baird it struck the great cattle trail leading from the Southern Texas ranges to Kansas and the North. The ranches for 250 miles did their trading at Baird. But the railroad came and the glory of Baird as the outfitting point departed westward. Abilene first, Sweetwater next, and then Colorado City bid and bid high for the favor of the cattle trade. Colorado City won, for she was the

a brick thrown at random would hit one rich man, and in all probability cal another. In ten years a solid brick cit 5000 inhabitants, was built on the high l of the river. A $50,000 Court House w good enough. Besides, it obstructed the in the principal street. A new Court H was built, and the old one, constructed two years before, was torn down. Co lots in Colorado were held at $10,000 some of them sold at that. Money wa tiful. Everybody had it or could bor third party orator would have been



AN IRRIGATION PLANT AT MIDLAND.

gateway to the great pastureland of Texas, stretching 170 miles westward, from the Colorado River to the Pecos, and northward over the Staked Plains as far as the herds chose to roam.

Those were great days for cattlemen from 1881 almost to 1885. Never before had the steer been so profitable. Had the great seal of Texas been designed anew at that time it would have shown a long-horn rampant on the obverse and a long-horn couchant on the reverse. Prices of cattle went out of sight, and yet everybody wanted to buy. Lords and Earls came to Texas and exchanged good English gold for the title of cattle baron with all the name implied. Merchants and capitalists up North formed companies and sent high-salaried agents to take charge of their four-footed investments, "range count." And Colorado was the center and beneficiary of this tremendous activity in cows.

*In 1884 there were more millionaires, present and prospective, on the streets of Colorado than in all the rest of Texas.* It was said that

with the "per capita." There were men brand-new bank accounts who took it favor to be asked to indorse a note. The a tradition to-day in Colorado about an cattleman who spent the greater part of days hunting for a stranger who wanted a paper indorsed. Pioneers who had starte business a few years previously with a bra ing iron found themselves worth hundre thousands of dollars.

In those flush days Colorado looked scorn upon the farmer. In 1883 a Ger colony, under the leadership of a thi priest, settled upon a tract of land al eighty miles west of the cattlemen's cap The place was called Marienfeld. A cro wheat was raised, and the Germans honest pride sent a bushel of it over to C rado to be exhibited. The cattlemen shocked. They said that sort of thing w ruin the country. They used harsh langu about the grangers. But there came a t when the ranges around Colorado were o stocked. Then the bottom fell out of the tle market. Prices went down and

... it took three steers to bring as many ars as one had been worth three years be- . Colorado had snubbed the farmer and had warned the sheep herder. She had ed her hope of prosperity to one thing—

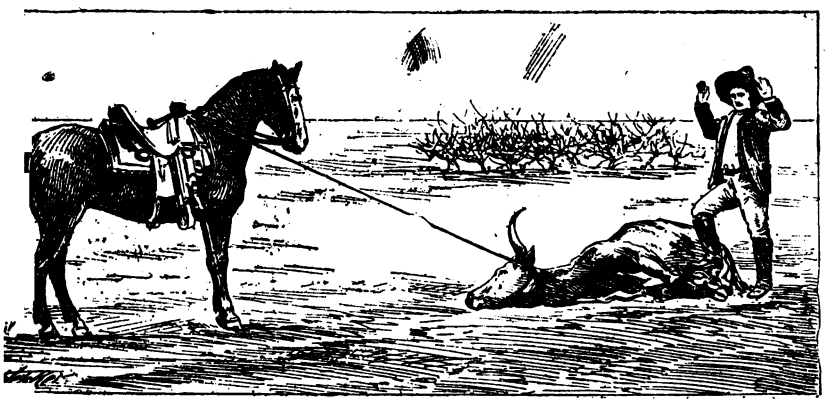
ABILENE.

...tle trade. The shrinkage on the $10,- orner lots was something fearful to con- plate. A population of 5000 dwindled to Some were unfeeling enough to say that e who remained did so because they 'n't get away.

his most trying period of Colorado's his- ...ame the discovery that all around Colo- › was an agricultural country. One day ebody found an Irish potato sprouting ugh the ground just in front of the prin- l bank building. Colorado had eaten potatoes at $2.50 a bushel and had never d whence they came. This particular po- ad rolled into the gutter in front of the ers of the volunteer experiment. Some of the children had to be told how potatoes reproduce. They had never seen the operation. The whole town became a farmers' club for the discussion of agricultural topics. Men who had loudest proclaimed the glorious character of a cowman's life and who had said they would rather commit suicide or sheer sheep than handle a hoe, began to make gardens: One man scattered something less than half a ton of seed oats on unbroken prairie, scratched it well with a harrow and produced a fair crop.

That settled it. Colorado proclaimed far and wide that here was the place to farm. And the farmer, ignoring the snub of five years before, came, saw and conquered. The city has regained the population which went out with the cattle boom, but the personality is different. Colorado is still the center for the Western Texas cattle trade, but it is not that to the exclusion of agriculture, nor does it despise the shipment of 400 car loads of salt a month.

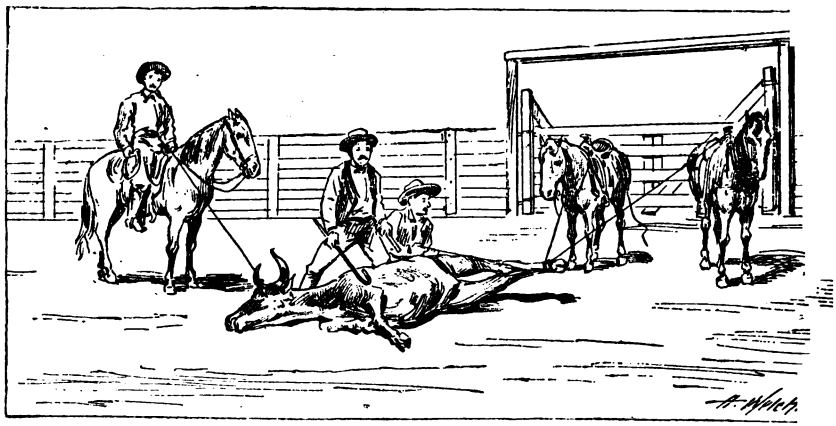
The potato which grew to such effect in front of Colorado's bank has its companion piece. An humble tomato plant developed in 1884 where Midland stands. For a week a party of excursionists, 150 strong, had been roaming over the State. Place after place had been visited, but nothing which quite filled the measure of desire was found. The excursionists were from Illinois and Iowa. They had money, and they wanted to start a town,



AT MIDLAND—JACK MILES; TIME, 48 SECONDS.

...nd had taken a notion to grow. The who made the discovery was the hero of our. After that everybody in town soon of the potato. Day by day for three Colorado watched the progress of the 's growth. *It would have* been worth a *to have disturbed it.* Ex-millionaires *most vigilant* and interested observ- the beginning of which should be all their own. They came to what is now Midland, and found growing there this tomato plant. The dimensions seemed rather startling, but it is asserted that the vine was 9 feet high and spread out 7 feet in diameter. This vine was loaded with tomatoes from top to bottom. It settled the minds of

the excursionists, who said, "Here we rest, build a town and sell corner lots to our friends." Six hours after the excursionists set eyes on the tomato plant the town company had been organized. The sale of lots followed. Midland has 1500 people who do a



BRANDING CATTLE.

business of $1,500,000 a year with the ranch owners of the Staked Plains. The town is surrounded by gardens of from one to ten acres. Each garden has its well, its windmill and storage pond, called "tank," for water. This is the individual system of irrigation. It comes pretty near reaching perfection at Midland. The little orchards, vineyards and gardens give results which almost parallel and help to make credible the tomato plant story. The product is from $100 to $300 an acre. On these little tracts the yield has been as much as 600 bushels of sweet potatoes and 800 bushels of onions to the acre. The ranch trade takes all the sweet potatoes at 2c a pound and the onions at 3c and 4c a pound. These "ten-acres-enough" irrigators have begun to experiment in other directions than vegetables. They have tried prunes and raisin grapes on a small scale, and they think they can compete with California, with the advantage of half of the distance and less freight rates. What rain falls on this lower end of the Staked Plains country comes in summer for the most part. It is about 20 inches. That means a dry climate where the man with the rasping cough, the transparent skin and the flushed cheek may prolong his days and substitute moderate good health for short-lived misery.

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*Abilene in ten years ran* the gamut of ex*perience. She won and lost* the supremacy as *the outfitting point for the cattle* trade. As this *drifted westward Abilene "lit* on her feet,"

and discovered after all that her t was much better suited for sheep tha steers. The flock-masters, usually the despised of men in a cow country, we ceived with open arms by Abilene. The their flocks overran the Abilene

and before the Southwest generally ha ized the change Abilene had become the cipal wool market of Texas. The shipn of wool at this point climbed to 8,0 pounds in a year. The Northern shep must remember that this is a country w the wool is taken off twice a year b sheep growers.

IN THE CATTLE PENS AT COLORADO

Abilene is nothing if not versatile. the sheep industry flourished she remembe the fate of her cattle trade and she also ognized that sheep can travel. Without ing for potatoes to grow in front of her b she held an agricultural fair. An agricult fair in Western Texas in 1884! It paraly the natives. Then a Board of Trade wa ganized. Roads were laid out, all lead

ılene of course. Ten or fifteen bridges ·e built. Soon the whole face of the coun- was changed. There wasn't anything left make the visiting cowboy feel at home ex- ɔt the names of the creeks, such, for in- nce, as the Jim Ned, the Bull Wagon and .ɜ examples of range nomenclature. For veral years Abilene carried off the sweep- ıkes premium for her agricultural exhibit competition with thirty or forty other ınties at the State Fair. And now there ı 7000 people in Abilene. They tell about ir wheat and their oats shipments. Sev- l thousand farms have been opened up in ı county. Abilene begins to have the airs a long-settled and seriously respectable y. She has manufactories of various kinds, ne possibilities in iron and coal deposits, a ıid, well-balanced trade of numerous lines. d yet but ten short years ago what a rip- ıring town Abilene was! W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

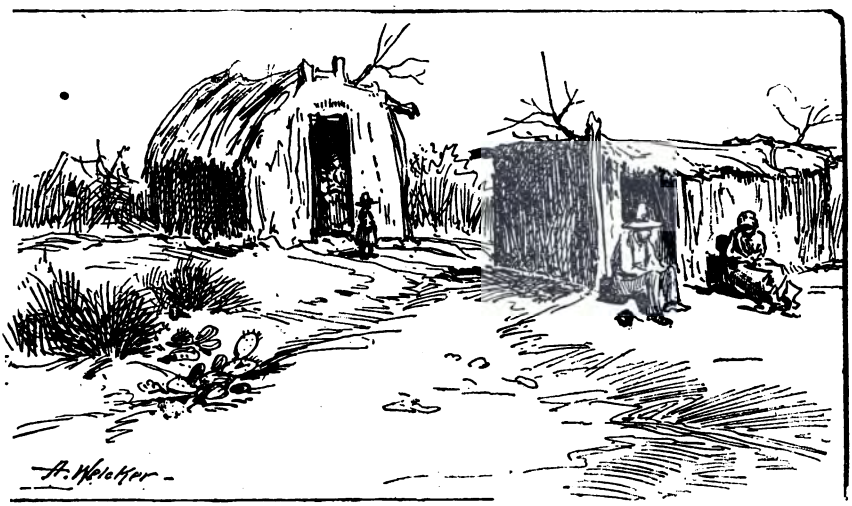
## e Lost Mine and the Ancient Church on the Rio Grande.

### Padre's Story—Web Flanagan on Liv- .ng Issues—Cosmopolitan El Paso—A Tariff that Did Not Prohibit.

ecial Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

ɜL PASO, TEX., September 3.—Tourists who ɔp in El Paso on the way to the City of ɜxico or California do not fail to visit the ıcient church at Juarez. Electric cars oss the *Rio Grande*. The thirty seconds' p *for the customs officer* to walk through ·ar *is only a pleasant* episode. While the forms against smuggling are being complied with the stranger has his choice of two methods of amusement. He can speculate on the ease with which he has evaded the laws of his country, or he can look innocently out of the car window upon the lower-class Mexicans bathing *in puris naturalibus* along the banks below.

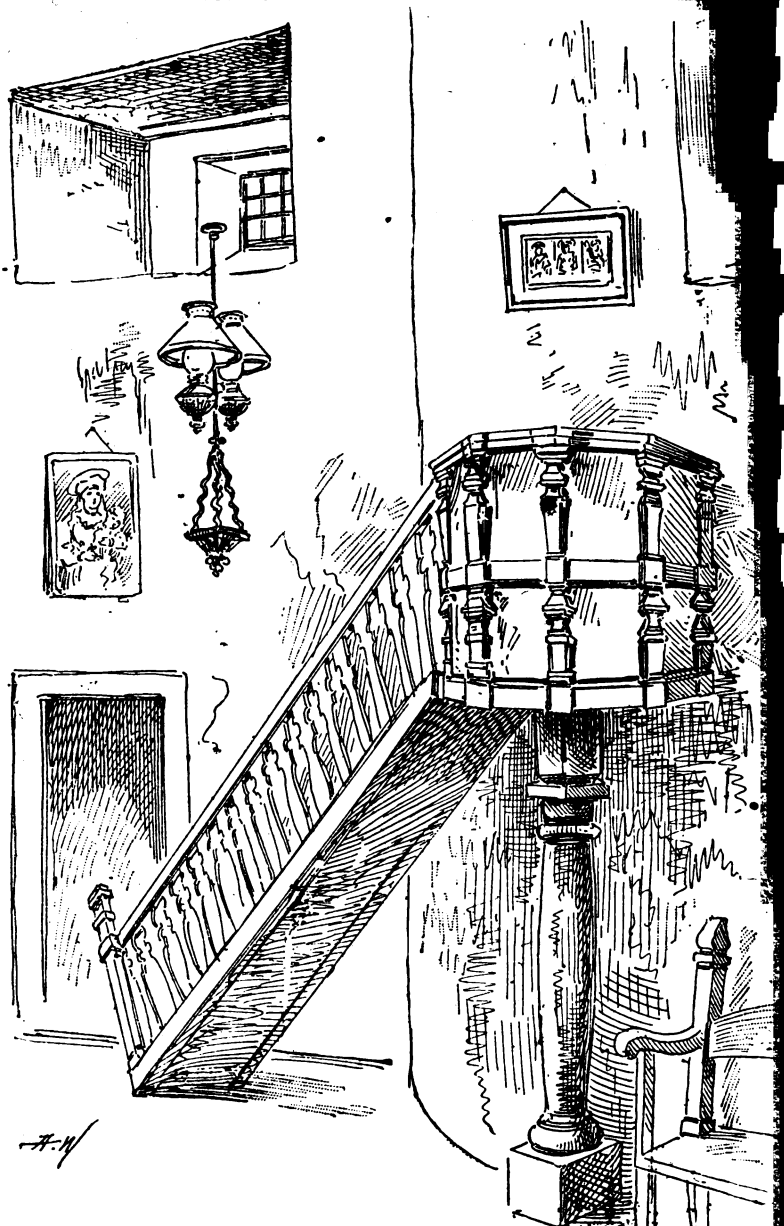
The old church on the square at Juarez is in every guide book. It is the first introduction to ancient Mexico. It has been much written about. People from Maine to Oregon have dropped their nickels in the slot "for the re- pair of the church." But not many became sufficiently well acquainted with the good padre to hear "the story of the lost mine." Every locality where precious metals have been found has its "lost mine." El Paso County is not exceptional. Tradition links this particular lost mine with the ancient church. At the corner of the edifice, to the left of the main entrance, is a tower. The door is usually kept padlocked. Visitors are free to enter the church and look at the curiously jointed wooden ceiling, the pulpit with its eccentric stair on one side, the confessional wholly unlike those seen in Catholic churches in the United States, and the Madonna-like face of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Even the great wooden cross, on which is hung a ghastly form for the crucifixion procession once a year, is exhibited, but the tower is closed. Those who are permitted by special favor to pass the door find a stairway of logs, the ends of which overlap and form the axis of the circling steps without any other support. At the top of this freak in architecture there is a small room with outlooks through the heavy walls. And from this tower the way leads to the lost mine. T



MEXICAN SUBURB OF EL PASO.

church itself is on an elevation. The tower gives a view over the flat tops of the one-story houses. In the distance can be seen the

tion and look through
the tower and in a line w
landmarks. If the conditi



IN THE OLD CHURCH AT JUAREZ.

*Franklin Mountains, and there is the lost mine. According to the tradition one must stand in a certain posi-*

plied with the vision will rest on th
location of the lost mine. But whe
place to stand, which is the win

are the landmarks? The padre shakes
ıead. He would like to know himself.
r the tradition this mine was worked be-
the Spanish conquest. It was very rich.
m it the natives along the Rio Grande ob-
ed the massive gold ornaments which
y wore when the Spaniards came. In the
y history of the church many of these
len ornaments were laid upon the
r. But there came a long and
born war with the conquerors. In-
sions of Apaches and Comanches made
mountains unhealthy. Afterwards the
blo rebellion engrossed attention, and
later was the American invasion. Amid

The friendliness is something more than diplomatic. Mexicans live in El Paso; Americans do business in Juarez. The Mexicans cut grain with a sickle and tread it out by driving burros in a circle on the American side of the river. An American clears $13,000 to $15,000 a year from a vineyard on the Mexican side of the Rio. This is a happy state of affairs. The only thing that is holding El Paso back is the need of more water for irrigation. The development of the valley has outgrown the Rio Grande. Only the other day the authorities on the Mexican side issued an order directing that the water be turned from the Mexican

NEXT TO GODLINESS.

iting scenes the natives lost their mine.
ir descendants have nothing except the
ition of the church tower and win-
to guide them to it. And not one of
n seems to care to look for the landmarks.
y fold their serapes about them and stand
de the adobe in poverty all of their lives
er than climb to the top of the tower and
. The restless American is the only one
tries to solve the riddle. He visits the
er, ponders long on the landscape, goes
ı to search, and never finds the mine.
here is the very kindest feeling here with
ico," said Col. Web Flanagan, Collector
ıe Port of El Paso, in reply to a question.
ə future of our trade relations is very
ht. The re-election of President Diaz
ns progress, and the same may be said of
*Armido, just* elected Governor of Chi-
ua."

ditches into the river two days in the week, in order that the poor people on the American side might save their crops. A great international dam, which will store the water in time of surplus for time of need, will double the population and production of the valley in two years. El Paso already has the dam on paper.

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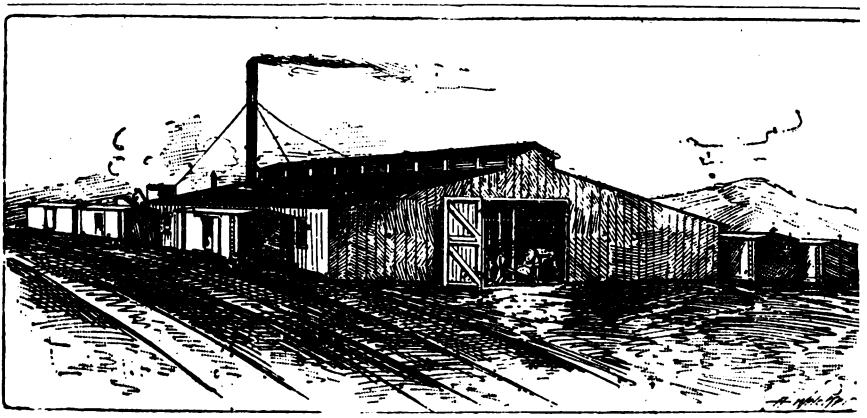
El Paso is cosmopolitan. Jay Gould, in search of health, spent four or five weeks here last spring. This was the one place where he could leave his private car and walk about like a plain every-day American citizen. No committee intruded upon him. People didn't turn around and look after him or make remarks about him in his hearing, or treat him as a museum freak at large. He took occasion, before his departure, to remark upon this admirable characteristic of the El Paso peo-

ple, and to explain that he had prolonged his stay because of it.

The customs revenue at El Paso has reached $675,000. Last year it was $550,000; the year before that, $50,000. The increase is the tariff put upon ore from Mexico. Ninety per

MEXICAN WINE VATS.

cent of the revenue collected at El Paso is from the ore importation. From twenty to twenty-five car-loads of silver-lead ore comes from Mexico across the Rio Grande daily. It was argued when the duty was put on that it would be prohibition; that smelters would be moved to Mexico and the importations would cease. Instead of that, the ore keeps coming.



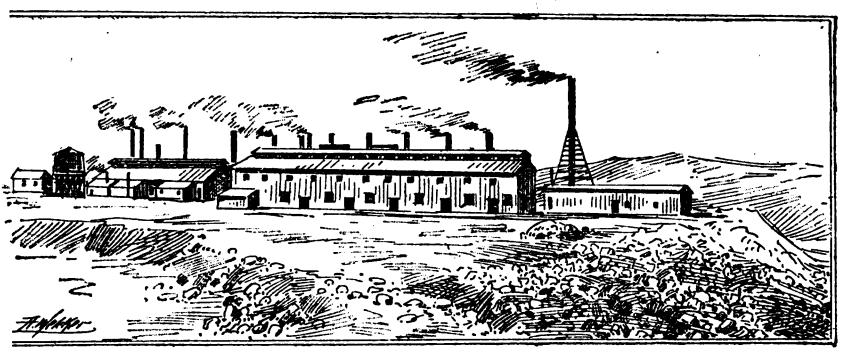
THE SAMPLING WORKS.

El Paso, instead of losing business for the smelters she had, feels confident she could keep two more smelters busy. This tariff legislation has a way of confounding the prophets occasionally. Importations of ore have *increased instead of diminished* since *the imposition of the duty.* The Mexican miner has the ore to sell and he goes shipping and paying the tariff that amou to a division of the Mexican miner's pr fits with the United States Governme The smelters in this region are bound to ha the Mexican ore for fluxing. They pay a lit more for this ore than they did before tariff was put on and make up for it by cha ing more for smelting. Thus the burden d tributes itself and the Mexican ores keep co ing. The Mexican miner gets less for his or the smelter charges more for smelting; t Government of the United States adds half million a year to its revenue. The increa has already been enough to pay for the han some new Custom House into which Collect Flanagan has just moved, and which th Treasury agents say has no superior an where in Federal architecture.

The Mexicans protested mightily agains the tariff put on their ore by the Unite

tes. Yet it turned out to be one of the best ıgs that ever happened to that country. It ıpired the idea of building smelters south the Rio Grande. The smelters on this side ın't stop on account of the tariff. They

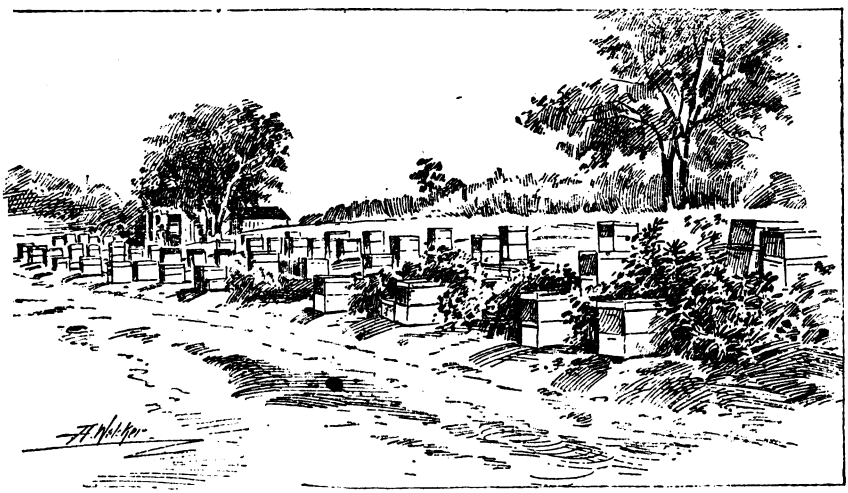
Mr. F. W. Edelsten, formerly Government assayer at El Paso, and now at the head of the El Paso Sampling Works, speaking of the radical change of mining conditions in Mexico, said: "I don't think there is any question



THE SMELTER.

ıply split the difference—took part of it ı the price paid to the Mexican miner and ed the other part to the charge upon the ıerican miner for smelting. But other ɜlters were built in Mexico. Before the ıff was put on the Mexicans were taking twenty tons of ore for every ton shipped. account of the high transportation charges,

that the silver product of Mexico this year will exceed that of the United States. Last year the silver product of this country was $58,000,000. Mexico was $11,000,000 behind. Last year, on the 1st of January, there wasn't a single smelter of any magnitude in Mexico. If Mexico was only $11,000,000 below the United States then what can she do



AN APIARY IN THE ALFALFA COUNTRY.

r couldn't afford to send the nineteen tons he American market. With smelters of r own close at hand, the Mexicans are king up the ore formerly thrown upon the p.

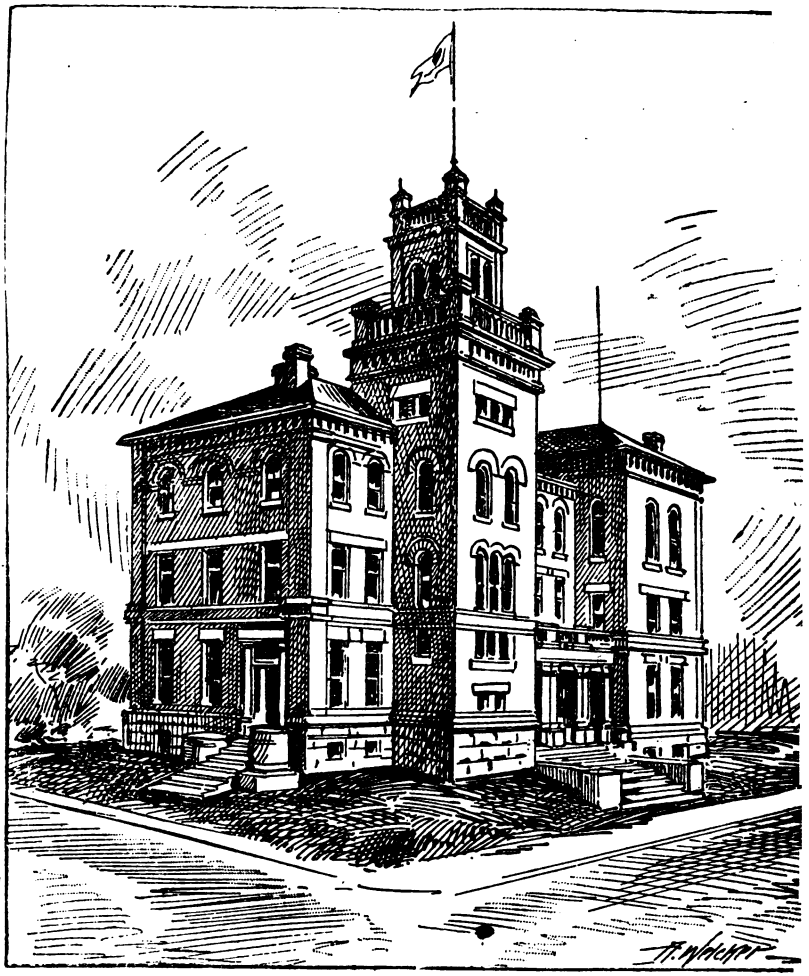
when the nineteen tons out of twenty, which was formerly thrown away, is reduced, as is now the case?"

"Is silver production increasing in the United States?"

"I doubt very much if the product of this country will reach $58,000,000 this year."

"What about Mexico's future?"

"Mexico is the greatest silver country in the world. You have heard of the Sierra Mojada—the wet mountain? That is proving to be the greatest lead carbonate deposit in the world. Leadville isn't a marker. Sierra Mojada is a great mountain. They put in tunnels anywhere from 60 to 80 feet and get ore. There are chambers from which the ore bodies have been taken, large enough to hold the St. *Louis Exposition building.* The ore goes 20 *ounces of silver and 25 per cent* lead. The *great deposits are owned by* Mexicans, who allow a company to work them on a costs the company only $3 a ton for th mining. The ore is piled up and div evenly. That brings the cost to the comp $6 a ton. This ore is worth $28 a ton. I this margin the company has already ma great fortune. About half of the ore now ing to El Paso is from the Sierra Mojad is especially desirable for mixing with An can ores in smelting."



EL PASO'S NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

Ore sampling comes very near reaching fection at El Paso. Ore sells in car-load on the sampling certificate, just as changes hands with its grade determi

nspector's visit. But the ore sampling is re responsible than the grain inspecting. he ore falls short of the sampling certifi- in value, the difference must be made up the sampler, not by the former owner of ore. A random grab at a car-load of ore ht show 100 ounces of silver or 10 ounces silver to the ton. Hence the necessity for most complete mixing and averaging of nes. The car-load of ore goes into automatic machine which mixes it lets out one-tenth of it. That hine enables four men to do what ld require twenty without it. The one- h of a car-load is cut down to four wheel- ow loads by shoveling. The four wheel- ow loads go through small rolls reducing ore to gravel. One-fourth of this is taken quartered to 50 pounds. The 50 pounds ut through a grinder, which further mixes nd cuts down the sample to half a shovel. t goes to a table which must first be care- y cleaned with brick-dust. This cleaning nore necessary than it looks. If the pre- is sample has been high-grade it may e enough metal on the table, but for the ning, to make a difference of 100 ounces e ton. Out of the final mixing and divid- on the table a half ounce of ore is taken. from that the assayer determines the unt of gold, silver and lead in the whole load of ore. And on the assayer's verdict the half-ounce assay the ore changes is by the car-load. Nine times the ore is ed and divided in rapidly reducing nts until one-tenth of an ounce is fairly esentative of the entire car-load.

in men understand very well the ele- art of adding to and taking from, so as prove the grade. In the sampling busi- there is something akin to this. When amount of lead falls below a certain per- age, 5, the smelters do not allow any- g for it. The sampling may show 4 per of lead, and if the ore be left as it is the 4 cent of lead is entirely lost to the miner. a feature of the sampling business, in cases, to add from rich lead, one kept in k, enough to carry the whole car-load to 5 cent, and thus the value of the 4 per of lead is gained to the miner. By a lar rule the smelter does not allow for gold in the ore if it runs below one- h of an ounce. There may be $1.80 h of gold in the ore, but it is lost to miner if the ore is passed along he smelter unchanged. It is part of sampling business in that event to add worth of gold, bringing the value up to , and getting that out of the smelter. e assay office at El Paso there is a little ment of ore something larger than a 8d nail. It is from the Santa Margarita. Louis boy, Mr. Heckelman, owned the but he fell sick, and under the rigid mining law of Mexico he could not hold it without performing a certain amount of work. Santa Margarita passed into the possession of a Mexican. The other day the new owner came into El Paso with two little sacks of ore. The contents netted him $10,000. If he had had a ton it would have been worth $104,000.

W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## The Days of Elephants and Three-Toed Horses on the Staked Plains.

### A Geological Freak—The White Sand Hills—Forests of Trees Shin High —The Seven Wells—Palo Duro's Wonder.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

BEYOND THE BRAZOS, TEX., September 4.—This is not the brand new country which some people suppose it is. These hills of Western Texas have their traditions of hidden wealth, once found, but lost. The same kind of stories that old settlers in the Ozarks of Missouri tell are current here—about Spaniards who carried off bullion by the burro load. In the beautiful Arbuckle Mountains of the Indian Territory there are abandoned mines and the ruins of an abandoned town which looks as if a couple of centuries or more may have passed since occupation. Traces of silver are found in a dozen counties of Texas between the Brazos and the Colorado. From the car window one can read in flaming letters:

OLDEN,

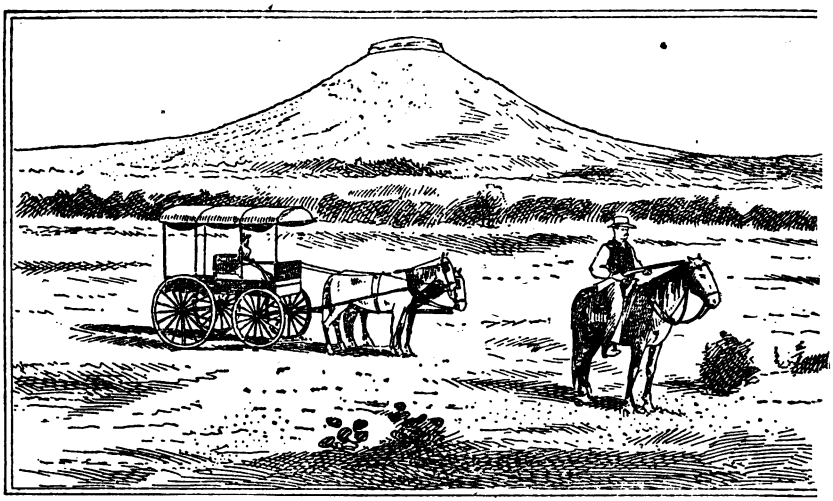
FUTURE GOLD AND SILVER MINING CITY OF TEXAS.

Here a small smelter has been built in the woods. Web Flanagan says the prospectors have found ore which assays $16 of silver to the ton. But so far no bonanzas have been found. If the Spaniards got out great wealth, they either exhausted the deposits or left no pointers for future generations. That they roamed over Western Texas there is abundant evidence. The trail of Coronado has been discovered upon the Staked Plain. In the Yellow Horse Canyon of the Upper Panhandle there was uncovered a complete suit of Spanish armor. The Big Spring, in Howard County, was a camping place for white men long before the day of the oldest settler. A few years ago a cloud burst just above the spring and washed it out. In the debris, when the

waters subsided, were picked up many old flint-lock musket barrels and some patterns of firearms wholly unknown in later days.

The Indian population of Texas must have been very large at some remote period. Around the water holes and springs of the timbered portions of the State the traces of Indian settlements are general. Before white settlers came in and gathered them up, the metales on which the Indian women ground the corn, just as the Mexicans do to-day, could be seen in great numbers wherever there was living water. Arrow-heads were very numerous. Texas, however, has few mounds. Her Indians were not of that class. They were more like the cave dwellers. In the Guadalupe and Diabolo mountains are many caverns; and nearly all of them show signs of Indian occupation. Some were used for burial places. Others were carefully prepared for purposes of defense. Still others were warehouses in which provisions in great quantities were stored.

think the tract is the bed of an ancient fr water lake. Others believe it to be the for course of the Pecos River, which now fl swiftly through a channel forty miles fur west. The White Sand Hills skirt the wes edge of the Staked Plain and cross into N Mexico. In winter this freak is the most c olate strip on earth, outside of Death Va and the Sahara. The hills shift and drift the winds, and are for the most part bar vegetation. But in May and June the surf is a vast flower bed, brilliant and fascinat The floral carpet gives way later to sedge grass. At a glance this appears to be dryest spot on the globe. A trip among hills shows the strip to be unusually



SIGNAL MOUNTAIN.

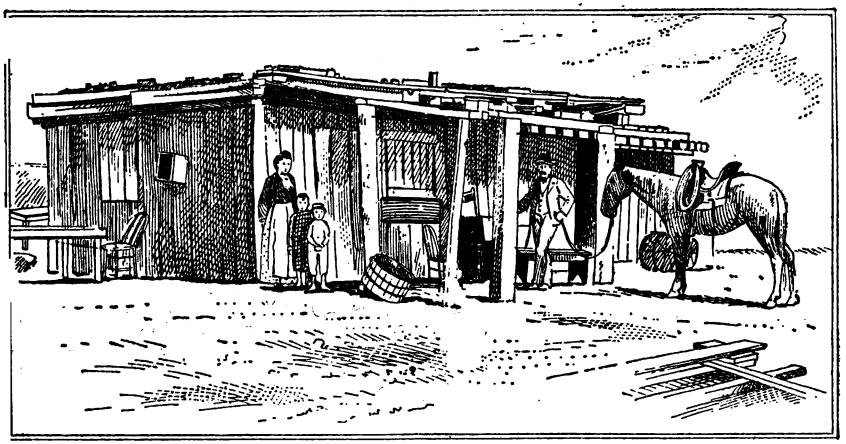
There were elephants in Texas—plenty of them—in the early days. Bones and teeth have been dug up at Wild Horse Spring. From these it is evident that the elephant roamed in Howard County, 2400 feet above the sea level and upon the Great Staked Plain.

Lying between the Great Staked Plain and the Pecos, is a geological freak. It is called "the White Sand Hills." This curious body of land is 150 miles long, and from five to *thirty miles* wide. Scientific men who have *seen it hold diverse theories as to how it came into existence. The level of White Sand Hills is 500 feet below the Staked Plain.* Some watered. Scattered among the sand du are hundreds of small ponds, which cont the purest water to be found in Texas. Arou the ponds grows most luxuriant vegetati It consists chiefly of tule grass and reeds. Scattered through the hills are for of shin oaks. Approaching one of th forests, the traveler might imagine him in Lilliput. The shin oak tree grows fro inches to a foot high. It usually bears, its size, a tremendous crop of fairly la acorns. In the sand heaps are sometin found the trunks of trees from 18 inches t feet in diameter. They have the bark and are in a fair state of preservation, they evidently belong to past ages. Noth larger than the shin oak, and the mesq brush now grows in the White Sand Hills. mast is abundant enough to stock the Fort Worth packery, which eats up a ho minute when it can get them. But this m serves at present to maintain a great vark

wild animal life. The jack rabbit is e mastodon of the shin oak for-ts. He can skip about and look er the tops of the trees without half

Black tail deer, an occasional skunk and the yelping coyote make up the wild animal life of this queer region.

Horses, cattle and civilized hogs live in the



A RANCH OF RAILROAD TIES.

ing. Molly Cotton-tail, first cousin to k Rabbit, is numerous. There is a peculiar e ground squirrel which industriously hers the acorns and stores them in a hole ler a mesquite bush. Then comes along

White Sand Hills and do well. The cowboys say that the white sand gets hot enough on a summer day to heat water. They claim to take the coffee pot from the fire and set it on the sand to hurry the boiling. They tell a

LATE OWNERS OF THE STAKED PLAINS.

peccary, or javalina, the wild hog of as, industriously digs a larger and deeper e under the same mesquite bush and eats squirrel's acorns, passing on with a snout defiance *to capital both* alien and domestic.

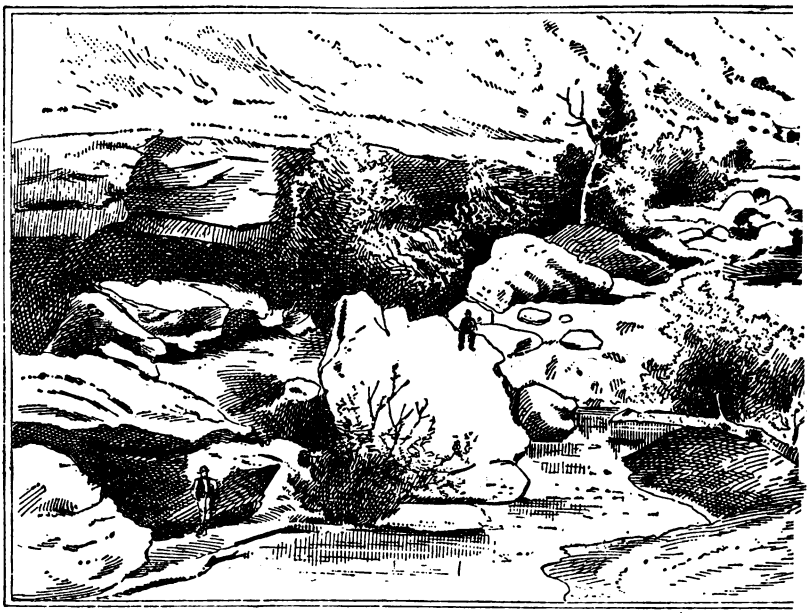
story of two shepherds toiling through the White Sand Hills with flocks of sheep. One was driving close to the railroad track. The other was half a mile away. A train rattled by at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

On the rear platform of the sleeper sat a fat old fellow in his shirt sleeves. He had a glass of something in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other. The sight turned the head of the shepherd by the track. He left his flock and waded half a mile through the sand to the other shepherd just for the purpose of asking him if he had "seen that." And then the two took turns in abusing with all of the picturesque and expressive language they could remember a man whom neither had ever met and whose only crime was being comfortable. That is human nature in the White Sand Hills of Texas and in the third party.

siderable strength. The water co... one side and passes out through the o... Its direction is toward the Pecos River. ... theory advanced in explanation of these ... is that a roof of a great cavern thro... which an underground river pass... dropped down in places.

In digging wells in the Sand Hills ... bones are found. They are remains of m... dons, bear, mountain lions, elephants ... other large animals not now found in Te... The White Sand Hills country seems t... very rich in these things, and it is a ... which has scarcely been touched.

A strange formation is found in the L...



WALLS OF THE PALO DURO.

The underground water supply of the White Sand Hills is another of the surprises of this region. For well digging the conditions seem to be most forbidding. Yet good water is found at depths varying from the grass roots to 30 feet. And when the flow is struck it is practically inexhaustible. There seems to be some underground communication with the Pecos. Either that is the case or else the whole Sand Hills strip is over a river which flows slowly through the sand.

Fifteen miles south of the place where the White Sand Hills come to an end is an isolated peak known as Castle Mountain. Near the mountain is a series of natural wells. Water *does not rise to the surface* and flow, but in *all of the wells there is a current* of con-

Wells of Mitchell County. That is in ... same interesting region of Western Te... At the junction of two creeks is a bed ... friable gray sandstone mixed with co... gravel. Water passing over the ledge ... worn away a part of it, and has created a ... of 30 feet. The loose gravel carried ro... and round in the eddies has gradually bo... holes in the sandstone. These holes are f... 3 to 6 feet wide, circular, and from 50 to ... feet deep. There are from fifteen to twe... of them, all filled with fresh water. By ... long continued churning of the gravel t... have been made jug-shaped or cistern-l... and in some instances the wall dividing ... wells has been cut through. This must h... been a favorite watering place with the ...

In the solid rock is cut a deep trail
n to the water. And where the descent is
epest the foot-marks are over 6 inches
p, showing that every animal passing
re put its foot exactly in the spot occupied
those which had preceded it.

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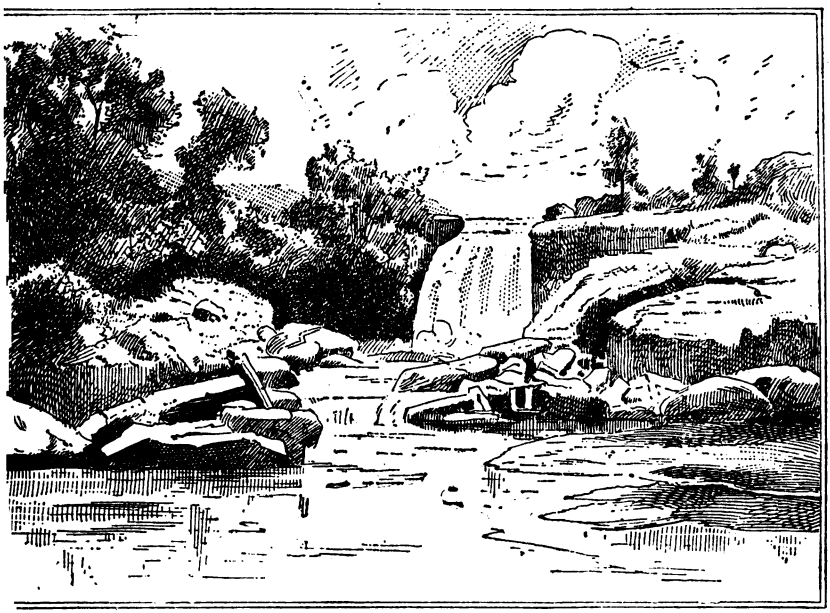
the thrilling Indian and border stories of
nty years ago figured a chasm of the plain.
netimes the description was of a herd of
falo stampeding toward the brink, and
denly plunging downward a thousand feet
wholesale death. Occasionally the able
of the romancer pictured similar de-

1500 feet deep. In places they fall sheer; in other places they are not quite so abrupt. But for sixty miles there is only one crossing of the canyon for loaded wagons. You drive over a treeless, boundless plain, the short, soft buffalo grass deadening sound and easing jolts. There is no previous indication of the chasm. The break in the surface is not noticeable until the horses are within a few feet of the edge. Leaning over, you look down upon a strange scene. There is a wall at your feet and another from half a mile to two miles opposite. Between these walls, at the base, is river, meadow, pine forest, water-



THE WATERFALL OF PALO DURO.

ction of Indians in a fight with the ever-
orious "long guns." Again fancy took
onely scout to the brink of the precipice,
showed his faithful stud rearing back-
d from the edge of the abyss. This chasm
he plain was the favorite spot for the cri-
of the plot. People of the age of discre-
who glanced over the Indian stories of
nty years ago gave no more credence to
chasm than they did to the rest of the
vels. But the chasm was and is a fact. It
be visited to-day by those who do not
nk from a fifteen or twenty miles
e across the plain from any one of half
en railroad stations in the Panhandle
Texas. The chasm is nearly 100 miles
*Its course is* from northwest to
*st. The precipices* are from 300 to

fall, all combined. But the tops of the tallest pines come nowhere near the level of the plain. This is the Palo Duro canyon. It is as much a curiosity in its way as the Big Trees of Calaveras, the Yellowstone Park or the Grand Canyon. In some parts of its sixty or eighty miles course the Palo Duro is wild and rugged. In others it broadens until there is room for pastures as well as for forests. From the edge above, the river below looks like an insignificant brook. But small as it appears, it is one of the main tributaries of the Red River, and it comes all of the way from the mountains.

In the walls of the Palo Duro canyon the scientists read the beginning of things. In the region about they are having a grand round-up of fossils this summer. From or

bed have been resurrected seven kinds of horses. Some of them had three toes and were no larger than dogs. Of camels, rhinoceroses and mastodons there are two kinds each in this great aggregation of bones. Cormorants were uncovered in great variety. More horses, three species of mastodons, camels, magalonyx and three kinds of land turtles have been dug up within a few weeks in another locality. One of these tortoises is a monster. He is as large as the largest turtles found along the Gulf coast, measuring more than 3 feet across the shell. Along Tulle canyon, a branch of the great Palo Duro, is found the highest elevation of the Staked Plain, and there is located the greatest show on earth in fossils. In one bed can be seen the bones of elephants, horses, camels, tortoises and numerous small animals. Scattered among the bones are shells, and 400 feet below in the bottom of the canyon these same kinds of shells are found alive in the water. All of the discoveries made by the scientists in this midsummer exploration were not fossilized. In springs and creeks outside of Texas there is occasionally seen a repulsive little animal called a water-dog. It is cold, slimy and smooth-skinned. On the Staked Plains the water-dogs are at home. In the lakes they are as thick as tadpoles in a frog pond, and when a rain storm comes these reptiles leave the lakes and crawl in all directions. They are innumerable. They make themselves as disagreeable as the frogs did in Egypt.

W. B. S.

## THROUGH TEXAS.

### A Visit to Senora Candelaria, Heroine of the Alamo—The Brave Spanish Woman in Whose Arms Bowie was Butchered—Her Story of How David Crockett and His Followers Met Death.

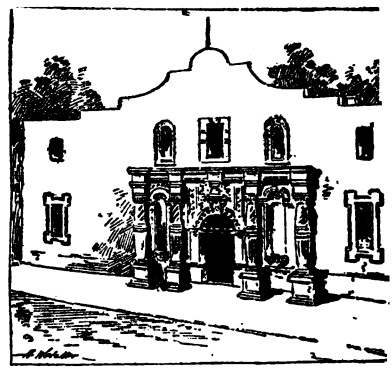
"Thermopylæ had Her Messenger of Defeat, but the Alamo had None."

Skeptical Tom Rife—Housekeeping at the Age of 107—The Missions—How Indians were Converted—"Santone's" Fifty Years of Revolutions.

Special correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., September 6.—"Over the San Pedro," the San Antonian says. "Over the San Pedro" is the Mexican market. "Over the San Pedro" is everything *Mexican. "Over* the San Pedro" Senora Candelaria *lives. The San Pedro comes* bubbling *up from the bowels of the earth in* three great springs a little way out of San Antonio much of it as isn't led off into irriga ditches, wriggles its way through the densely settled part of the city. By com consent the San Pedro has come to be th viding line between American San Ant and Mexican San Antonio. And by gen usage "over the San Pedro" now stand the Mexican San Antonio.

"Senora Candelaria," the San Anto said, "lives over the San Pedro." He di seem to think it was necessary to add a thing more definite. And so "over the Pedro" the way was taken. One needs to h his eyes open or he will get "over the Pedro" without knowing it. The str comes stealing down among the houses under sidewalks and bridge without any r or fuss. It is as mild-mannered as the M



THE ALAMO.

cans have been in later years before the gressive, pushing American, who now c his San Antonio the San Antonio and rec nizes the Mexican San Antonio as only "o the San Pedro." The stream is crossed. T house fronts become a little more distinctiv Mexican. Through the open doors is he an unfamiliar language, soft and sibilant. a corner where the beer kegs smell or stal any other name, the inquiry is made o more for Senora Candelaria. And strai way a dark-skinned Mexican in a h hat leaves the group of his fellows a leads the way down a side street. He stop a narrow passage between two houses, lo back and passes in. He turns a corner, cros a little court-yard, turns another corner, ent a little house which stands by itself, g through a kitchen such as might do for ch ren to play at house-keeping, and stops on threshold of another little room. The next m ment he is explaining to the senora sittin her low rocking chair that these senores h come all the way from St. Louis to see her. withered hand which gave Bowie his la

vater ere the bayonets pierced him on his
c bed, is held out in welcome. The dimmed
s which saw David Crockett fall in front of
Alamo, are turned upon the visitors. The
s which heard Travis appeal to his fellow
xans to "die with him" listened to the ex-
.nation of the guide.
)ne hundred and seven years old, Senora
ndelaria is the only survivor of the Alamo.
wie was sick with the typhoid fever when
ıta Anna came with his army to take San
tonio. The Americans retreated to the old
ırch of the Alamo, and fortified themselves
ıre for desperate defense. Bowie had his
carried in. There Senora Candelaria went
ıurse the sick man, and there she remained
ɔugh the desperate struggle which ended
ƴ when every man of the 172 Americans
s dead.

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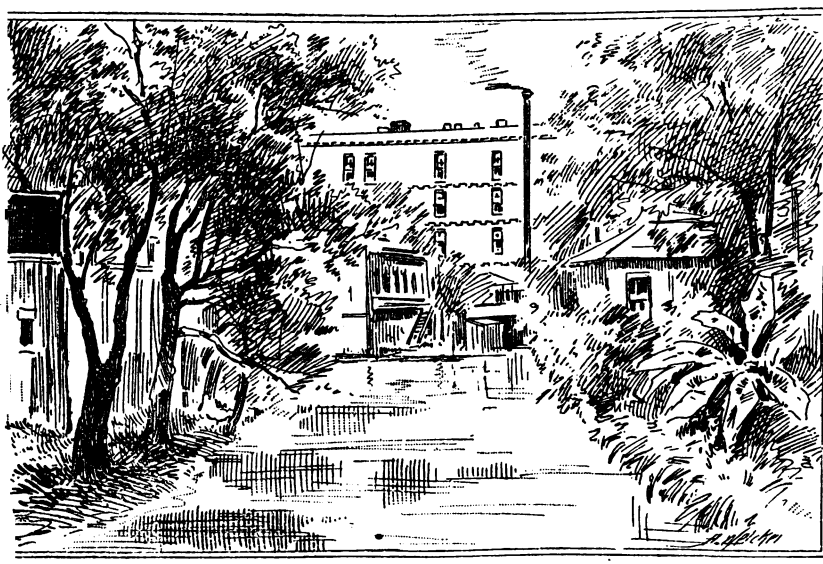
he senora speaks a little English. When
knew that the story of the Alamo was
ıted in all its thrilling details from her
ı lips she sent for her grandson, a trim,
ısome young man, to act as interpreter.

In 1835 Santa Anna set aside republican forms of government in Mexico. He ignored the Constitution. He ordered the militia reduced to a minimum and disarmed. That furnished the Americans in Texas their formal grounds for revolt. They raised an army, and after desperate fighting took San Antonio, forcing surrender of the Mexican troops. Then they disbanded and went home, all save a small body of men left under arms at San Antonio. Politics took the place of war. A "consultation" of Americans was held and a provisional government was organized. Santa Anna started from Mexico with an army to crush the rebellion. And when he approached San Antonio the little body of Americans, instead of retreating, marched into the Alamo church. They took with them twenty or thirty beeves. They tore down Mexican huts and carried the wood inside for cooking. To every man was assigned his place on the walls for defense. David Crockett and his twelve Tennesseeans were given the main entrance to hold. Santa Anna reached the suburbs of San Antonio.



A SAN ANTONIO RIVER SCENE.

ıning forward, speaking rapidly, using her
ıds to emphasize her description, the little
ɔra told the story which has no parallel in
ory save, perhaps, Thermopylæ. Again
again the grandson was obliged to check
torrent of language that he might inter-
. Fifty-six *years ago* the Alamo fell, but
*event is as of yesterday* in Senora Can-
*ria's memory.*

He had 4000 men. He waited eight days for Tolsa to join him with 2000 more. That made an army of 6000 to capture an old church held by 172 Texans. Santa Anna sent a couple of officers with a white flag demanding surrender. Travis replied defiantly with a shot from the cannon which had been dragged into the church and hoisted into the tower.

"We were expecting the attack every day," said the senora, "and one morning at 4 o'clock it came. We heard the drums and the bugles, and then the firing began. It was all over by 9 o'clock." She held up her hands and shook her head.

The Mexicans assaulted in four columns. They were close up to the walls before the Texans made any response. They were even mounting the ladders when flames shot out from every part of the church and court. Those of the attacking party who did not fall before the fearful volley were struck upon the head with clubbed muskets and thrown down the ladders. The Texans had heaped up bags of sand breast high at the doors. They had protected themselves in a similar manner on the walls. Every time a Texan's rifle cracked a Mexican's life went out.

"I have never seen men die before with the indifference of these Mexicans," said a European officer under Maximilian upon one occasion. It was this characteristic of the Mexican soldier which sealed the fate of the defenders of the Alamo. Repeatedly the ladders were cleared and the ground below was covered with dead and dying, but onward moved those attacking columns. And finally, perhaps because of the exhaustion of the defenders, perhaps because ammunition temporarily failed, one of the assaulting parties was able to gain a footing on a corner of the fort.

Crockett died in front of the main entrance. Tradition has it that he was almost covered with the bodies of Mexicans who fell at his hands. Senora Candelaria says this is not true. Just at the left, as one passes in at the main door of the church, is a little corner room walled off from the main portion of the church. In that room the senora was nursing the dying Bowie, inventor of the knife which bears his name. Through the door of this room she saw David Crockett come forward to the main entrance as an assaulting column approached. She saw him leap upon the barricade of sand bags as if to meet death half way, and she saw him fall before one of the first volleys. There were others who fought behind the barricade to the last. They used their rifles as long as the enemy's distance gave them time to load. Then with clubbed guns they struck down the Mexicans as often as they tried to climb over the sand bags. And when some of the Mexicans had gained the interior the Texans cut them down with their knives. At last the Mexicans wheeled a cannon in front of that barricade of sand bags, charged it with grape and canister and fired it point-blank through the main entrance. They repeated this and then they entered. Fifteen dead Texans lay on one side of the sand bags and *forty-two dead Mexicans on the other side.*

*"Bowie," said Senora Candelaria,* "was *too sick to do any fighting.* He had the typhoid fever. When the Mexicans [illegible] they killed him. After that I tried to [illegible] them from mutilating the body. Other [illegible] ican soldiers came in. I pretended to be [illegible] ing Bowie a cup of water. I held his h[illegible] my arms so."

The senora raised her arms and through the pantomime.

"I told them," she continued, "that I was dying and I tried to keep them off. [illegible] of them thrust his bayonet toward Bowie struck me and made this."

The senora raised her chin and poin[illegible] the deep scar which over half a century failed to wipe out. She was pushed ove the force of the thrust, and as she lay t[illegible] bleeding she saw the Mexican soldiers plu

SENORA CANDELARIA AT 107.

their bayonets into Col. Bowie's body, it high in air above their heads and hol there while the blood ran down their and over their clothes.

In most battles the wounded exceed dead, four or five to one. At the Alamo proportions were reversed. Within the ch there were no wounded when the figh ceased. Every Texan was dead. The ni before the morning of the assault one Te left the Alamo. His name was Rose. leaped down from the wall and made his out of the city and into the country. story was that every one of the 172 comr he left behind deliberately chose de Travis, as Rose told it, called the banc gether and said there was no longer any h of re-enforcements.

"We must die," were his words. "Th modes are presented to us. Let us choose by which we may best serve our coun Shall we surrender and be shot without ta the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to our way out through Mexican ranks o

shered before we can kill twenty of our rsaries? I am opposed to either of those ods. Let us resolve to withstand our adaries to the last, and at each advance to as many of them as possible. And when st they storm our fortress let us kill them hey come; kill them as they scale our ; kill them as they leap within; kill them they raise their weapons and as they use m; kill them as they kill our companions, continue to kill as long as one of us shall ain alive."

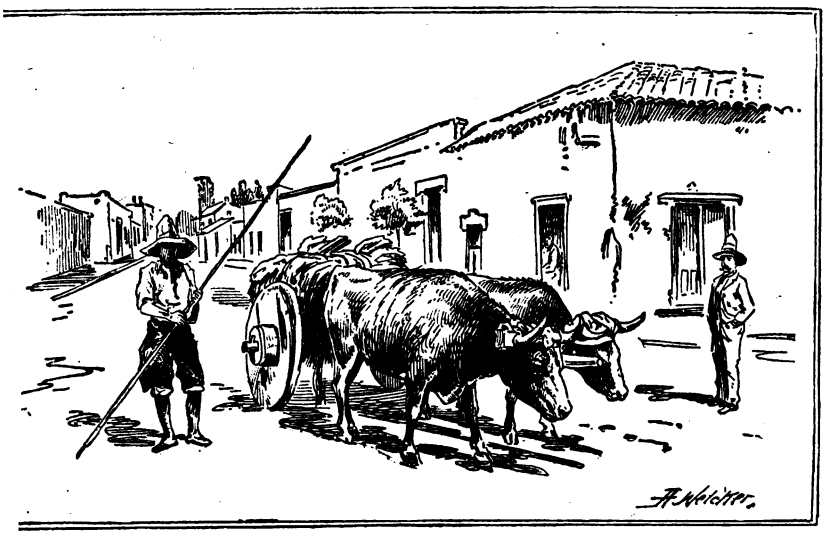
d that impassioned appeal was followed ne letter. Travis gave to every man his ice of adopting this course or attempting scape.

"Should any man prefer to surrender or to attempt an escape, he is at liberty to do so," Travis said. Rose looked at the walls and then around him. He saw Crockett leaning over Bowie's cot and talking in low, earnest tones. Bowie saw Rose and said quietly, "You seem not to be willing to die with us, Rose."

Rose replied, "No, I am not prepared to die, and shall not do so if I can help it."

Then Crockett took up the conversation and said: "You may as well conclude to die with us, old man; there is no escape."

No tinge of reproach was in the tones. All were as men already in the shadow. Rose climbed slowly to the top of the wall. He



"OVER THE SAN PEDRO."

ly choice," said the commander, "is to in the fort and die for my country, fight- as long as breath shall remain in my ."

drew a mark down the front of the line said: "I now want every man who is deined to stay here and die with me to this. Who will be the first?"

ley Holland stepped forward the next nt, saying, "I am ready to die for my ntry." And every man but Rose fol- d.

. Bowie heard and saw what was going Raising himself on his elbow he said; ys, I am not able to come to you, but I some of you would be so kind as to move cot over there." Four men lifted the cot placed it on the die-but-never-surrender *Several others who were sick followed e's example.*

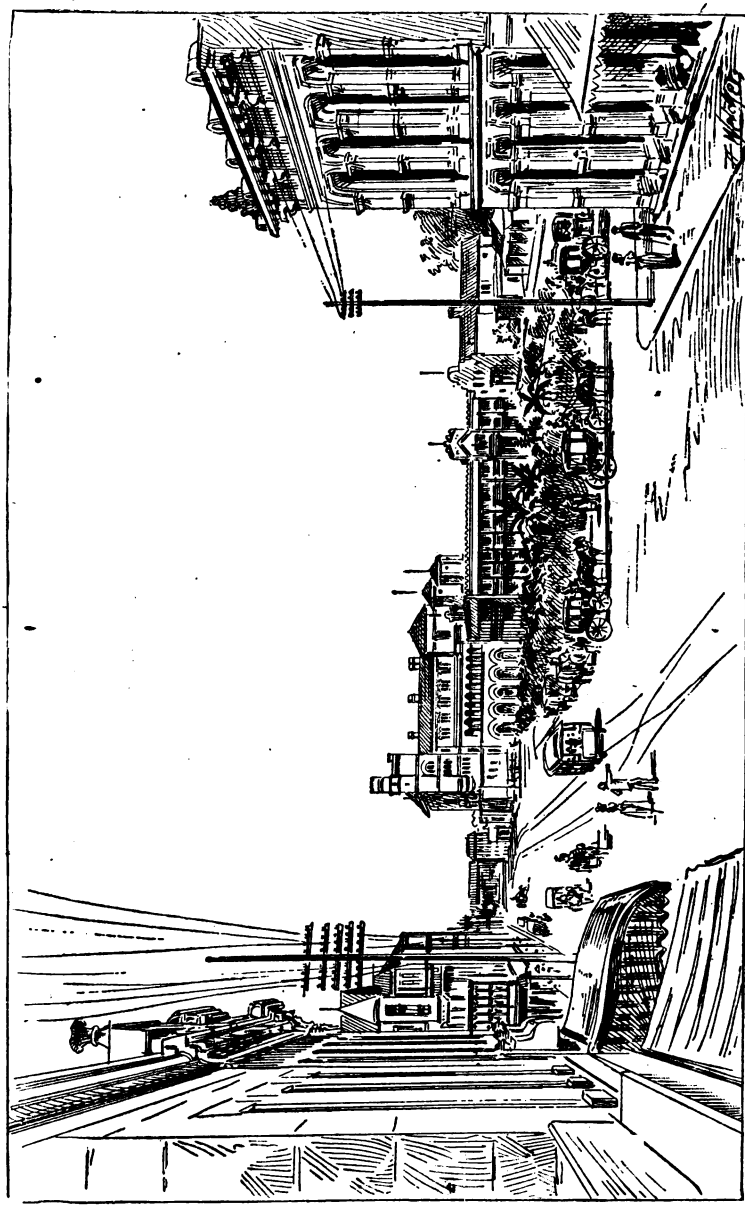
looked down. The men were going about arranging everything for the final struggle. None of them looked at him or spoke. Rose dropped on the outside, crawled along the ground, sought the deepest shadows, forded the river and reached the outskirts of the city. He was not far away when the deep boom told him that the cannonading had been resumed.

How many Mexicans fell at the Alamo? There is only Mexican authority for it, but the number of their dead is given as 521 and the wounded as 300. Another Mexican report of the battle is that 2,000 were killed. In one of these reports it is stated that the dead Mexicans were generally shot in the head, and that few of the wounds inflicted were below the neck and shoulders.

"After the battle," said the senora, "I begged from the officers the body of

Bowie. They would not let me have it. All of the Americans were taken out on the plaza

burned the rest of the day till sundown. that what was left of the bones was bu



*and piled up, first a lot of* wood and then a lot *of bodies; more wood and more bodies.* When *all were in a heap, the* wood was fired. It

near a corner of the plaza. I wanted to g Col. Bowie burial, but he was burned w the others."

he senora makes no mistake in her age. e says she is 107. And when asked the ar of her birth she answers, without a moent's hesitation, "In November, 1785." he is strong, she says—all but the eyes. 'ision has been falling now for two or three ears. But the hearing is right. In her little ome she does her own work, and is only unappy when her son insists that she shall ave some of her household duties to others. 'My father,'' explained the grandson, doesn't want her to do her washing, but she ill steal off to the back of the houses and de from him to wash her own clothes. She es nothing better than to have Gen. Stan-y, with whom she is well acquainted, come ere and let her cook a Mexican dinner for im.''

TELLING THE STORY.

While the young man spoke the old lady dded and laughed, as if she partly under-od what he was saying. To all Americans e is known as the Senora Candelaria.

'Candelaria,'' she said, "is not my real me. I assumed that in going among the ericans, with whom I sympathized. My me from my parents was Andrae Castanon. r father was a Spanish officer of rank in ba. My mother was of Mexico. I was rn in Laredo on St. Andrew's day, 1785. the time of the troubles here between the ericans and the Mexicans I had money and operty. I was rich. My sympathies were ith the Americans. I nursed the American ldiers when they were sick and wounded. *sed my means to* help the Americans. I *ve been told that* the Government at Washington might think me worthy of a pension for the little time I have left to live, if the matter was properly presented.''

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Deeply wrinkled, swarthy, vivacious, the senora makes a striking picture in her scrupulously clean little home. American San Antonio has great respect for her. A portrait of her hangs in a place of honor at the City Hall. The State of Texas has acknowledged formally the part she took at the Alamo. Col. Tip Ford, the pioneer and old Indian fighter, believes the senora's story. There are some skeptics, and one of them is Tom Rife, the grizzled custodian of the Alamo. Rife has been here fifty-one years. He came after the Alamo had fallen, but in time to do some fighting for Texas. He doesn't believe the senora was in the Alamo, but his argument is more dogmatic than conclusive.

"I have known Mme. Candelaria fifty-one years,'' said Rife, as he was showing the way through the old fort. "She says she is 107 years old. According to that she had children when she was 65 years old.''

Rife stops and looks at the visitors with an air of that settles it.

"Don't you think the senora was in the Alamo when it fell?''

"No, I don't,'' replies the veteran, with emphasis.

"Then you think the story of her nursing Bowie is fiction, do you?''

"It's a lie,'' replies the veteran, choosing the shorter and plainer words.

But notwithstanding the skepticism of Rife and of a few others, it is common belief that the senora is to-day the only survivor of the Alamo. The story she told, as given above, was translated with care by her grandson, who repeatedly questioned her that he might be accurate. It differs in some details from the accounts previously attributed to her, and it embraces some points that are new perhaps.

Rife argues that because in the early years the senora did not publicly claim to have been in the Alamo with the Americans her later declaration is impaired. This is not a fair argument. The same conditions which prompted her to assume a fictitious name in her intercourse with the Americans would prompt her to make no public mention of her services as nurse to Bowie in the early years. Long after the Alamo fell feeling between Americans and Mexicans was intensely bitter. "Remember the Alamo!'' was the terrible cry with which the Texans nerved themselves to slaughter without mercy at San Jacinto and on other battle fields. In later times there have been sporadic demonstrations of this feeling. The ashes and bones of Travis, Crockett, Bowie and their associates were never recovered. A few years ago an attempt was made to find some relics o

the dead and to do them honor. There was a tradition that after the burning of the bodies the bones had been scraped up and deposited under the chancel of a church. Some one went to the priest in charge and asked him if he knew whether the heroes of the Alamo had been thus cared for.

"Heroes of the Alamo!" was the scornful reply. "There were no 'heroes of the Alamo.' They were thieves and robbers. No, sir; their bones are not under the chancel of this church. If they were, I would pay to have them dug up and thrown into the street."

Little of this sentiment remains now. But the senora had good reason fifty-one years ago to hide her identity and hold her tongue about her participation in the last scenes within the Alamo. She remembers where the funeral pyre was built. A beautiful little park in which the China umbrella trees grow with rare luxuriance, is on the spot. The senora also remembers where a hole was dug into which all that was left of the 172 bodies, after the fire had burned down, was thrown in. And that burial place is where the magnificent new Federal building stands fronting the plaza and the little park. Perhaps after all there could be no more fitting uses made—a park in place of the pyre; that which stands for the embodiment of the Republic in stone and mortar, where the bones were buried.

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The Alamo still stands. And it will [illegible]. Time can not do what the cannon balls of Santa Anna failed to accomplish. The Alamo was nearly a hundred years old when the Mexicans began to bombard its massive walls on the 22d of February, 1836. The cannonading continued at intervals until the morning of the 6th of March, and then the assault was made. There was a roof on the church when the siege began, the senora says. That was destroyed. The pillars and the beginnings of the arches are seen to-day. In one wall is a great crack. In many places the battering effects of the shots can be seen, but the ruin will stand for centuries. The church was one of the Spanish missions established at San Antonio nearly 200 years ago. This massive masonry must have taken years of labor. In the carved front is a stone with the figure 1757, and that is supposed to be the date of final completion. The church is in the form of a cross. On one side, in the corner, with a high barred window is the room where Bowie lay on his cot. Further back a passage through solid masonry leads to an iron door and another little room, which may have been the sacristy. The blackened niche in one side shows where candles burned long before Tom Rife came to keep the key. This chamber is in masonry. *Walls and roof are inclosed solidly, save where the heavy iron door gives entrance. There is no window. Here the Texans kept* their ammunition and the Mexicans attem in vain to reach it with their cannon b At the last supreme moment, when he lieved all had fallen but himself, Evans t to fire the powder. This was part of the d perate plan of Travis. It was the act of S son pulling down the temple. Had E succeeded, his act would have crushed neath the falling masonry more Mexicans were killed by rifle ball and bowie-knife.

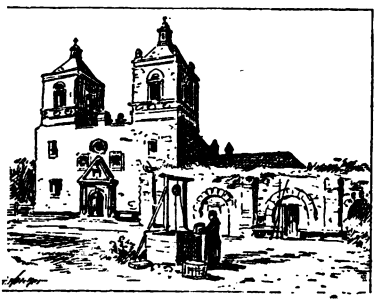
WHERE BOWIE DIED.

the striking of the match was delayed a ment too long. At the door of the magaz with match in hand, Evans was struck do What a culmination that would have bee the defense of the Alamo!

A convent was part of the Alamo Miss An acequia, or irrigating ditch, to sup water to the mission ran through the grou It furnished water to Travis and the little g rison. Why did not Santa Anna cut the di and deprive the Americans of its use dur the siege? That is one of the questions t has puzzled those who have groped for history of the Alamo defense. Senora Can laria says that the Americans had the us the water during the siege. The reason w the ditch was not cut, she says, is that Indians at the mission would not suffer interference with the water system. Th were some rights of the native populat which even the despot hesitated to infring

More than the old church was included the defense. A strong wall of Masonry closed a space nearly 200 feet long and feet wide. The church was in the southw corner of the rectangle and was the he quarters and the storehouse for the garris A passage led from the chancel of the chu into the yard. Through this the priests w wont to come from their convent on one side the yard into the church to perform their r ligious duties, and through this the Texa fell back into the church on the morning the 6th of March, when they were no lon able to hold the whole of the rectang

at the northeast corner of the inclosure, ;onally across the yard from the church, : Castillon's column gained the first rment on the wall. The Mexicans swarmed he ladders at that point. They stood upon :n other's shoulders. The first who came e shot through the heads. The next were bed down as often as they reached the top he wall. But there was a time when the ds rose faster than the bullets flew and blows fell. The Mexicans stood upon the ner of the wall, too numerous to be beaten x. Then the Texans retired through the e passage into the church, piled bags of d as high as their necks and made the last d. Even when the Mexicans forced the r entrances to the church, there was no ding. When all of the defenders were d below, the handful of Texans left stood n the tower and fired charge after charge a little cannon. With the recklessness



MISSION CONCEPCION.

en who have shaken hands with death e cannoneers shoved into the piece nails, of iron, anything which would carry and nd. The little band could not be dis- ed from below, and at length the Mexi- covered the whole eleven with one of r cannon, fired at short range and swept n away. It is tradition based upon the ions told by Mexican soldiers that one was found alive in the tower. He was en into a corner. He held his dripping ie-knife in his hand. Nine bodies of Mex- s lay at his feet. He parried their bayo- as they came at him singly and struck n down. Three or four faced him and e a simultaneous rush. Pierced through through, this last of the defenders died. ch one of the 172 he was tradition does all.

y of late has the idea of preserving this rical landmark occurred to Texas with tive force. For a dozen years the Alamo ained as it had fallen. The interior was half d with the debris of the siege, with the s of the roof and with the masonry knocked *he walls by cannon balls.* Then the United States took possession, cleared out the wreck, put on a wooden roof and used the church as a storehouse for quartermaster stores. Deep down in the debris were uncovered several skeletons with fur caps and buckskin trimmings. No one need to ask on which side the owners had fought. In the hasty gathering of the dead and the wholesale cremation these had been overlooked by the victorious Mexicans. For thirty years the Alamo was desecrated; first by the Federal and next by Confederate and then by Federal authority again. The historic place was devoted to the housing of hard-tack and bacon. Texas suddenly awoke. For $20,000 the title to the cradle of Texas liberty was acquired by the State. The preservation of the building is assured, but the quartermaster's "improvements" are still in place, and about the only change that has been made since the hard-tack and bacon were moved out has been the location of a small tin box which dingy lettering says is to "receive contributions for the erection of a monument to the defenders of the Alamo."

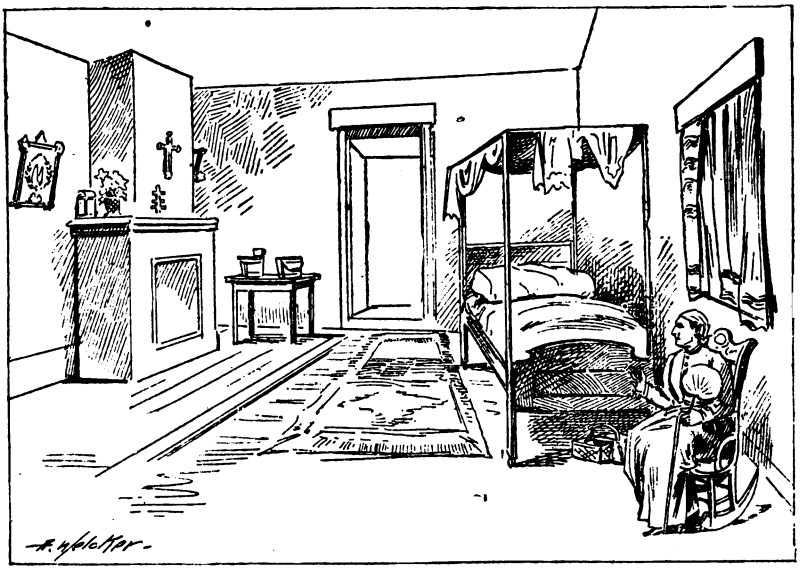
But the Alamo has other historical interest. Spain was a vigilant mother country 200 years ago. She wanted the earth. She had laid hold of the West Indies, of Central America, of Mexico. And then she sent her representatives to occupy Texas and claim all to the eastward as far as the Louisiana possessions of France. Spanish aggression always moved with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other. And the sword was oftener in the right hand than the cross was. At San Antonio, Spain, in 1715, established with troops a presidio and with priests a mission. Troops and priests traveled together. These missions were queer institutions. The troops brought in the Indians. The priests converted them. It mattered not whether the Indian was willing. His soul must be saved. He was locked up at night. His back was scourged. And when conversion was assured the Indian was set to work to build dams, to dig acequias, to make gardens and vineyards. He quarried the stone, mixed the mortar and reared the massive walls of the Alamo and of the four other missions which are the wonder of all strangers who visit San Antonio.

"You will observe," said Tom Rife, the Alamo custodian, "that the original windows of the church are high up in the walls, far above your head. That was because the priests took no chances with the Indians. They didn't want to be hit with a stray arrow while they were engaged in their devotions. And they located the windows so high that anything coming through would pass over their heads."

The priests converted the Indians and made slaves of them, but they were careful to build convents which were forts, as well as churches, which would stand for centuries.

In the case of one of the missions at San Antonio, the record shows that the building was not completed until twenty-one years after the foundation stone was laid. Many an Indian convert's life went out in the good cause before the work was done. Riding up the Aransas Pass Railroad from the south in the early evening the traveler sees a strange contrast just before reaching the outskirts of San Antonio. A great four-story building, modern in all senses, comes into view on the right,

of the arches, the cutting of queer designs font set into the wall. The roof of the ch is of stone with arches and a central dome is said the great court-yard, which was closed by a wall of masonry, was four acre extent. Outside of the church are arc which are all that remain to show the cloi and cells of the convent. When Santa A approached San Antonio he expected to the Texans fortified in this Mission. He garded it as better for defense than the Ala The Alamo and the Concepcion churches w



THE SENORA'S HOME.

every window ablaze with electric light. It is one of the charitable institutions which Texas has built on plans as liberal as her prairies. The asylum comes and goes. And on the left there appears, in the moonlight, rising out of the mesquite and in the midst of tangled vines and brush the double towers of the Mission Concepcion. Just behind the towers is the Moorish dome. Humanity's best at the end of the nineteenth century is exemplified in the asylum. Humanity's best as it existed 150 years ago was worked out in the Mission. The ruin is well preserved. It is even habitable. The chapel has been used in recent years for a service by a bishop who venerates the past. The time was when a court-yard with walls of masonry inclosed buildings for school and military purposes as well as the massive church. Now all has tumbled down except the church, and that is *In the brush two miles from San Antonio. Twenty-one years was none too long for the poor Indians to complete this work* with all

almost precisely alike. The Alamo had disadvantage of standing where other bui ings enabled the attacking party to appro it. One of the sallies made by Travis and men was for the purpose of tearing down so Mexican houses which gave cover to t enemy.

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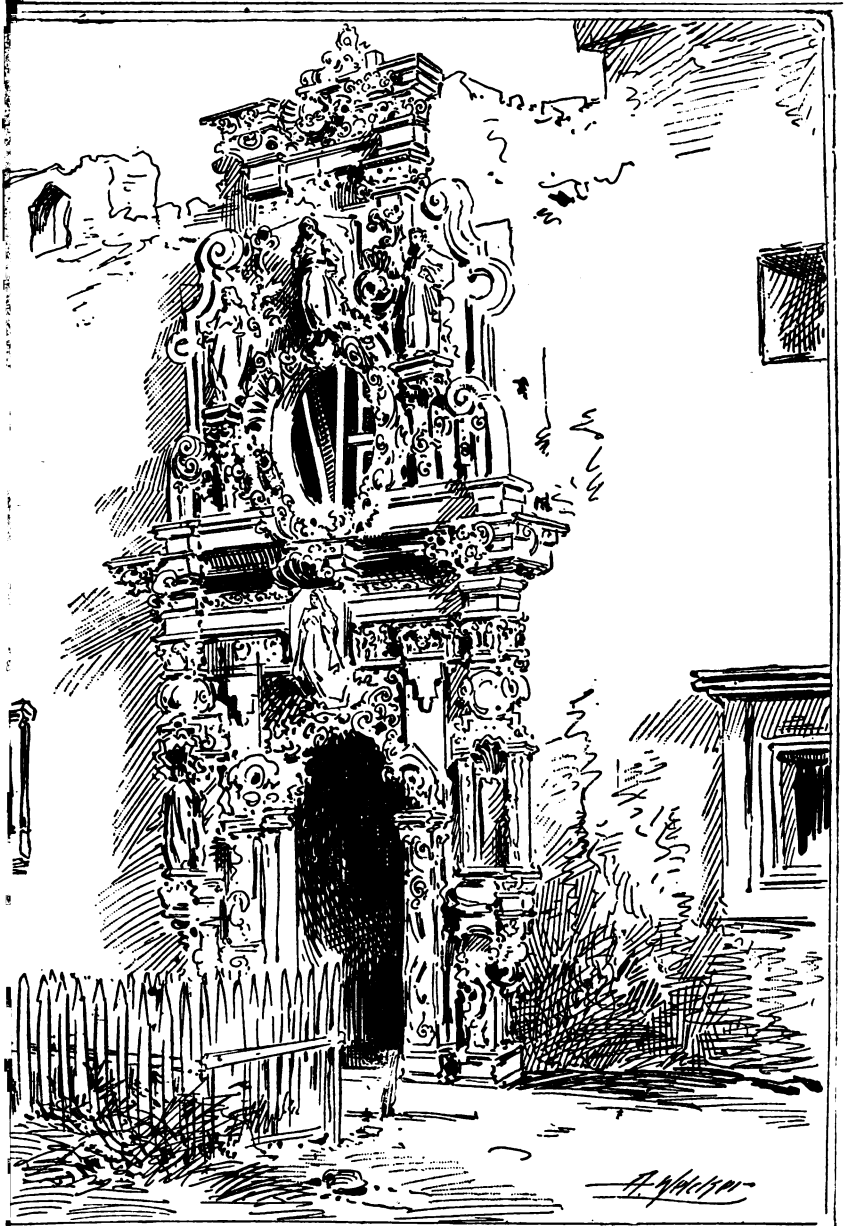
Two miles below the Mission Concepcion the Mission San Jose. These thrifty padre divided the land and the waters of San An tonio very well. They made great garden with their convert labor, and they built th missions far enough apart that there might b no clashing of interests. There was competi tion in mission building just as there is i church architecture to-day. At Mission Con cepcion the artists with the brush spread themselves upon frescoes not yet entirel worn away, while at San Jose the mallet an chisel were used upon the stone in the most wonderful manner. On the front, in the door ways, over the windows, wherever it was

ible to carve a figure, that was done. The ion San Jose has a single tower, but it is t high. Hewn logs arranged to make a stone roof over the main chapel held in place until a few years ago and went down with a mighty crash. One of the main walls



THE PORTAL OF MISSION SAN JOSE.

ular stairway lead up to the second part *he tower. Thence to* the lookout the as- *is by notched trunks* of trees. The great has fallen. San Jose is a ruin, truly. And little wonder. Nearly a hundred years ago the priests concluded that missions which

enforced religion were a failure. The Indian converts had dwindled away. At San Jose there were not enough left to do the housework for the priests, let alone mind the ditches, the gardens, the vineyard and the church. When the lands of the Mission Concepcion were ordered partitioned to the remnant of the community which had been established there, only thirty-eight Indians—sixteen of them men, the rest women and children—could be found to inherit the property. The Missions taught the wonderful fertility of the soil, and showed to the white men who came after what could be done by irrigation. They furnished the Alamo and the Alamo made Texas. But as religious institutions the Missions were failures.

A MISSION INDIAN FAMILY.

It is history that the artist Huica came all of the way from Spain to do the finest of chiseling on the San Jose portal and windows. The work occupied him several years. Originally there were six life-size statues about the doorway, which is 35 feet high. Some of them have been carried off by vandals.

About two miles below San Jose is the Mission of San Juan. It is very plain, having neither the frescoing of Concepcion nor the elaborate carving of San Jose. On one side the very wide wall rises high above what was the roof, and has places for bells. Evidently the San Juan fathers had different ideas from those who controlled the other Missions. They put more work upon the granaries; upon the convent or monastery, which they made their home, and these are in a better state of preservation. That the priests at San Juan intended to build a finer church, is shown by the foundation walls of a chapel begun but never finished. The failure of the Mission system came before the plans were carried out. It has been said that these Indians *who were brought in by the troops* and *turned out to the Missions to be converted* became slaves. *Perhaps that is incorrect.* It is true that they were scourged for their comings. At night the young men were le in rooms on one side of the great court, the young women were safely disposed the other side of the square. All arose given time. They had their allotted t They attended to their religious duties. short, they lived such lives as the pri thought best for their souls. But in they acquired community rights, and the Missions went down the lands were vided among those converts who rema faithful and whose constitutions had strong enough to stand the regimen.

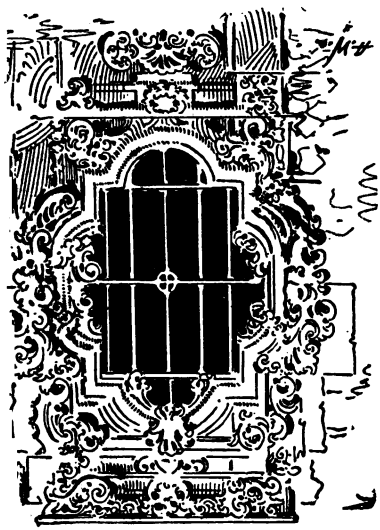
In passing from one Mission to the next necessary each time to cross the river. priests located the Missions on alter sides. The Mission Espada—that was a chosen name—is below San Juan and on opposite side of the river. When the vis reaches Espada he is nine miles from the of San Antonio. The story is that the t of this Mission, carrying out the idea of name, was in the form of the hilt of a sw Mission Espada has been restored. Out o ruins of the convent has been construct parochial residence. So much of the ch has been rebuilt that it has lost its interes a ruin. The walls of the great court still s how well prepared these communi were for defense against any foe without one angle is a round tower. It has dressed stone portholes for cannon, above are openings for musket. Loopholes were pierced in the w at frequent intervals. There was n of such provision, for the Apaches often sented the presence of these communit Fifty miles to the northwestward of San

MISSION SAN JUAN.

tonio at the Pass of Bandera the tribe had stronghold. From the mountains, Apaches swept down upon the Missions ag and again. Sometimes they caught a fe the converts unawares. Occasionally t captured stock, but usually they found watchman on duty in the church towers the ramparts well manned by the whole ef ive force of the community.

The work of the priests reached high- mark when the five Missions at San A

aced 750 converts. After that it went
n. Fifty years before Travis and his men
ıpied it, the Alamo had ceased to be a place
the reception and conversion of cap-
d Indians. Convent and court had
ı turned into a barracks for troops.
church and its surroundings had
ıe to be recognized as the military key to
Antonio. Around the Alamo, upon the
:as and along the streets there were many
fic contests and bloody scenes in the fifty
s which preceded the battle of 1836.
followers of Philip Nolan, after their
er had been treacherously murdered by
nish soldiers, were brought to San Anto-
in 1800 and shut up in prison, into which
of the Alamo Mission had been turned.



)LD WINDOW, MISSION SAN JOSE.

a the Alamo marched forth the soldiers of
n to hold back the Americans on the
er. In 1811 the people passing the Alamo
y in the morning saw between that and
main plaza a head on a pole. Col. Del-
), a flying revolutionist, had been cap-
d and this was the warning to other
ld-be revolutionists. Gutierrez an asso-
) of Delgado, escaped to the Louisiana
ler, joined a party of Americans led by
e, an officer of the United States army,
ame marching back. Americans, Mexican
ublicans and Indians flocked to the stand-
and a small army appeared before San
nio. The Spanish troops marched out
the Alamo *to meet this* motley crowd,
*thousand of them fell* in the rout. The
*or of the province* of Texas surren-
dered, and with him the Governor of New Leon and other distinguished officers. All were turned over to a son of the Delgado whose head had ornamented the pole in front of the Alamo. The younger Delgado started with the prisoners, ostensibly to go to the Gulf and send them to New Orleans. A mile and a half out of San Antonio the prisoners were stripped and butchered with knives. After that there was anarchy in San Antonio. The Mexican Royalist Government sent an army of 3000, under Elisondo, to retake the Alamo and to suppress the Republican uprising. Elisondo captured the horses of the Americans and reached the suburbs of San Antonio before his movement was discovered. But in the night the Americans marched out on foot and charged the Mexican army at dawn. With the loss of 1000 killed, wounded and prisoners, Elisondo was put to flight.

Then a provisional Government was set up in San Antonio and some degree of law and order was established. Arredondo came with 4000 men to do what Elisondo had failed to accomplish. The Americans and the Mexican Republicans calling themselves "the Republican Army of the North," marched out from the Alamo and fell into much the same kind of a trap they had set for Elisondo. This time the Mexican Royalists were victorious. Eighty of the prisoners were seated by tens on a log over a great grave and shot so that the bodies fell in a heap. Arredondo marched into San Antonio and threw 700 citizens into the prison for their supposed Republican sympathies. Eighteen of the prisoners were suffocated in a single night. Five hundred women of San Antonio were shut up in a building and forced to turn twenty-five bushels of corn into tortillas for the Royalist army every day. Thus until 1820 did San Antonio reap the whirlwind, and the Alamo, as fortress and prison, grew in historical interest. That year came Moses Austin from Connecticut with a proposition to bring a colony of Americans. He died, and his son, Stephen F. Austin, took up the project. In spite of imprisonment and killing, Americans kept coming. In 1831 the Bowies were here and the two brothers, with nine associates, fought 184 Indians until they had killed and wounded eighty-four, losing but one of their own number and having three wounded. The next year appeared in San Antonio Sam Houston. Then the Americans organized. A thousand of them joined Austin. Other leaders had smaller followings. Without much generalship they gathered about San Antonio. Some were for attacking the Mexican General and his force which held the Alamo and the city. Others hesitated about open hostilities. Three hundred volunteered to "go with Ben Milam into San Antonio," and in they went. It took four days of fighting to reach the Alamo. From house to house

the Mexicans fell back, and from house to house the Americans advanced. Street after street was taken, until at the end of the fourth day the Alamo was reached. The Mexican General surrendered and with his troops was allowed to march away on parole. This left San Antonio in possession of the Americans for a few months. And the next and greatest step toward Texan independence was the fight at the Alamo. The story of which, from the only survivor's lips, has been told. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

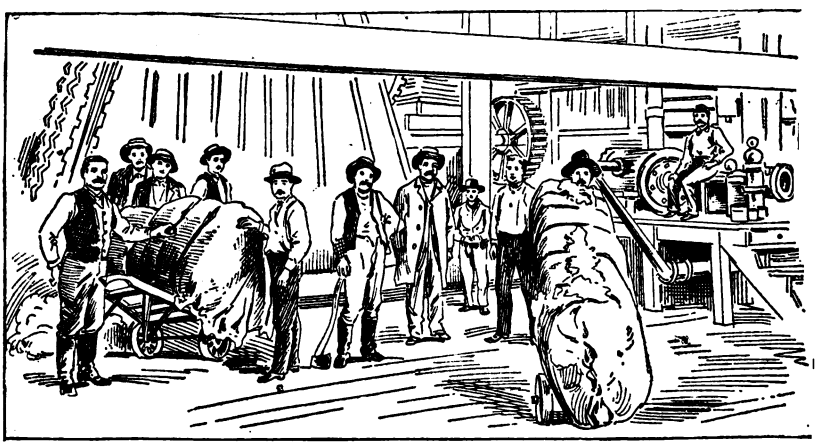
## The Great Cash Crop Which Means Many Dollars Per Capita.

### A King's Good Points—Proper Limitations on Monarchy—The Dublin Idea of Home Rule—Casting the Horoscope—A Coming Five-Cent Basis.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

DUBLIN, TEX., September 8.—Two months ago Texas began to report "first bales." But Texas has much latitude. It is weeks after the beginning before the cotton picking is fairly under way. From Houston across to chimneys of the gin houses are smo Around the cotton yards the barbed wire been tightened on the posts and the bales accumulating. Gin whistles toot a shrill cheerful salute as the trains go by. Th Southern Texas. Every railroad statio beginning to ship. The cotton platforms already covered with the early consignme Samplers are going about, plucking out g wads of the staple here and tucking it b there. The scales and the marking-pot busy. Empty box cars are being strung al the sidings. The new crop is moving—no it will a month later, but sufficiently str to make the transportation companies fee impetus.

Middle Texas shows some picking in earlier fields, and the prudent planter is ( ing out the already ripened bottom bolls. top crop is not yet ready. Around the houses groups of men are busy putting bracing posts, supplying missing planks ing up the engines and overhauling the chinery. The season is close at hand for I dle Texas. Further north there is sim stir, not quite so advanced, however. On River the top cotton is yet in blossom, everybody is getting ready. The maste transportation is out on the railroad. H the first one to hop off and the last one climb on the train. He holds hurried con tations with station agents, asks when Si will begin to ship and whether Jones given notice how soon he will want to l



AT THE COMPRESS IN WACO.

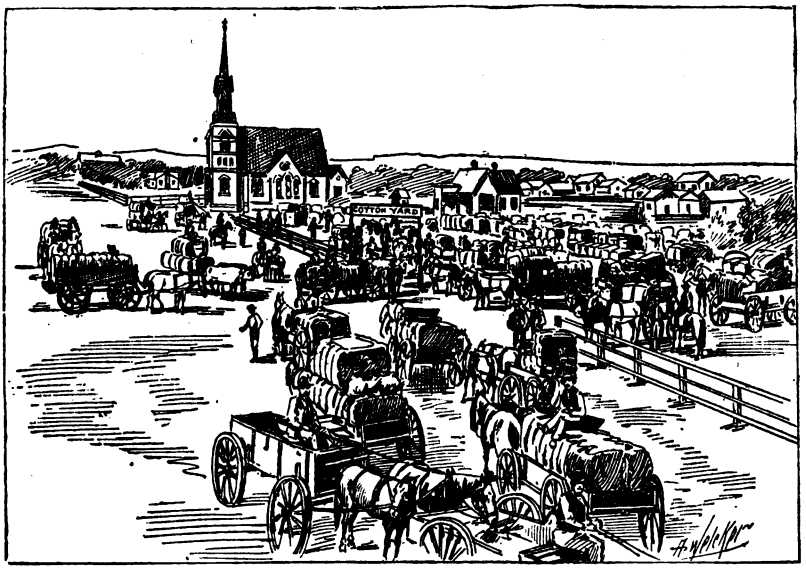
"Santone" by the Mission route the fields are white. Far down the rows the pickers are bending over big baskets. In snowy mounds, *here and there, the seed cotton* is heaped up, *waiting for the wagon. Along* the country *roads go great loads to be* "ginned." At *every town and cross-roads settlement* the cars. He looks over the cotton platfor with which every railroad station in the ( ton belt is equipped, sees that planks ar place and that supports are strong. Then moves on to the next station, to repeat qu tions and observation and to make m entries in his note book.

That a stimulus it is! Everybody and everything in Texas feels it. Two million bales. Hundred million dollars! Cash, too! Cash, which begins to flow the moment the first picker steps into the field, and cash which keeps circulating as the seed cotton goes to the gin, as the bale goes to the merchant and the seed to the mill, and finally, as the staple and oil and meal find their way through the factor to the markets of the world.

"Raise less cotton and more corn," the economist cries. That is very good advice, to

This year's crop was put in on a strong probability that it would not command more than 6c. It will not be quite so large as last year's, which was phenomenal in both acreage and yield. But it will be large enough. That is apparent already. The acreage is somewhat smaller than last year, perhaps about 15 per cent less. That is the estimate of some of the largest cotton handlers in the State. But they all admit that the reduction is not what it ought to be to restore prices.

"You see," said Mr. Wolfsohn, of the Dallas




A COTTON YARD AT BROWNWOOD.

mited extent. But corn may be 15c or it may be 50c a bushel. Cotton may drop to 6c it may bring 8c. Corn may be hard to sell any price. Cotton will always bring ready money, even in advance, when it can be seen the boll. Cotton pays the taxes and buys sugar and coffee. It means new dresses —most fascinating of arguments to the man—it means more land.

Hope rises and falls in Texas with the cotton prospects. The temper of a whole State is hung high as the crop nears maturity. Each turn in the weather is studied anxiously for its effect on the plant. And when the new crop is assured the strain is relieved and the whole State is happy.

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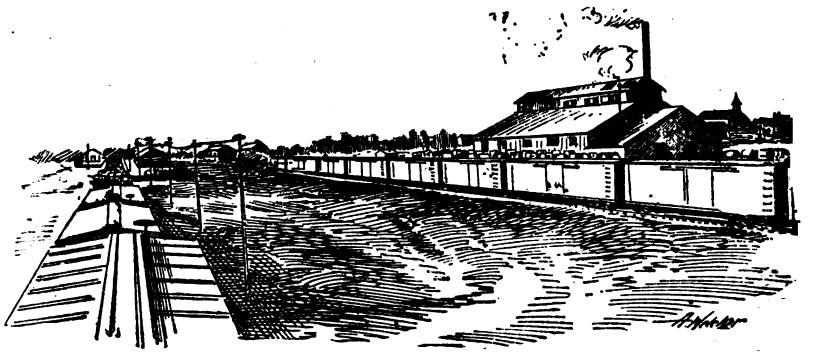
The Texas farmer has yet to discover how cheaply he can raise cotton and live. When the price was 9c he kicked and said it was bankruptcy. At 8c and 7c he proclaimed that he was being ruined, but kept on planting.

Board of Trade, "cotton is the cash crop. If a farmer has got twenty-five bales of cotton maturing he can get a loan on it at any time. It is the best collateral that there is. The merchant can go to the wholesale man and show he has liens on 200 bales of cotton and get anything he wants. Cotton is collateral while it is growing; it is cash when it is picked. And while this is so there isn't much use trying to persuade a man to raise less cotton. My impression is that most of the arguments used last spring to induce farmers to cut down their cotton acreage were wasted. I think the Texas cotton crop is nearly as large this year as last."

An old cotton buyer who had dropped into the Board of Trade by accident and had heard Mr. Wolfsohn, took up the conversation. "I have seen 50,000 bales of cotton handled in Dallas," he said. "I have handled 250 bales in a day myself. The trouble has been to make the Texas farmer understand that he

musn't buy corn. I have seen the Texas farmer raise cotton and buy all of his corn at 18c a bushel one year and at $1 a bushel the next year. It seemed as if he couldn't learn anything. I said to one of the biggest cotton-raisers, 'Have you any idea how much Texas will pay to Kansas for corn this year?' He said, 'I suppose about $10,000.' I said, 'By Jupiter, $2,000,000 won't meet it.' And yet the average Texas farmer would go along living on turnip tops and half starving until he could make the cotton crop, get a bale ready for market, rush into town with it and buy some side meat. I said to my cotton-growing friend, 'Perhaps you know what Texas will pay to Kansas this year for hog meat?' He said 'mebbe as much as $50,000.' I said, 'Over $2,000,000; and yet you fellows go on raising all cotton and no corn and meat.' Well, things have gradually changed. To-day the Texas farmer is better off than he has been for seventeen years, in spite of the low price of cotton.''



SHIPPING OUT COTTON FROM DUBLIN.

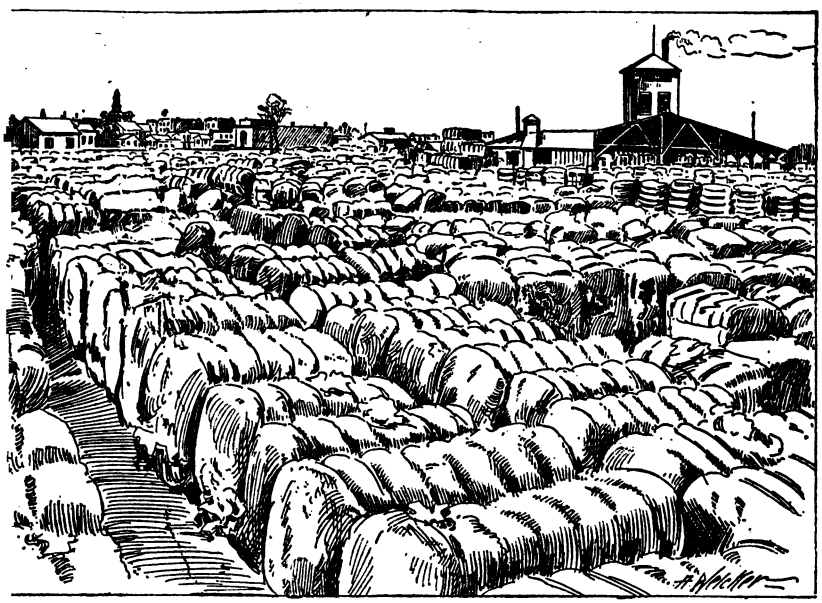
Southwest from Fort Worth there is interesting evidence of the change the old cotton-buyer speaks about. Spinning the web of railroads, with herself in the spider's point of vantage, "the Fort" discovered two or three years ago that there was no southwestern radius to her network. A beginning was made. The Havemeyers, or some other mysterious New York influence, backed the enterprise. And now there are 120 miles of road in operation, stretching over prairies, through cross-timbers, by mountain gaps, from Fort Worth toward the Rio Grande. Dublin is brought into prominence by this development. And all of the way down to Dublin can be seen the new kind of farming in Texas. *Every farmer has a patch of cotton,* but every *farmer has with the cotton a patch* of corn. *Often the corn patch is larger than* the cotton *patch. Wheat fields alternate* with her surplus corn crop. The point to a this is that diversified farming and diversi industry is the making of a model cit Texas. Until Dublin struck her steam-en gait she had a struggle for existence wl would have knocked out the average T town site.

The old stage trail from Fort Worth to Yuma bowed down to the south and through this part of Texas. Perhaps bec of a rocky road one of the stations on trail was given the name of Dublin. O the left of the old trail looms Comanche P From the summit can be seen ten counties Texas. When the first railroad was b through this region and the stages stop running, an attempt was made to oblite Dublin. Another town ten miles away started, the usual sale of lots was held a depot was located. Dublin hung on to autonomy. The old stage station wore the new town site got two railroads instea one, and has become a city which can pointers in thrift and public spirit to the communities in Texas.

Dublin object lesson has a close relaship to the problem of how cheaply cotcan be grown in Texas. It proves that 6cotton is better when mixed with wheat, oats, and corn, a few pigs and a bunch of l stock, than 9-cent cotton with all of the lies to be shipped in and paid for out of cotton receipts. This is what Dublin and ountry around about have demonstrated.

rule Texas farmers do not figure much, t on politics and dominoes. They can ou the Democratic, Republican and Popvote by township, county or congresal district at the last election. They can

tonio, or $155. His book showed that the labor—from breaking of ground to marketing, the cost of seed and all other claims which could go into the expense account—amounted to just half what he received for the cotton. The man and his boy did all of the "tending." Their work was put in at a fair estimate. The actual cost of raising the cotton was 3⅜c per pound. The profit, which embraced also interest on the land investment, was $19.32½ per bale, or about $11 per acre. And yet, almost with one voice, the farmers of Texas claim that anything less than 7c for cotton means actual loss. The experience of the Aransas Pass man may be exceptional.



SCENE AT WEATHERFORD.

k off the ivory doubles and singles with t facility on the round table in the back of the store. But when it comes to a r-down on the number of pounds of cotn their last year's crop, the exact amount nd in plant, and the record of the days bor devoted to it, not one of them in a sand can give anything definite. And so very difficult to get testimony on how ply cotton can be raised in Texas. Down ie Aransas Pass road last year one cottoner did what every farmer ought to do. He t books on his crop. He had seven acres otton besides his grain and other things. kept a strict account on the cotton to see what it actually cost him. The *n acres produced* 2,000 pounds of lint *on. He got* 7¾c a pound in San An-

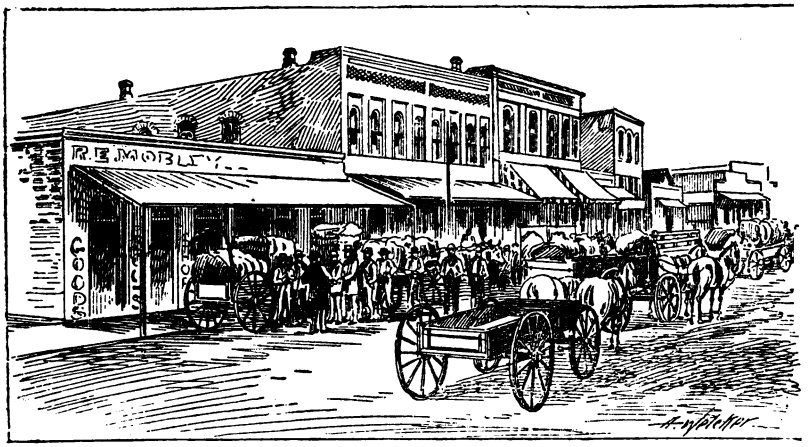
It is possible that he hoed cotton more and played dominoes less than the average farmer. The actual cost of raising cotton may be a great deal more than 3⅜c a pound. The farmers of Texas owe it to themselves to emulate the example of the Aransas Pass man to the extent of keeping a strict expense account on the cotton crop and solving the problem of cost. Then they will be able to grumble upon a definite basis. Politics is pastime. Agriculture is business.

Not one farmer in a hundred will admit it, but there is probably a profit in raising cotton in Texas at 5c a pound. This does not imply going to Kansas for bread and meat. It does imply honest labor and good management. An all-day ride on an August Saturday across Southern Texas, from Houston to

San Antonio, revealed a rather astonishing situation. The towns in the famous Brazos country, "the black belt," were full of colored people. Mules by the hundreds were hitched to the railings in front of the stores and fringed the fences. Under the oaks, with their beautiful Spanish moss drapery, were refreshment stands. The smell of barbecued meat was wafted through the car window. Colored folks, big and little, were scattered about in groups. They came down to the stations and filled the platforms, returning the looks of curiosity with interest.

"There must be a good deal of politics down here," was suggested to a fellow-passenger who seemed familiar with the locality.

In Galveston men live by cotton, but p not, neither do they pick. These entertai interesting theory about the future of king of crops. Texas, they say, now gr one-fourth of the cotton produced in United States. Cotton is raised at less here than anywhere else in the country. figures which represent actual cost of pro tion in other States have no application h And when the minimum at which other tions can grow is reached, Texas will ha margin of profit to her credit. Produc may be reduced; it will be reduced, not in Texas. The hill country of the o States will have to find a substitute cro starve. Texas will go on heaping up the b




BRINGING COTTON INTO DUBLIN.

"Oh no," he said; "this is the regular thing. The niggers don't work on Saturday. They take that day to come to town and have a good time. Then they go to church on Sunday. You just watch the fields as you ride along, and you'll see there is nobody working in the black belt to-day."

It was so. The cotton was white. The empty baskets were scattered along at the ends of the rows. By the difference in color the line where the picking stopped the night before could be traced all of the way across the field. But in sixty miles there were not sixty pickers in sight.

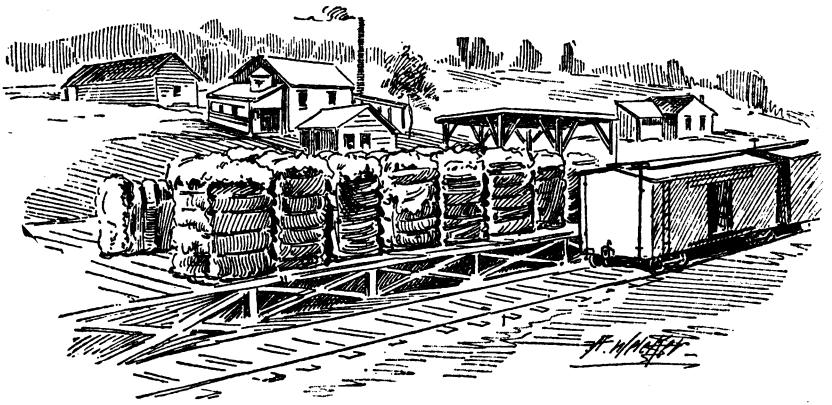
If cotton gets down to 5c it may be necessary to work six days in the week. But at present prices there are no evidences that Texas is cotton-cursed. The latest returns at the office of the State Bureau of Agriculture in Austin show that, notwithstanding the depression, cotton throughout all Texas, well tilled *and neglected, on good land* and poor, yielded *an average of $16.64 per acre. And that* was $4 *an acre better than the average of all other products.*

She grows a fourth, more than a fourth, of entire crop. Soon she will be making a th of this country's cotton. She has the lan raise the cotton crop of the world, and eno would be left to grow food for twenty- times her present population. Thus the n to whom cotton means commissions theor

They do not look for any permanent ret to higher prices. The tendency is downwa as it has been. Cheap prices last year n shorten the crop this year and stiffen figure little. Next year or the year after, under stimulus of better prices, there will be m cotton raised, and then prices will drop t lower notch than ever. In the older Stat these cotton men predict, there will be fluctuation in the product following the flu tuation in prices. But the tendency will toward lower prices everywhere and towa less acreage everywhere save in Texa Here the production may not increa in times of depression, but it will n decrease. It may come to a standstill so years; then it will go forward. And gr ually, after much seesawing, Texas

ome the great cotton producing center the world. In Texas the general tendency toward increased production. Out of xas the general inclination is toward creased acreage. As for prices, the cotton

about overproduction, the amount in cotton was reduced a little. At least that is what the State Commissioner thinks. The amount of reduction, however, is not quite what the increase of last year was.



GINNING AT LEXINGTON.

n who dwell in the cities, with a few exions, expect to see 5c cotton without panic. This, they say, is the logic of situation. And, 99 out of 100 farmto the contrary notwithstanding, the ldleman holds that 5c cotton can be grown h profit in Texas.

is a fact that in the face of steadily deing prices Texas has just as steadily ed to her cotton product until this year. s is shown by the State Bureau of Agri-

PICKING COTTON NEAR CUERO.

ture. Five years ago the Texas cotton p was raised upon 3,000,000 acres of land. ery year since then the farmers have added m 200,000 to 250,000 acres to the total. o years ago the crop just turned the 4,000,acres. Last year the acreage took the ıal jump and a little more. The increase s *about 300,000 acres.* This year, under *hue and cry raised* early in the season

The land in Texas devoted to cotton is approaching 5,000,000 acres. It is claimed by the State bureau that there are within the limits of Texas 175,000,000 acres adapted to cotton culture. In the enormous proportions of the staple, transactions in a side product are sometimes lost sight of. It is the rapidly fluctuating industry of cotton-seed oil and meal. Last year was one of the good years in the cotton-seed business. Europe needed and took all of the cotton-seed meal and cake there was to sell, for stock feeding. At Waxahachie, an hour's ride southwest of Dallas, in the heart of "the black lands," the cotton-seed mill is said to have cleared 50 per cent on the investment. This year new mills are being built in Texas and old ones are being enlarged. The business may be overdone. But taking one year with another, the oil and meal and cake adds more than $30,000,000 to the value of the Texas cotton crop.

This Waxahachie to which reference is made above, is a wonder in its way. It is the largest cotton market for its population in the world. The little city has about 4,000 people. Last season it handled 32,000 bales of cotton, eight bales for each man, woman and child.

The time was when planters were bothered to know how to get rid of their seed. They let it accumulate in great heaps around the gin house until they were in the predicament of the Kansas farmer—he found it cheaper to move his barn than to haul off the manure. Now cotton-seed is worth all of the way from

$5 to $10 a ton, dependent upon the distance from the nearest mill. Agents for the mills travel through the State, gathering up all of the seed near enough to the railroad to pay for hauling. A ton of cotton-seed yields thirty-five gallons of oil. This oil goes in casks to the Mediterranean, and, in due course of time and trade, returns to the United States refined and in small bottles, with a foreign label which means "pure olive oil." Lard-packers use cotton-seed oil by the ton. The soap-makers sell it in the form of fine soap Lower grades go into tallow. The meal and the pressed cake are sent abroad to stimulate milk-giving in the English and European dairies. The hulls left from the grinding feed the furnaces of the mills, and the ashes from the hulls are bleached for lye. Cotton-raising as an industry has many sides to it. But from whatever point the view is taken, Texas has the best of the outlook.

W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## A Visit to the Largest Pecan Plantation in the World.

### Mr. Swinden's Provision for Posterity—The Natural Home of the Dessert Nut—An Oil Boom that Collapsed—Evolution Along the Concho.

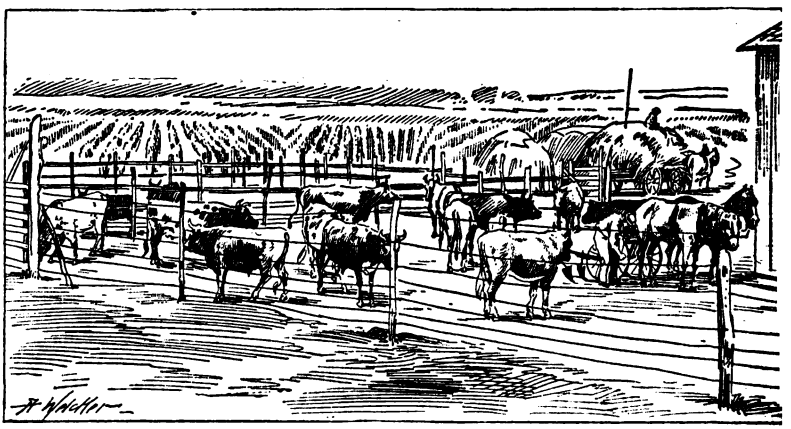
Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

BROWNWOOD, TEX., September 14.—Away to the southwest of Fort Worth and Dallas, far beyond the Brazos, is a new kind of Texas. It has mountain peaks, great boiling springs

day, in some part of Pennsylvania tucky. He would never think of calling Texas; there is no other part of Texas tha sembles it. Two or three railroads have dered out into this region and stopped took a good deal of coaxing to bring t One town put up $25,000 and right-of-wa an inducement. The railroad built to town and stopped. Then the next town ra $30,000 and more right-of-way. The rail built to it. Thus, by alternate bidding building, two railroads were "toled" out this unknown country from 130 to 200 r from their connections.

The largest pecan plantation in the comes up to the suburbs of Brownwood. the ambition of every Texas city to have s thing that no other city possesses. Br wood puts her best foot forward in a p orchard without a parallel. This is nat pecan country. From San Antonio northw through Brownwood and Santa Anna Coleman and San Angelo, all of the wa Abilene, are groves of pecans. E water-course has its fringe. When the settlers came in there were twice as n pecans as there are now. But pecan wo almost as good as its first cousin, the s bark hickory. Before they discovered w golden layer the goose was, the settlers cut down the productive capacity of the p groves one-half. And now it is propos prohibit by legislative enactment the de tion of pecan trees.

A young man named Swinden came i country. He didn't bring a dollar, bu had a good head. He got a place as cler lumber yard and improved his opportu



A CONCHO COUNTY FARM.

*of crystal* water, pecan groves, 25,000-acre *pastures and fertile valley farms. Dropping down into the midst of this region* the traveler *might imagine himself,* on a bracing fall

Seeing the growing profit in the harv pecans around Brownwood year after Mr. Swinden reasoned that if nature all this human intelligence could im

Land in the vicinity of Brownwood was ıp. Swinden bought land and planted ans. To-day he has 11,000 pecan trees wing. The trees are set out in regular hard style. The land between the rows is ɔped in cotton and grain. Very shrewdly Swinden has chosen the location of the hard His trees are along the Pecan Creek, ch has the finest natural pecan groves in region. The house in which Mr. Swinden s is on an elevation. Nearly the entire ection of 11,000 trees is in view from the low.

"when those trees are large enough to bear half a bushel to the tree, it will be something. Half a bushel to a tree means 5000 bushels for the orchard. Pecans now sell at $3 and $4 a bushel in Brownwood for shipping. It is not probable the price will be much less, for it takes a great deal of time and patience to grow pecans. When Mr. Swinden's orchard is yielding half a bushel to the tree the income from it will be from $15,000 to $20,000 a year."

The fame of the pecan orchard has gone abroad. Mr. Swinden receives letters of in-

ON THE CONCHO.

ans are of very slow growth. Those in ɜwinden orchard are now a little thicker ıgh than a good-sized thumb. The opinof those who profess to know something ecans is that it will take from fifteen to ıty years to grow a tree as large as a 's wrist. But Mr. Swinden is not dis-aged. He is as heartily enthusiastic over venture as he was when he set out the tree. His plans comprehend more than rearing of the trees. Looking forward to time when the trees will bear, Mr. Swinhas already counted his chickens. There great deal of labor in picking up pecans by one. In Mr. Swinden's orchard machery will do it all. The pecans will fall n they are ripe. They will be taken up ı the gronud by sweeping machines very lar to those used on streets. Other machery will clean. Then the nuts will be rted according to size by still other hinery. Cleaned, culled and graded the ıden pecans will be put on the market in lition to bring the top price. But when? ɔke Smith, the Brownwood banker and italist, says he doesn't believe Swinden's ngest child will live to see a full crop from pecan orchard. "Still," said Mr. Smith, quiry about it from all over the world. Some writers have evidently obtained the impression that the pecan trees are bearing and that the orchard is one of the get-rich-quick ideas. If it is, they want to go into the business, and they write for information how to do it. Mr. Swinden has not sold any pecans from his orchard. He has been able to eat all of the nuts that the 11,000 trees have produced thus far. He has not begun the manufacture of the gathering, cleaning and assorting machines, and will not do so at present. His first crop is in his mind's eye.

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The growth is slow and the crop is far in the future, but the pecan is a great stayer. A pecan tree has never been known to die of old age. Brownwood people say that pecan trees live 1000 years. Perhaps they have counted the rings. Plenty of moisture seems to be a prime consideration of pecan growth. The natural pecan groves near Brownwood and San Angelo and all through this region hug the banks of the creeks fed by the living springs. They grow so close to the banks that their foliage shadows the water, and in the nutting season many bushels fall in. The pecan-growing business has reached the bud-

ding and grafting stage of development. There is a difference in pecan trees. Some trees bear larger nuts than others do. Some yield more regularly than others. It is the custom to improve the sprouts by grafting or budding from trees with the best records. There are pecans not much larger than a hazel nut. There are other pecans five times as large, with thin shells and well-filled meats, such as are exhibited in the rooms of the Brownwood Board of Trade by Prof. Carl Vincent.

GOAT RANCH NEAR SANTA ANNA.

The industry is well worth cultivating. Mr. Brooke Smith, the banker, considers the pecan crop a considerable item in Brownwood's prosperity. From the natural groves within the trading radius of this place the farmers bring in, when the season is favorable, sixty car loads of nuts. They receive $4 a bushel for them from the shippers. This little industry distributes $120,000 in cash in the region tributary to Brownwood. Half a dozen other centers, including San Antonio and Abilene, San Angelo and Santa Anna, Ballinger and Coleman, have their pecan trade. Brownwood's pecan crop is the equivalent of 4000 bales of cotton, which is about one-fourth of the amount of the staple which comes to this market.

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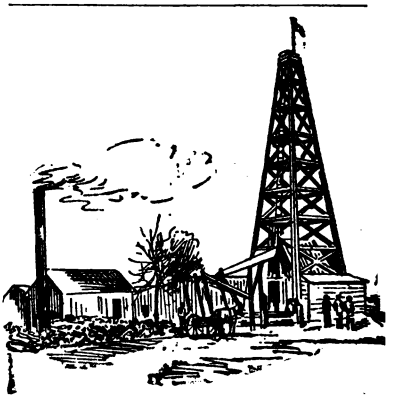
A couple of years ago Brownwood had a great boom. The people thought they might resemble Pennsylvania in something more profitable than scenery. The idea got out that the pecan country was underlaid with beds of petroleum. Somebody in sinking a *well had* struck a flow which yielded from *five to fifteen gallons a day.* He scooped it *up, found it was good, even in* its natural *state, and conducted a neat little* business, selling all he could collect at 30c to 40c a lon. The oil is dark olive-green in c The discovery of its existence was made depth of 160 feet. The discoverer was s fied with modest results. Other people w not. Companies were formed, and country around Brownwood is dotted derricks where drills have gone down as m as 1600 feet. But the findings have been appointing. Oil is obtained almost anyw within fifty miles of Brownwood, but it o slowly, just as it did and does in the ori

well. No "spouter" has been struck, a great body has been tapped to encourag erations on a large scale. There was grea citement when the drills began to poun



BORING FOR OIL AT BROWNWOOD.

Brownwood. Real estate went out of s It has returned within the limits of ord vision. Brownwood people no longer in they have another Oil City, Pa. They ar

ıud as they were of the olly taste in many ıheir wells. They are trying to be content ıh the picking up of pecans, with the hand- ıg of 750,000 pounds of wool and 15,000 les of cotton a year, and with the produc- n of fifty bushels of red rust-proof oats to e acre.

From Fort Worth to Brownwood, 130 miles, a region of farms of modern size and of di- rsified crops. Prosperous looking towns of m 2000 to 4000 people dot the way. Rail- tion on the disintegration: "I have had my land cut up into tracts of 160 acres, and it is for sale to small farmers. Any one who wants a quarter section can have his choice at $8 an acre."

The Overall pasture of 25,000 acres, owned and managed by a brother of John W. Over- all, of St. Louis, joins the tract, 17,000 of which was sold so successfully at public auction. Col. Overall has declared his intention of cut- ting up his land into small farms and of sell- ing to actual settlers.

SPRING NEAR SAN ANGELO.

is intersect at convenient distances. Three eges draw patronage and supply higher cation. At Brownwood begin the big ures. Beyond Brownwood the towns of considerable size can be counted on the ers of one hand. The railroads run just enough to tap the cattle trade and come to d ends. The big pastures are doomed. lic sentiment is strongly against them. t isn't all. The last train-load of cattle ped from Brownwood this season netted owner the beggarly sum of just $2.70 a l. A man who had a pasture of 17,000 s cut it up into quarter sections and sold it at auction. He had 500 men at the sale, his land brought an average of $7.18 an acre. big pasture men could stand off public iment some years, but the low price of le and the increasing demand for small ns is sweeping away the wire fences. oke Smith, the Brownwood banker, is the er of one of these 20,000-acre pastures. *aid in course of an* interesting conversa-

The same idea has taken hold of other pas- ture men in this country on the Concho and the Colorado. There is fascination in the ownership of 15,000 to 25,000 acres of land all fenced. A man can get on the highest hill or peak in the center of such a tract and shout with all his might:

I am monarch of all I survey,

and the remotest echo will not answer back "you're a liar." It is hard to give up such a feeling. The pasture men have tried cattle and horses and sheep and Angora goats in the hope of finding profits that will keep pace with the increasing value of the land. It is of no use. A steer needs about twenty acres of land for twelve months' living. When that land is worth from $5 to $10 an acre the steer must go. So the pasture man will sell out to the farmer, move into the nearest little city, start a bank, collect interest on his mortgages and try to be satisfied with the new order of things. This is evolution in the Concho country. W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Four Miles by Rail Out Upon the Gulf of Mexico.

### A Ride on the World's Longest Jetty—Some Trade Experiments—The Wealth of the Oleander City—Fine Heads for Finance in the Forties.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

GALVESTON, TEX., September 26.—"In the first twenty-five days of June," said Mr. Gus. Reymershoffer, "we shipped out 22,000 bags of flour to Havana."

That was the real beginning of reciprocity for Galveston. The Reymershoffers are pioneering the way in new trade relations which concern greatly the whole Mississippi Valley. The experiments under reciprocity have gone far enough to warrant something more permanent. Galveston wants new steamship connections. She is negotiating now with a Philadelphia company to open regular communication with West Indian and Central American ports. Galveston also wants to get a line of two steamers which will start from here semi-monthly and reach the south as well as the north side of Cuba.

"Most assuredly we can get that trade when we get the connections," Mr. Reymershoffer said, raising his voice to compete with the machinery of the great mill. "That June *shipment indicates to some* extent what the *trade will be. The consumption* of flour in *Cuba is enormous, and it* can be supplied from Galveston. There was a Hav sentative here a few days ago to mak rangements for shipments from Galve He went on to see the Fort Worth pac people, and then to Kansas, to open up a as well as flour trade by way of Galvest

"Was this June exportation the beg of your programme to rush up the flour t between Galveston and the countries sc you, Mr. Reymershoffer?"

"Last year we shipped out from Galv eight cargoes of flour. That was our pio year. The shipments were all made, l ever, from January to May. The experi was fully encouraging. I have just had a port from our consignee at Porto Rico which he says that out of 1,900 bags sent he has left only 650. We tried Rio Jan with a small consignment. The flour well, but the trouble is we haven't reg connections. We need steamship lines. V we get the connections there will be n culty about taking and holding the trad

"This Texas wheat is said to be sp adapted for flour in warm countries?"

THE GALVESTON BEACH.

"There is no doubt of it. Texas whe perfectly dry. Further north there is moisture in the wheat. And the flour from wheat with more moisture spoils sooner warm climate. As a matter of preferenc grind Texas wheat until the crop is all and then we take Kansas wheat. The T wheat is a beautiful plump berry. It is r in gluten than the California wheat. If not had an exceptional spring the whe of Texas would have been immense. fer the Panhandle wheat to any

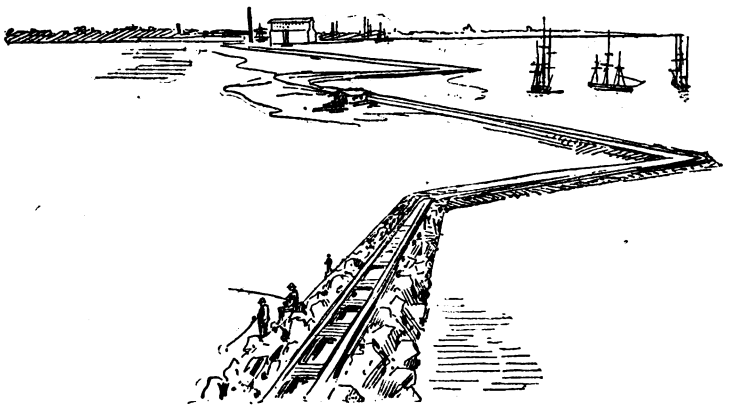
can get it, because it is the driest and
st.''
urning from the transaction of a matter of
siness with a clerk, the big miller of Texas
ook up, with added enthusiasm, the theme
wheat-growing in Northwest Texas.
'That,'' said he, "will be the greatest wheat
it in the United States. It will be greater
nan North Dakota. The region is larger, and
of it will be fine wheat country. We are
ting very fine wheat over the Santa Fe
from the Indian Nation and from Oklahoma.
e conditions are much the same as in the
nhandle. The wheat is dry and peculiarly
ipted to trade with countries south of us.''
That reminds me,'' said Secretary Brady,
the Galveston Board of Trade, who was
ting by, ''that I have a letter from an Okla-
ma wheat shipper who wants to form trade
ations with us. He writes me: "There is a
w running over every 160 acres in this
Territory wheat begins moving in June, and we ought to handle it right here. We have $18,000,000 capital here which ought to be in use the year round, and will be when our grain trade is developed.''

"You have tried shipping out wheat, haven't you?''

"Yes,'' Mr. Reymershoffer replied, "I loaded the Alford, an English steamer, with wheat in ten days. It was an experiment. She arrived in ballast one day. The third day she came to the dock, and the morning of the fourth day I began loading her. In five days I put 55,000 bushels of wheat into her hold. She crossed the bar drawing 15 feet 3 inches. Three days were taken up with lightering. She carried 93,389 bushels. The experiment was entirely satisfactory.''

"Have you tried corn?''

"Yes. People said corn couldn't be exported from Galveston. They said it would



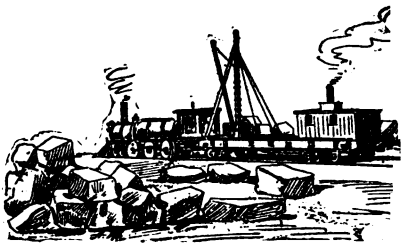
THE JETTY, LOOKING TOWARD THE GALVESTON END.

itory. Wheat is our staple. We are not
ified with the treatment received in Chi-
o. Think we can do well by shipping to
port.''
ie trouble with us here,'' said Mr. Brady,
ng up the letter, "is that we have no grain
rd. There is no organization to which such
ter can be referred. What we want is a
ular grain board, with a capital to take
ness offered to us in this way. We have
elevator capacity of 1,500,000 bushels, and
ave a mill here that grinds 800 barrels of
r a day. But grain business is new to us.
can talk to our business men and bankers
ut cotton, and they know all about that.
grain handling is a new thing. It will
k in well with the cotton, when we get it
ted. The cotton season ends on the 1st of
. From that time until the next season
ns on the 1st of September, our capital lies
*nd nothing is doing.* Texas and Indian
spoil in transit. We formed a little syndicate just to show what could be done. We chartered the Propitious—pretty good name—and loaded 73,000 bushels of corn into her. We did it in May, the worst month of the year. The corn reached Liverpool in good condition, and we made our point. Just before we commenced buying for this experimental shipment corn was selling in Kansas for 14c. It was being burned for fuel. Our agents went into Kansas to buy. Before we got through the news of the intended exportation by way of Galveston got out, and corn went to 20c in Kansas. We didn't make any money, but we did what we started out to do—showed that corn could be shipped in good condition from Galveston. It was New Orleans which gave gulf shipments a bad name. We had another test here on the steamer Persis last November. She took out 104,000 bushels. She had an excessively rough

voyage, and was out forty-five or sixty days, I've forgotten which. The report was circulated that she had been lost. But the corn reached Liverpool in good condition. There is no trouble on account of climate about grain shipments by way of Galveston. Railroads, of course, are interested in hauling the grain as far as they can. When we get deep water we will command the trade."

"When we get deep water," is what all Galveston is saying. And there is great impatience among owners of town lots because the outer end of the jetty doesn't creep faster toward the crest of the bar, which lies across the entrance to this grandest of American harbors. Uncle Sam builds slowly, but he builds exceedingly well. To a stranger it looks as if the engineers and contractor had made great progress. Of the long, narrow breakwater curving out and tapering until its line sinks into the sea, there has been finished 24,600 feet. A railroad track on trestle work is built above the huge work. The little engine which runs out over the track is more than half an hour making the trip from the shore to where the derricks are hoisting the five-ton blocks of granite and placing them on the wall. From the shore the engine and cars seem to be running on the water. Three or four miles distance wipes out the line of great rocks with the trestle above, and leaves only in view the surface of the Gulf and the train rolling merrily upon it.

fell below the five-ton minimum. They w rejected for outside work under the rul the engineers, but will come in later for where the breakers can not get at them w full force. The inspection is rigid. The si end of the jetty was built up at a cost of $



FIVE-TON BLOCKS AND THE MACHINE TO PL THEM.

foot. Where the Italian laborers are lowering the granite blocks into place the is $80 a foot.

Galveston primarily, the Mississippi va particularly, and the whole United St generally, are interested in this jetty bu ing. Six millions of the people's money going down into the depths in the hope th deep-water channel may be secured for exports and imports of the Southwest. main jetty, extending out from the end Galveston Island to the bar, will be 28,000

A TRAIN-LOAD OF THE FIVE-TON BLOCKS.

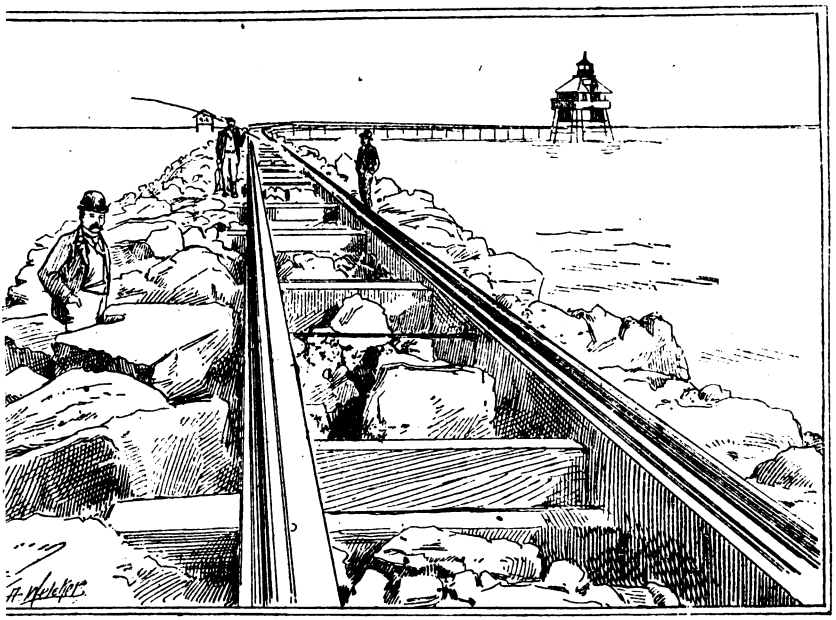
Out where the jetty is being built now, the red granite is heaped up in large chunks. Nothing less than five tons is permitted on this part of the work. With anything smaller the waves, which sometimes roll in from 15 *to 25 feet high, would play* tricks. At the *shore end of the jetty are scattered* on the *sandy waste several acres of* rocks. These

long, perhaps a little longer. On the day the visit was made with Mr. Hartrick, United States Assistant Engineer, the re showed 24,600 feet completed. The gra blocks had been laid to 28,700 feet, and apron of the jetty had reached 26,900.

"By October," said Mr. Hartrick, "we have this south jetty out to the crest of the

er that there will be some anxious watch-
.or results. The jetty is an experiment.
veen the end of Galveston Island and the
t of Bolivar Peninsula, Galveston Bay
lives and empties with every tide. By
ing down that already narrow connection
ne-half or less can the tide current be-
en bay and gulf be increased enough to
r out a ship channel through the sand?
; is the whole problem. When the south
r reaches the crest of the bar the engineers
e to know more about the scouring possi-
ies. Some minor results have been accom-
ıed. There is, or was, an inner bar. The
le jetty has been sufficient to increase the
ır over that inner bar. There was 9
of water on the inner bar before the jetty
built. There is 22 feet now.

The south jetty is only part of the plan. Heading out from Bolivar will be another jetty, not so long as the island jetty and not quite parallel, but gradually converging toward it. This will further cut down the channel, and increase the current and the scour. The place from which the north jetty is to start has been selected, and the work upon it will be under way by the time the end of the south jetty reaches the crest of the bar. Where the current is strong enough there is no difficulty in scouring out a channel. Thus, where the Bolivar and Galveston currents come together in the bay there is a depth of 60 feet of water. In a single year the current deposited 2 feet of sand alongside of the jetty. The only question is whether this confining of the water will throw the current to



THE GULF END OF THE JETTY.

ıe prophets predicted that the current
ned by the jetty would dig out a chan-
at the base of the mattresses and rocks
that some day a section of the costly
k would cave and go down like an under-
ed bank on the Mississippi. But instead
hat result the current has swept the sur-
s sand up against the jetty until there is a
p now in view where there was 14 feet of
er.' And on the outside of the jetty the
l is banking up in the same way. The end
alveston Island on the Gulf side of the levee
rowing and a thousand acres of land will
aken from the Gulf and added to the island
he jetty's deflection of former currents.

the right spot to dig out a channel. And will another bar, just as bad, form further out in the Gulf when the one against which the jetties are aimed is scoured through? These are things the engineers and the country will know more about when the $6,000,000 is spent. The play is for large stakes. The expenditures will be insignificant if the theory wins. And this will be the longest jetty system in the world.

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Notwithstanding the impediment of the bar a great deal of trade comes in and goes out of Galveston with every tide. This is the richest city of its size on the continent. Possibly

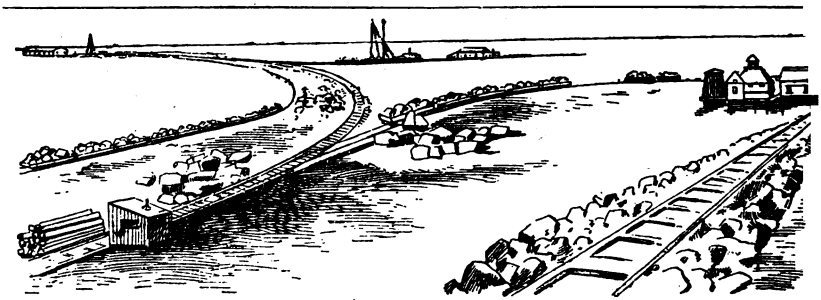
Helena will dispute this. Perhaps it is better to say that millionaires are thicker on this Texas Island and in that Montana gulch than anywhere else, not excepting Manhattan. Interior Texas has sometimes kicked, holding to the theory that too many dollars have stuck to the fingers of the Galveston middlemen in passing through. It must be admitted that Galvestonians always were handy at the game of finance. As long ago as 1841 a scheme which would have made the eyes of a Populist dance was concocted on this strip of sand. The author was Gen. Mosely Baker. He proposed a bank. The basis was to be a loan of $5,000,000, which Gen. Baker thought could be got from France on an I. O. U. of the infant Texas Republic. The General intended to put the $5,000,000, when he got it, into the bank and issue paper money. He was going to put out $3 in paper for each dollar of this French credit. The paper money was to be loaned on notes for ninety days, with privilege of renewal for twelve months. Almost anything was good for collateral, but Gen. Baker expected to do his chief loaning on cotton in cultivation. Any cotton raiser could come into the bank and get this paper money to the value of half of the estimated yield of his field, the price of cotton being placed at 8c per pound. As security for the loan the cotton-raiser was to give a mortgage on his whole crop and also a mortgage on his land to double the amount borrowed. It is a great pity for this generation that this precedent of the sub-treasury idea did not have a fair trial in the '40s. Besides making money accessible to every man who had cotton growing, Gen. Baker was going to pay off the Texas Republic war debt with his paper. He expected that the revenue from interest on loans would pay all of the expenses of the Texas Government and relieve the people of both the tariff and direct taxation. Only one thing prevented the trial of Gen. Baker's scheme. France neglected to advance the $5,000,000 loan.

John Allen, of Mississippi, tells a story of an elegant Southern gentleman, unused to the ways of the world, who came to him one day, and with profuse apologies that he knew nothing about such matters, and with a stammering asked: "Ah, Mr. Allen, can you tell me how a gentleman should go about getting a little loan—a few hundred dollars or so from the bank?" "Certainly, Colonel," said Mr. Allen, "I am only too happy to be at your service. It is quite an easy matter. All you have to do is to go to the bank and sign a note and give your collateral. Then they hand the money over to you."

The old gentleman thanked Mr. Allen earnestly. He said he understood it now perfectly, and felt much ashamed that he should be so ignorant in business affairs. He went away.

"About half an hour afterward I met the Colonel again," said Mr. Allen. "He came up to me with a pained expression on his countenance, and he asked, 'Ah, Mr. Allen, can you tell me where I can get that collateral?

Galveston has managed to attain great wealth. This is made apparent by the collection of finer public buildings than are possessed by any other American city. The school buildings on Galveston Island are more than all of the school buildings of all outside of the cities and towns. One millionaire's monument is a hospital, another's a chapel, a third's a high school, a fourth's the costliest private residence in Texas, not in the whole Southwest, representing an expenditure of over $200,000. For private entertainment it is doubtful if any city in this country can show the equal of the Galveston Verein with its spacious grounds, handsome buildings and lavish appointments. This institution is maintained by a club of Galveston's men of means. The beach is everybody's. All Texas lives from year to year in the memory of a plunge in a surf which will not chill the thinnest blood.



THE SHORE END OF THE JETTY.

W.

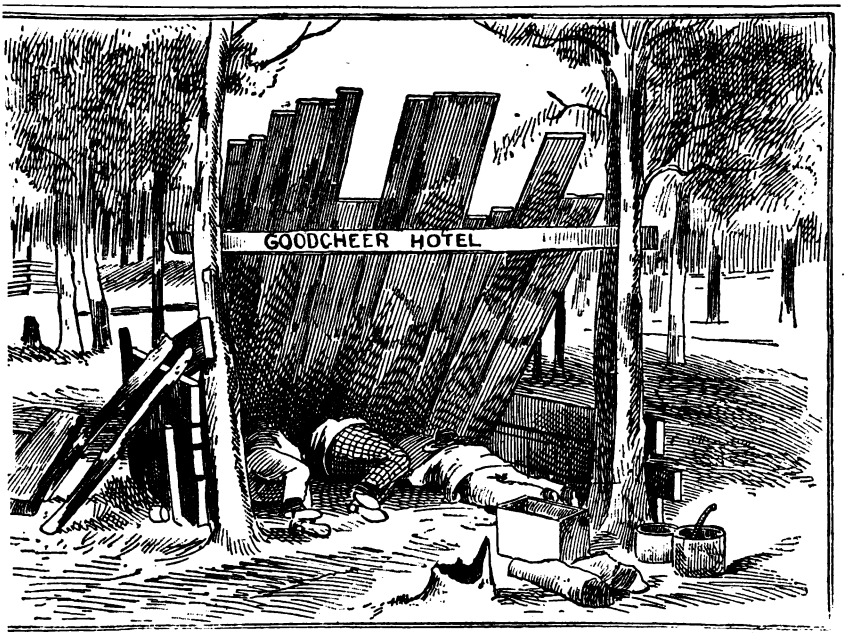
# THROUGH TEXAS.

## range Sights and Discoveries of a Journey in the Gulf Country.

## e Deep Water Triangle and the Possibilities Which Cluster About It.

### Round-Up of Turtles—Balcones Ranch —The Tomb of Dr. Bayard—How Five Dollars Built 600 Miles of Railroad.

ecial Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.
N SOUTH TEXAS, October 19.—A strip of the ive prairie 25 feet wide, a ribbon of turned d 6 feet wide, and down the center of the bon, straight as the needle points, a row pear trees. This, repeated thousands of

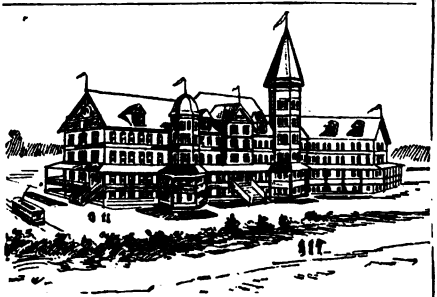



THE FIRST HOTEL AT VELASCO.

es, is before the eyes of the traveler riding n Houston to Galveston. It is only two rs from the Magnolia City to the Oleander . Much of the distance is over a coast rie, 50 feet above the level of bayou and . From the car window the prairie seems be perfectly flat, but there are slight des, enough for surface drainage. A few rs ago this journey was through a great ture. As far as the vision reached le grazed. And that was supposed to be all that the great prairie, its sandy loam and its sub-irrigation, with inexhaustible water a dozen feet below the turf, was good for. Then a man named Stringfellow came down from the North. He wandered around over the prairie, poked holes in the sod, rubbed the loam contemplatively between his fingers, and said he thought pear trees would grow there. The few people who lived on the prairie laughed at him and said they had never heard of such a thing. Mr. Stringfellow said he would try a couple of thousand trees anyway. Then the natives looked serious and talked as if a man ought to be restrained from throwing money away in that fashion.

Mr. Stringfellow went ahead. He bought the land at $5 or $6 an acre, and could have got thousands of acres for the asking at that figure. He put in his 2000 pear trees of the Le Conte and Keiffer varieties. It has been about eight years since the experiment was begun. These pear trees bore three, then five, then eight, and now they have reached ten bushels to the tree. A hole is dug in the ribbon of turned sod, just large enough to take in the year old roots. The soil is well packed around the roots. On the surface is strewn three good handfuls of cotton-seed meal. That is all. The little ribbon of turned sod between the strips of unbroken prairie is kept clean of weeds. Soil and climate do the rest. Pear trees flourish as they do nowhere

else under the stars and stripes. A jury of his neighbors would have voted Mr. Stringfellow crazy six years ago. To-day he is the biggest man on all the coast prairie. He is Sir Oracle on fruit. His pear trees have revolutionized conditions. The $5 land is $50 land—a good deal of it. Thousands



THE SECOND HOTEL AT VELASCO.

of acres have been put into pears. And no wonder! Stringfellow's orchard was yielding $500 to the acre before it was six years old. People no longer refer to the prairie as the old salt marsh. Experiments in other directions than pear culture have been tried. One man has two acres in jessamine. He calls the flower the double jessamine. Last spring he sold $2000 worth from the two acres. As soon *as the bud* appears he cuts it with a stem 6 *inches long. Ten buds and stems* are tied in a *bunch and wrapped in wet paper.* One hundred bunches go in a box, and the box tra 1000 miles or more to some city in the f frozen North, where the lovers of natu sweetest odor quickly pay 15c, 20c and 2 bud. The grower receives from $8 to $ thousand for the buds. It is a novel indus but all sorts of unusual ways of making a ing are being developed on the great prai

Next to the pears, Mr. Stringfellow, wh now abundantly honored as he was ridicu when he came on the prairie, says the st berry is the surest and most profitable cr

He says this soil and climate will give worth of strawberries to the acre. Pick begins the last of February, and by the m dle of March the harvest is on. Real es men, who still have some of the coast pra to sell, say that five acres will support a f ly well; that a pear orchard five years old prices for the fruit now rule, and as trees bear, is worth $1000 an acre. They say the coast prairie can ship pears to New Yor low as 37c a bushel and make a profit. prices realized have been, up to time, about $1 a bushel. It is of the odd sights in Texas to see these p trees shooting up so vigorously with n prairie on both sides of the rows, and only narrow ribbon of ground broken. Out in

IN THE SUBURBS OF HOUSTON.

plain country, at Merkel, where everyth luscious grows now by windmill irrigat and where nothing grew except grass long horns ten years ago, the horticultu tell a story at the expense of the pioneer f raisers. They say that when the wome

gan to get the idea that fruit could be produced around Merkel, they bored holes in the prairie with a post auger, thrust in an apple tree, rammed down on the roots three shovelfuls of fresh stable manure, and expected

AN OLD SOUTH TEXAS HOME.

to make cider the following year. This pear tree planting on the coast prairie approaches ' e Merkel experiment in labor-saving, but en, oh, what a difference in results!

Somewhere on the Texas coast there will be deep-water harbor. Government millions ay make it or private enterprise may find

The experiment at the mouth of the azos River is interesting. A city was laid t there among the beautiful live oaks on 1st of July, 1891. The first lot was sold days later. Within six months there was population of 1,800 people. In July, '91, ests slept in a hotel made of timbers supted by a cross-piece. In July, '92, they pped at a house which cost $75,000.

corporation took hold of the mouth of the azos three years ago and ran jetties from h sides of it. The engineer was a man who been associated with Capt. James B. Eads the successful work at the mouth of the sissippi. He planned a similar improvet. When private capital began to build se jetties there was a bar across the mouth he Brazos and the water on it was only 4½ t deep. In just one year from the time of nning there was a channel of 10 feet in th across the bar. In nine months more was 13 feet, and at the end of the second r the depth was 15 feet. There is now be- en 17 and 18 feet of water, and steamships wing from 14 to 16 feet go in and out of mouth of the Brazos. This was done with- a dollar of the Government's money. lasco now claims that a steamship load of ton has gone out of her port, drawing re water than any ship ever drew before in ving a Texas port, without lightening. t Velasco wants 24 feet and more.

Houston, Velasco and Galveston are the *nts of a triangle*, and within this triangle lies the old salt marsh, which has been turned into a great garden and orchard as the result of the Stringfellow experiment. It is forty miles from Galveston to Velasco across the bars of the triangle. It is fifty-five miles along one side of the triangle from Velasco to Houston. It is fifty miles along the other side of the triangle from Galveston to Houston. Developments and possibilities are near enough together here to be interesting and somewhat confusing. Somewhere within this triangle, or, perhaps, at one of the corners, or, it may be, along one of the sides, destiny will create a center of vast commercial importance. So the Gulf people firmly believe. When deep water, that is to say from 25 to 30 feet, is obtained, the exports and imports of 20,000,000 of people living between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains will go by way of the Gulf of Mexico. "Through Texas" will take the place of "via New York" for a dozen Western States. This is the prize of trade for which Houston, Galveston, Velasco, Aransas Pass and the other places with harbor terminals on the Texas gulf coast are striving. The deep water will come. There is no doubt about that. The diversion of the foreign trade of the Mississippi Valley from east and west lines to north and south lines will follow. That is just as plain as the first proposition. But will the result be a concentration of the trade and all of its advantages at a single point on the Texas coast? Is that so certain? To one not interested in corner lots it looks as if there may be a scattering of benefits which will build up Houston, Galveston, Velasco, Aransas Pass and, perhaps, two or three other possible ports. It is very evident that the wise men of this generation have not been able to agree that one of these places, more than all of the others is the city of deep-water destiny. At Galveston they are pumping sand from the Gulf and making the long island grow in a way nature never thought of. When the jetties have done the work expected of them Galveston will have docks where the tarpon used to play. The creosote of the pile-treating works has not only stopped the ravages of the little toredo, but it has played the mischief with some of the great oyster beds of Galveston Bay. At Velasco they are planning for the time when steamships too long to turn around comfortably in the bosom of the Brazos shall come up to the docks, and they are preparing for basins and chutes which will facilitate the turning process. At an eligible looking place on Galveston Bay where the Dickson River empties, Chicago and Minneapolis capital has laid out the site of a brand-new city, sixteen miles from Galveston, thirty miles from Houston, and on the edge of the great coast prairie which is being cut up into orchards

and gardens. Lumber is being delivered at the new site by the ship-load, and $1,500,000 will be spent by men who do not believe that Houston, Galveston and Velasco can take care of all the commercial advantages which are coming to the triangle. At another place on the bay the man who developed the whaleback idea in ocean tonnage is seeking a location for a great shipbuilding yard. Shipbuilding is one of the coming industries of the Gulf region. It is accepted as a fact that ships must be built as nearly as possible in the temperature where they are to ply.

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Houston keeps adding to her railroads until a round dozen of them center there. The far-seeing real estate men have laid out heights and grand boulevards and parks for the homes of a hundred thousand people, of whose coming they entertain no skepticism. There is fascination about Houston for homes. When the landscape gardener comes he finds that nature has left little or nothing for him to do but to lay out the drives and the walks. This is the magnolia city. The magnolia trees, 6 feet in diameter, are everywhere, and whether in foliage or in bloom they are wonderfully attractive to the stranger's eyes. The suburbs of Houston are natural parks, with pine trees towering towards the clouds, great wide spreading live oaks with the Spanish moss garbing their gnarled limbs and swaying in the breeze that blows from the Gulf less than fifty miles away. *Houston has the old and* settled look. *Save in the additions which have* sprung up *under the impetus of this more recent* growth, the city has lost its look of newness. It is scattered through the residence portion of the city and out a little way in the country are the old-fashioned Southern mansions, with great columns supporting the roofs and wide galleries. The war dealt gently with these relics in the Gulf region of Texas, and they stand to show what the South was, architecturally, before armies marched over it. Winding through the manufacturing district and among the railroad terminals of Houston is Buffalo Bayou. A deep, narrow river with bottom of high and steep banks, it seems to be flowing at the bottom of a fissure. This is Houston's waterway to the Gulf. The bayou is no small part of the triangular situation. Its water is a curious deep reddish hue, and so pure that the boilers in the factories last far beyond the allotted time.

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Houston is like no other Texas city. Indeed, it might be said that no Texas city is like any other Texas city. There is Fort Worth, on a high plateau, with her proportions magnified

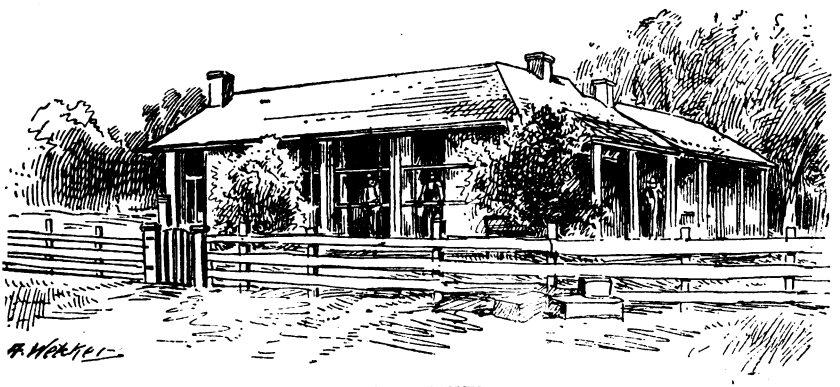
LOGGING IN THE PINERIES NEAR ORANGE.

as by a mirage, until she looks like a second Chicago as seen five or ten miles away. And there is Dallas, nestled down by the Trinity and among the trees, without any revelation of her long business thoroughfares until the stranger is in the midst of them. With her seminaries and colleges almost as numerous as her hills, and cleanliness next to godliness in the form of a cluster of magnificent artesian wells scattered over billowy hills rising and rolling back from the river. Austin, the capital city, looks down from imposing heights reached by gradual ascent from the Colorado. And across

...ere is another gradual ascent, on which om up several of the State institutions, ıtil the vision rises to a summit wooded and rugged almost as a mountain range. ...ıe ' capital of Texas is a city magnificent views. And not the least interesting of her features is the great dam, ırown boldly across the channel and raised ı a height of 50 feet, which suggests daring ı the part of the engineer. This dam, it is id, has no parallel in the country. It is ıaring completion and will have cost about ,500,000. For this expenditure Austin obins 16,500 horse-power. She will use the m for her water works and her electric hts, and for other municipal purposes, and ll have 14,000 horse-power to lease for manıcturing establishments. It is a bold scheme l illustrates the spirit with which Texas is akening to her opportunities.

Vithout counterpart is San Antonio. And s is not wholly because of the large Mexn element which lives "over the San iro" and gives a foreign air to population, ıets and architecture. A few miles above ı Antonio, reached by a boulevard 100 feet e and paved from curb to curb, the river its beginning in a collection of immense ings. Right out of the bosom of Mother th the water rises. The pools are 50 feet ıss. They are transparent to the bottom. ın in the depths of vegetable growth ves and bubbles are continually arising. se are the only indications of the inflow. from the lowest rim of each pool there s out a stream of water perhaps as large as ıan's body, perhaps equal to the largest n in a city's water works. The stream ıs with other streams, close at hand . the San Antonio River, biggest at its h, starts on its way to the Gulf. It wrigs and curves until it almost returns to itself *dozen places,* and close up to the borders of this strangest of rivers San Antonio is built. Within the limits of the city there must be two score or more of bridges over the river. In the days of early settlement everybody tried to have the river in his back yard, and this led to some queer surveying and street platting. Water for all household purposes was at the back door, and a bath house was a part of the equipment of every lot. On a Monday, the idler can lean over a San Antonio bridge and see the Mexican servants on both sides of the river, as far as the view extends, down by the river wrestling with the family wash.

South Texas is full of strange things. The strangeness is not the oddity of the freak. It is rather in the nature of surprises in products, in development, in industries, in scenery, in social conditions. In South Texas the traveler rides by rail thirty miles through one man's pasture. Within the limits of the pasture is a city and half a dozen settlements. In South Texas three distinct crops of grapes have been taken from the vines in twelve months. Two crops is the regular thing in the vineyards below San Antonio. The fruit-

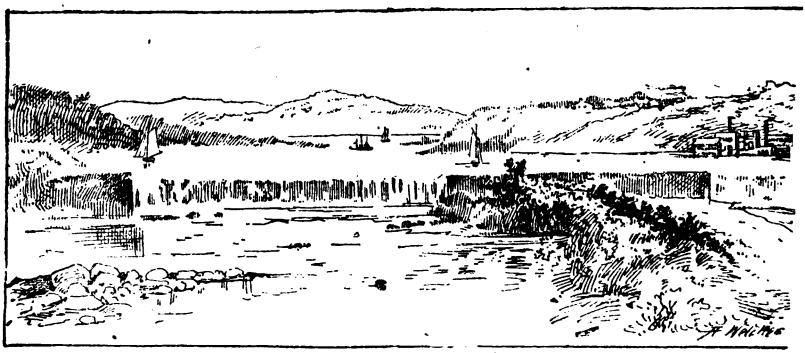


BALCONES RANCH.

growing development of California and Florida has been heralded to the world. But the possibilities of the Texas Gulf region in that direction are only just beginning to be known to the people who have lived there all of their lives. From South Texas came a man who built 600 miles of railroad with a five-dollar bill and faith, and the bill was a borrowed one. He moved up from Corpus Christi to San Antonio with all of his possessions heaped on a two-wheeled cart. He got a charter to build a railroad from San Antonio to Aransas Pass. He graded a mile of it, throwing a good deal more than one shovel of dirt with his own hands. The receiver of another road loaned this indefatigable builder enough old rails for a mile of track. In a dis-

tant part of the State was purchased an engine which had been condemned six years before and sent to the shops to be wrecked for scrap-iron. Two old cars were picked up somewhere else at a bargain. And that old engine, drawing those old cars, steamed into San Antonio. On engine and cars in bold lettering was painted in lamp-black, "S. and A. P." With one mile of old-rail track and with the equipment of the old engine and the two old cars Uriah Lott started the Aransas Pass system. There has been some tall financiering in the history of railroad building in this country, but there isn't anything which, for dazzling pluck, quite approaches the story of the building of this 600 miles of road in South Texas. To the one mile of track three were added—three miles by a dicker for some second hand rails which a street car company had bought from a narrow-gauge company. On this basis a credit trade was made with a Pennsylvania rolling mill for ten miles of rails. When they arrived there

go without ever showing themselves willi
on shore. The old idea of turtle hunting i
catch the unwieldy animal napping on
sand and flop him over on his back before
can wabble down to his native element.
that is not the kind of turtle catching purs
at Aransas Pass. Nets like those used
fish, only made of much stronger twine,
strung along in convenient places near
turtle pastures. They are attached to flo
The turtle catcher knows the hours
which the herds usually seek or -le
the pastures. He leaves his camp
the beach and goes out in his b
to a convenient distance from the nets,
there he waits and watches for a violent
tation of the floats. The nets are not set
the idea that they will inclose the turtle. T
are stretched out to cover as much spac
possible with the expectation that, gc
to the pastures or coming from them
turtle will strike the net with his flippers
become entangled in the meshes. Early m



THE GREAT DAM AT AUSTIN.

wasn't money enough in the treasury to pay the freight. But it was got somehow. Ten miles of track gave the foundation for bonds which built forty miles more, and so the system grew into its present proportions. This man who built the Aransas Pass system rode from San Antonio to Chicago, at one critical period in his enterprise, without a cent in his pocket. He had transportation, but he hadn't anything to buy food, and he went through hungry.

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The strangest thing at Aransas Pass is a certain live-stock industry. Behind the pass, upon what are called "the middle grounds," grows a peculiar kind of sea weed. It has its roots far under water. This weed is the favorite food of the green sea turtle. There are bull turtles and cow turtles and turtle calves. *They come in herds from* nobody knows *where, to graze fathoms deep on* the tender *ends of this weed. They come* and feed and

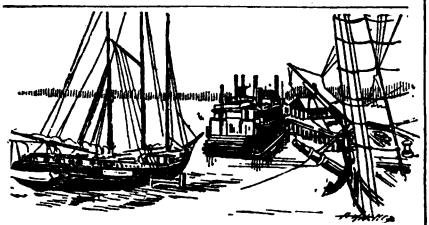
ing is the best time for catching. An
turtle is hoisted out of the tangle and into
boat as quickly as possible. There is no
ger of the net being cut for the green sea
tle, unlike his snapping relative, has
teeth. But the species is very strong with
flippers, and may break some of the net i
to flounder around too long.

On his back in the bottom of the boat
the monster, and there he is harmless
helpless. The state of captivity is comple
by tying the flippers across the under sl
After that the catcher goes on looking
more. Unless the head is allowed to drop
far back the turtle will live comfortabl
month or more on his back in the botto
the boat. But it isn't usual to apply the
of endurance to such a degree. Once a w
the turtle-catcher hoists sail and runs
the bay to the store houses. There are
in shallow water made safe by heavy
ades of posts driven close together. In

pens the turtles are turned loose with about the same freedom that cattle are given in the yards at a shipping point. And they are as docile as cattle usually are when thus suddenly deprived of liberty.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress—

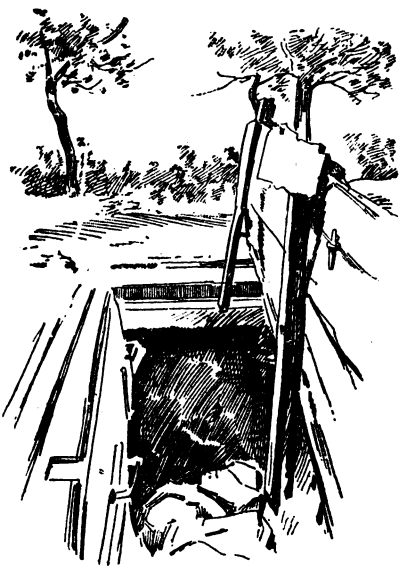
n turtle as well as other kind. The turtles ie quietly in the pens, with only an occasional protest. Now and then some monster will ise to the surface, raise his head and bellow oarsely. The sound is rather awe-inspiring, ut really the only danger in handling the urtle is from a stroke of the flippers, and the ick is not very bad. It is no easy job, however, to lift them about. Some of the bull rtles run up to 650 pounds. That is as nuch as a yearling Texas steer will weigh. A good average weight is 400 pounds. The urtle calves weigh from 40 pounds upwards.



A VELASCO HARBOR SCENE.

The turtles selected for shipment go all of e way to New York and other epicurean cen- s alive. They are put into wooden frames illed crates. There they lie on their backs ith their heads propped up. The pillow is a ry essential part of the preparation for the rney. A turtle's back breaks more easily n one would suppose, and then he is a no count turtle for a long journey. From thirty fifty turtles go by a single shipment. They e sent to Galveston, and from there they vel by steamer. People who pay for green a turtle soup at the rate of about 5c a spoon- I can figure out the profit in a 650-pounder. ere is more profit in Texas turtles than in xas steers. For four years Aransas Pass has n shipping turtles in large numbers, and herds show no diminution.

or the disposition of those turtles which not sent out alive there is a cannery on island. Turtle canning is as interesting turtle catching. Scrupulous cleanliness is first rule. It even precedes the "first ch your turtle." The turtles are dressed l then all of the flesh is put into great oking pots. This part of the process stops fore the flesh is entirely cooked. It is conued just long enough to separate the visions. There are sixteen kinds of meat a turtle. Each kind has a distinct flavor, l at the cannery it is known by a separate me. It is called by what it most resembles. a turtle are found chicken fat, pork fat, veal, mutton, beef meat, duck, and so on through the sixteen varieties. Partial cooking makes it possible to divide the varieties. When this has been completed, each variety is cut into small fragments. Experts take the cans and passing from heap to heap take from each the proportion which experience has shown to be about right for obtaining the true combination flavor. Into each can is dropped a contribution from each of the sixteen varieties. The contents of the can are brought to the boiling point and then the can is sealed and is ready to carry the material for genuine green sea turtle soup to any part of the world. With one of these cans and a pot any cook can turn out green sea turtle soup on short notice.



THE TOMB OF DR. BAYARD.

In no Northern cities and towns of corresponding population can such costly private residences be found as in Texas. Perhaps an exception should be made of the East, where millionaires retire to their early homes and build palaces. But where is there the city of 20,000 people in the Mississippi Valley with a private residence that cost $200,000. Texas can show a dozen homesteads which represent that investment. She has a hundred which cost half as much. As for the $75,000 and $50,000 mansions, they are to be found in all parts of the State.

The peculiar Texas homestead law is perhaps largely responsible for this. In his flush period the merchant, the ranchman, the speculator socks his cash into the brick and mortar

of a home, and he knows it will stay there. No execution can reach the homestead, even if it cost a million, so long as the taxes are paid. A Texas homestead is $5000 worth of land in city or town, or 200 acres of land in country, with all the improvements there can be upon it. Once paid for it can not be taken away for any debt or business misfortune that may come upon the owner. To the Texan who wishes to lay by for a rainy day or for heirs the homestead is safer than life insurance. It is his castle. The law's porticullis falls in the face of the creditor. If the homestead be a farm, the growing crops share the exemption. If upon his $5000 worth of city property, the Texan chooses to build a business block at the cost of $100,000 or more and call one room in it his dwelling place he can bid defiance to all bills and judgments. The law is occasionally abused, like most other laws. There have been unscrupulous men who put not only

PICKING GRAPES IN THE COAST COUNTRY.

their own, but other people's money into a Texas homestead and then "failed." But the general tendency of the law is to encourage the building of homes, and fine homes, too. "Here is something that can't get away," the home builder says, and he puts in the money with a free hand. The result is this unusual array of costly mansions in all of the Texas cities.

The exemption law of Texas has many provisions. It is almost a blanket. Besides the home, all furniture and provisions are beyond the reach of the creditor. Implements and tools and books cannot be touched. And in addition to these the resident of Texas can hold, against execution, five cows and their calves, and two yoke of oxen, one gun, two horses and a wagon, a carriage or buggy, all saddles and harness necessary for family use, twenty head of hogs and twenty head of sheep and the current wages. This is a curious law. The men who sell sugar and flour, meat and *potatoes, clothes and shoes* and other things *sometimes grumble because they* can't collect their bills. But then, on the other is a great State for the poor man. It is to accumulate in Texas than anywhere in the Union. Even the Texas tax-gath has a thus-far-and-no-farther line dr across his pathway. Death and taxes ma the sure things everywhere else, but in State taxes stop short of something. F products in the hands of the farmer and fa ly supplies for home and farm use are not able. The sewing machine is beyond reach of the collector, and with it $250 w of furniture. The laws of exemption from ecution and from taxation are very favor to the agriculturalist, more so than anywh else in the South or North. This may exp why only 9 per cent of the populatio Texas is found in cities, while in Illinois urban proportion is 53 per cent, and in States from 40 to 50 per cent.

There is another class of queer thi Texas. At Boerne the people show the vi the strange conceit of the late Dr. Bay It was so many years ago the Doctor can Texas that nobody can tell just the date. was eccentric as long as the neighborh chronicles reach back. By the occasi practice of medicine, by tilling a little f and in various ways the Doctor made an e living and had much leisure. In his s hours he chiseled out a tomb for himse the rock. In the first place he dug a shaft most perpendicular. On top he placed a d A ladder let him down as the work proceed At what he conceived to be a conven depth, this eccentric character slowly an boriously hewed out in the solid rock a n in which he could lie comfortably. For eral years before he died he was in the h of going down into the tomb, stretching l self out and waiting for the summons. D did not accede to the hermit's wishes. came like a thief in the night. Ne bors carefully carried out the instruc left. They took the body down the la put it in the niche and cemented the o Dr. Bayard, in an unusual fit of confid told that he was one of the Bayards, of I ware, but he never explained his imposed exile or accounted for his pe ways.

In Southwest Texas is the famous Ba ranch. It is a monument to a class helped to give Texas her peculiar reputat Balcones ranch was "improved" b wealthy Englishman who came out from old country with a pocketful of money his head full of ideas of a good time. He on the raw land the usual improvements then he added a race track, a polo ground various diverting institutions. While money lasted and "Me Lud" lived th was fast and furious for everybody chose to come. But the end of a cha and of a fast life were reached toget

ones ranch is now conducted on more sober nes for what there is in it.

Orange, on the Sabine, is where the saw ills are eating up the pine logs at a rate which would exhaust a supply less magnifient than Southeast Texas furnishes. On the rincipal street in Orange stands a massive ak tree. Until a few days ago there projected traight out from the tree over the street a trong limb about ten feet from the ground. n one side of the Sabine is Texas and on the ther Louisiana. The lawless element for any years found it easy to cross from one de of the Sabine to the other and dodge the onsequences of crime until the indignation the public mind had subsided. Twice range lost a Sheriff at the murderous hands this element. And twice the murderer was ought in and swung off from that oaken mb so conveniently overhanging the chief oroughfare of the city. On one or two other ccasions nature's gallows has borne fruit. ut the limb has gone. A man with a saw limbed the oak tree and in ten minutes the mb fell, while the city looked on approving- at the unspoken suggestion that hereafter ie law be allowed to take its course.

When Sam Bass, the famous stage and train bber, died, his body was buri d at the cemery at Round Rock. One morning the comunity arose to find that a neat monument d been placed at the head of the grave by known hands in the night. The inscription as, "Here lies a brave man. Why was he not ue?"

This class of queer things—the oaken limb at range, the hurrah life at Balcones, the career Sam Bass and his imitators, the Dr. Bayds—is mentioned to point the assertion that belongs to the past of Texas. It gave the ate a reputation for eccentricity and for genal wild-and-woollyness. That reputation is t sustained by what can be seen now in a ip "Through Texas." W. B. S.

# THROUGH TEXAS.

## Look Backward, from the Exit, at the Great Commonwealth.

### Gov. Hogg Coming North—For Capital and Immigration, "By Gatlins!"—Some Facts by Way of Comparison—Mr. Exall as a Seer.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

TEXARKANA, TEX., October 28.—"Through Texas!" It means much. Due west across the State from this eastern edge to El Paso on the Rio Grande, straight as the crow flies, is a longer ride than from St. Louis to New York. If one travels over all of the railways within the borders of Texas he will pay $558.66 in fares. So a railroad man with a head for statistical information figures. But it is possible to get some idea of the immensity of the State at less expense. Any one can take a map of the United States and fold it. Try the experiment lengthwise first. The northern boundary of the Texas Panhandle will follow closely the middle crease, and the southernmost point of Texas will lap far over North Dakota into the British Dominions. More than half of our latitude is embraced within the north and south line of Texas. Now fold the north way with Texarkana in the crease. El Paso's opposite is out in the Atlantic Ocean far east of Savannah and the line of Georgia. Fold again on El Paso as the axis. Texarkana lies in the Pacific Ocean beyond San Diego. "Through Texas" is more than one-third of the way across the continent from Charleston, S. C., to Los Angeles, Cal.

Take the map again and clip out all of New England. It drops upon the Panhandle of Texas and nowhere touches the border. Add to all of New England all the so-called Empire State of New York, the Keystone State of the Union, Pennsylvania, that foreign power, New Jersey, little Delaware, Maryland, My Maryland, and the Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, Virginia. Now the broad domain of Texas begins to disappear.

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Just out of Dallas Mr. Henry Exall has what many consider the model farm of Texas. He, however, says he cultivates only "fairly." The farm embraces 500 acres. This year Mr. Exall had 100 acres of wheat, 100 acres of oats, 100 acres of corn and 200 acres of grass.

"My wheat," said Mr. Exall, "yielded thirty bushels to the acre and my oats sixty bushels. That is actual machine measure, not estimate. The corn will go at least sixty bushels. It stands two stalks in a hill with the ears turned down. I don't know that these crops can be attributed to an unusual season. We have had favorable weather; but it is a fact, I think, that there is no country in the whole universe which has the equal of this black land. The soil is of peculiar formation. It is the combination, in just the right proportions, of decaying vegetation and disintegrating limestone. We have land here which has been in cultivation every year for twenty-five years, and without a pound of fertilizer. It produces just the same now as it did at first. It seems to have the inherent quality of entire recuperation without any outside help. Our land averages 41 per cent of a bale of cotton, and there isn't $5 paid for fertilizer in the whole State. In the cotton-growing States outside of Texas, the average is 38 per cent of a bale with all of the hundreds of thousands of tons of fertilizer."

"How much can you make on cotton at present prices, Mr. Exall?"

"I don't raise any cotton. I have land besides my Dallas place, in other parts of the

country, rented on shares. In wheat and oats this land pays me over $7 an acre for my share of the crop."

"For what can such land be bought in Texas?"

"The same character of land a little further from town can be got for from $10 to $25 an acre. Near town the prices are higher. But let me tell you our land is held at only one-fourth the price of land similarly situated in the North. Land in Illinois, for instance, held at $40 an acre can be bought in Texas for $10 an acre. This $10 land will produce as much as the $40 land in Illinois. Here we have the advantage of mild winters. It takes less to care for stock. Food is fuel, you know. If you don't have to supply the fuel the material goes into growth and flesh!"

"There is money in thirty-bushel wheat even at low prices, isn't there?"

"I don't grow wheat for wheat. My object in sowing is to have grazing for my horses. I pasture them all winter on the wheat and take them off in February. My purpose is to show as high-classed horses bred here in Texas as can be exhibited anywhere in the Union. Not only that, but I want to show the people here that the period of most profitable growth is youth. I have yearling colts and not sixteen months old which are 15½ hands high. This is not because there is any thing extraordinary in the colt, but because he has had what he needed. I don't believe it is well for a colt to starve to make him tough. Nor is it the thing to raise stock on climate, as some farmers do. The idea in Texas has been to apportion to the animal so much grass for the year and then exercise no discretion as to how the feed shall be distributed through the period. We have got the limestone for which Kentucky claims so much, and we've got milder winters, so that we can have our colts come when we please and keep them growing all the time."

Mr. Exall is the owner of Electricite, bred by Senator Stanford and the highest-priced horse in Texas. He has great hopes of developing a famous trotting strain that shall be peculiarly Texan.

"I wouldn't exchange him for any other horse that lives," he said. "I have no price put upon him, but I wouldn't take $100,000 for him. For a long time I have known that the toughest horses were these Texans, but we didn't get very good results. The reason was that we didn't have the proper pedigree. I believe now we've got it. Electricite is one of the best bred colts ever foaled. His sire was Electioneer, the greatest progenitor of trotting stock."

Mr. Exall is not a Texan by birth; he is a Virginian, but, like a good many other Texans by adoption, he is more intensely loyal than the average native.

"When this country of ours had 30,000,000 of people where were they?" asked Mr. Exall. "East of the Mississippi, weren't they? And when the population had swelled to 60,000,000 what had happened west of the Mississippi? When we have 100,000,000 people, where will they live? Have you ever thought of that? When the population of the country went up from 30,000,000 to 60,000,000, the whole region *west of* the Mississippi was open to receive *them. Now, when our population* is to go *from 60,000,000 to 100,000,000,* the only productive land that is open is in Texas. The line of settlement, without irrigation, has been pushed about to the limit in the West and Northwest. Texas alone presents any great amount of unoccupied land. You may think I am something of a crank on this subject, but I only ask you to look at what has happened in the last thirty years. Immigration is still pouring in and the country is growing faster than ever. People have got to live somewhere. Texas cities are too small instead of too large. In Illinois 55 per cent of the population is in towns of over 10,000 population. Texas has 9 per cent of her population in towns of over 10,000. The city of Dallas, with 50,000 people, has 1,500,000 people within 125 miles. No such condition exists in America, where there isn't a city two or three times as large as Dallas. Yet we are the largest city within 500 miles of us in any direction. With such a country, such products and such opportunities for immigration there should be a city of 200,000 people. We shall wake up here some day and find that we haven't the commercial center to meet the demands of trade around us. I tell these people they don't realize what the conditions will be in Texas in ten or fifteen years."

When people live as thickly in Texas as they do in Illinois, this State will have 14,000,000 population. With as many people to the square mile as New York State has to-day, Texas could show a population of 27,600,000. With the same number in proportion to area that New Jersey counts Texas would be supporting 63,800,000, or more than all counted in the last census for the whole United States.

There will have to be some mighty changes down here before Texas realizes on her possibilities. In Dallas the sales of agricultural implements amount to $12,000,000 annually. No other city in the United States makes such a showing.

Henry Exall said to John Deere, the plow maker, not long ago, "Why don't you manufacture implements in Texas for Texas trade?"

"It isn't any use," said Mr. Deere. "You people will buy and pay for the cost of transportation."

"Well," said Mr. Exall, "we are going to manufacture implements in Texas."

"That's different," commented Mr. Deere "Then we'll come to Texas and manufacture too."

Texas has everything in natural resources. It is only a matter of development. Metal and wood working in all branches will have to come. That there should be a haul of hundreds of miles between the manufacturer and the millions of Texas consumers is not in the nature of things, with such forests and such ore deposits as there are here. To-day there is a string of cotton factories from Denison, on the north line of the State, to Galveston, on the Gulf. This is only a beginning. Texas will not only raise her own wheat, save her bacon and make her clothes, but she will manufacture her own implements and vehicles, and roll her own steel rails, which will make her first instead of third or fourth among the States in mileage. It is in the direction of varied industry that the future greatness of Texas lies.

"We want young blood and more money in Texas. I believe I can assist in getting both. As soon as my duties will admit, I am going North to mingle with the people and tell them what we've got for them in Texas." So said Gov. Hogg a few days ago.

"Yes, sir," he added, "in a few months when I shall have entered upon my second term, I am going to make a trip through the North, and, by gatlins, I am going to say to the people up there that their sons and daughters will be as safe in Texas as they are while walking the streets of Boston."

W. B. S.

.....THE.....

# STATE OF TEXAS

OFFERS UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE

## MERCHANT AND MANUFACTURER,

GREAT INDUCEMENTS FOR THE

## INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL,

## MILLIONS OF ACRES OF UNOCCUPIED LANDS

FOR THE

## Farmer and Stock Raiser,

## HEALTH FOR THE INVALID,

INTERESTING SIGHTS AND SCENES FOR THE TOURIST AND PLEASURE SEEKER, BROAD FIELDS OF RESEARCH FOR THE HISTORIAN, UNSURPASSED HUNTING GROUNDS FOR THE SPORTSMAN,

—AND—

OTHER RESOURCES WAITING TO BE UNLOCKED BY THE KEY OF CAPITAL IN THE HANDS OF LABOR AND INDUSTRY.